SHAH ABDUL LATIF

شاه عبد اللطيف

RISALO

Edited and Translated by Christopher Shackle

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INTRODUCTION

The Life

The *Risālo* is a large collection of Sindhi lyrical poetry by the eighteenth-century Sufi poet Shah Abdul Latif (1689–1752) of Bhit, near Hyderabad in modern-day Pakistan.[1] It is one of the greatest works of Sufi poetry in a South Asian language, and is universally acknowledged to be the greatest classic of Sindhi literature in both Sindh itself and other parts of Pakistan, and among the Sindhi émigré population in India and the wider diaspora.

The Sindhi word *Risālo* is the title always given to Shah Latif's collected poetry. It derives from the Arabic *risāla* "treatise" (typically one written on an Islamic topic, often in prose), which is itself cognate with the word *rasūl "apostle"* used as a title of the prophet Muhammad. The common loose translation of *Risālo* as "the Message" thus conveys an appropriate sense of the poetry's uniquely inspired character. It employs the full resources of the Sindhi language to present a uniquely vivid and varied expression of the central Sufi understanding of the created world as a direct manifestation of the divine, and of love as the all-powerful force that connects God with his creatures.

Shah Latif belonged to one of the many lineages of hereditary Sufi saints long established in the countryside of Sindh, where they have always enjoyed great prestige and power as *pīrs* or holy men with a special spiritual authority. The honorific title Shah indicates his status as a Sayyid claiming

direct descent from the prophet Muhammad. The largely hagiographic accounts of his life are of the usual limited use in constructing a fully detailed biography. It appears that unlike many of the *pīrs* of Sindh or leading Sufis in other parts of South Asia, he was not formally affiliated in a chain of spiritual descent to any of the great Sufi orders. He is therefore generally classed as an Uvaisi Sufi, the term given to those whose spiritual initiation comes directly from divine inspiration without any saintly human intermediary.

It would however be misleading to see his poetry as the entirely original product of an unlettered genius. Shah Latif was a member of the rural elite who were trained in the Islamic sciences as transmitted through Arabic and Persian, the standard languages of education, and who themselves often wrote in these languages rather than in their native Sindhi. Other early Sindhi poet saints from a similar background include his great-great-grandfather Shah Abdul Karim (d. 1623) of Bulri in southern Sindh, who had been a noted spiritual teacher in his own right and who composed pioneering Sufi poems in Sindhi.[2] These were recorded soon after his death in a lengthy Persian memoir composed by a disciple, and are known to have been treasured by Shah Latif. He is also known to have been in contact with another *pīr* nearer to his own time, his older contemporary Shah Inat Rizvi (d. 1711) of Nasarpur, who was the author of a longer collection of Sindhi poetry,[3] strikingly similar in scope to the far more famous *Risālo*. Even before his time, therefore, there was already an established culture in Sindh of vernacular Sufi poetry, although this tends to be overshadowed by Shah Latif's unique reputation in the literary histories.[4]

The wide-ranging references in the *Risālo* to many different locations in and around Sindh support the claim that Shah Latif traveled extensively as a young man. Like those of so many religious teachers in premodern South Asia, Shah Latif's verses were first extemporized orally in speech or song, then unsystematically recorded in writing by disciples. The *Risālo* therefore emerged gradually from various collections of the verses Shah Latif had produced on many different occasions during the several decades of his lifetime.

Shah Latif's growing reputation came to attract an increasing number of disciples, and he later settled in the desert near Hyderabad in lower Sindh at Bhit, a place now known in his honor as Bhitshah ("Shah's Dune"). This is the site of the magnificent tomb constructed in his honor by the local ruler Ghulam Shah Kalhoro, where the date of his death is recorded as 14 Safar A.H. 1166 (1752 C.E.). Although he left no male issue to assume responsibility for the Bhitshah shrine, his disciples ensured that it became the center of his cult, including the elaborate tradition of musical performance of his poetry that he himself had devised, and the large collection of poetry by Shah Latif and others that was carefully assembled in the historic manuscript known as the *Ganj*, dated A.H. 1207 (1792 C.E.).

The Context

Sufi poetry is hardly to be properly appreciated without wider reference to the larger religious and literary traditions by which it is so intimately informed. In spite of the universalizing spiritual tone that is such an attractive feature

of much Sufi poetry, not least in the magnificent case of the *Risālo*, this first means understanding that Sufism in India is no exception to the general rule that Sufism is and always has been an integral part of Islam.[5] Although the Sufis' emphasis on the primacy of a spiritual understanding distinguished them from the legalistic constructions of the orthodox scholars, they equally found their core inspiration in the message of the Qur'an and the example of the prophet Muhammad as recorded in the Traditions known as Hadith.

Since Islam is one of the defining cases of a religion of the book, the various traditions derived from the Qur'an within Islam have each generated their own extensive bodies of literature. By the ninth and tenth centuries, Sufis were already well established in Baghdad and other cities of the Middle East. These early Sufis, like the famous martyr Mansur al-Hallaj (d. 922), naturally used Arabic as the medium for their poetry and their prose treatises. Somewhat later, when various Muslim kingdoms established an independent existence in Iran and Afghanistan, Persian came to be cultivated in its own right as a literary language written in the Arabic script and containing large numbers of Arabic loanwords. This soon supplanted Arabic, especially as the preferred medium for a vast poetic literature. The prime genre for this poetry was the *ghazal*, a short love lyric with a strongly marked single rhyme whose characteristic blending of divine and human love was endlessly explored by many ingenious poets over the succeeding centuries. Persian was also used to spectacular spiritual as well as literary effect by many Sufi poets,[6] of whom the greatest was Jalal ud Din Rumi (d. 1273), the author of a huge collection of *ghazals*

as well as the *Masnavī*. The latter is a long didactic poem generally regarded as the supreme masterwork of Persian Sufi literature and sometimes called "the Qur'an in the Persian language." It is known to have been a primary source of inspiration for Shah Latif.

The Muslim conquests of northern India extended this Persianate cultural world to Sindh, where Persian remained the dominant literary language of the Muslim elite down to the Mughal period and beyond.[7] As in other regions of South Asia, a strong Sufi presence was rapidly established across Sindh with the arrival of charismatic figures often associated with one or another of the main Sufi orders, like the Suhravardis and Qadiris.[8] Besides in the transmission of spiritual teaching within the circle of disciples formed around a *pīr*, the Sufi message was also transmitted to a wider audience through poetry sung by musicians attached to the Sufi shrines constructed around the tombs of former saints, which were typically administered by their living descendants.

Despite the disapproval of music in the clerical Islam upheld by the mullahs and *qazis*, the singing of mystical lyrics gained popularity with the increasing use of local languages for poetry, which accompanied the decline of Mughal authority during the eighteenth century. While use of the vernacular by Sufi poets like Shah Latif and his Panjabi contemporary Bullhe Shah (d. 1758) has certainly helped to ensure their continuing popularity across religious boundaries and modern national frontiers today, it should also be remembered that their activity took place within a literary culture formally dominated by Persian, the language used in all the early prose accounts of Shaḥ Latif's life.

Only with the British conquest of Sindh in 1843 did the literary culture of the Sufi tradition come to be overlaid by the new patterns of modernity. Persian was quite rapidly replaced as the language of education, administration, and elite literature by English and by Sindhi, whose development was actively encouraged by the colonial authorities in Bombay.[9] As a classic that had always appealed to all sections of the Sindhi population,[10] the *Risālo* was pressed into service to provide set texts for the examinations prescribed by the new education syllabus. As elsewhere in India, it was the Sindhi Hindus who were first drawn to participate most actively in the colonial system, and much of the new secondary literature in English or Sindhi prose on Shah Latif's life and poetry was the work of Hindu scholars.[11]

This situation continued until after independence in 1947, when the mass emigration of the Hindu population from Pakistan to India took place. Since then, studies by Indian scholars of Sindhi literature in general and of Shah Latif in particular have continued to occupy a prominent place.[12] These naturally tend to view Shah Latif as one of the many great premodern poet saints who helped to construct the national identity of modern India, and to detect the particular inspiration of the Vedanta in his exposition of universal spiritual truths. The very large literature on Shah Latif that has been produced in Pakistan has been mostly written in Sindhi or in Urdu, and so has had rather less impact on international understanding. Many interpretations are naturally tied to local preoccupations, as when Shah Latif is too narrowly seen as an authentic spokesman of the Sindhi folk tradition or as an advocate of Sindhi nationalism.[13]

A necessary corrective to the Indian scholarship is provided by the common emphasis upon the Islamic character of Shah Latif's poetry. In English, this has been cogently argued by Schimmel, whose work remains an essential introduction to Shah Latif and his *Risālo.*[14]

The Poetry: Form

Like so many collections of premodern Indian religious poetry, the *Risālo* is a set of lyrics primarily designed for musical performance. Most of these lyrics are in the traditional Sindhi form, which is commonly known by the Arabic word *bait* ("verse," plural *abyāt*). In earlier examples of Sindhi Sufi poetry, the *bait* is generally identical with the *dohā*, the premier short verse form of so much north Indian poetry. This is a rhymed couplet in which each line is divided into unequal halves by a strong caesura, with a longer first half-line consisting of thirteen metrical instants ending with the unrhymed syllabic pattern ¯ ˇ ¯ (long + short + long), followed by a shorter second half-line of 11 metrical instants ending with the pattern ¯ ˇ (long + short), which carries the final rhyme. The basic format may be illustrated by a *bait* composed by Shah Latif's ancestor Shah Abdul Karim:

hiyo ḏije habība khe, liṅa gaḏijani loka
khaḏiyūn̲ aen̲ kharotūn̲, ī puṇi sagara thoka

Give your heart to the beloved, let your limbs
mingle with the people. Hermits' cells and

> local mosques—these are both resources to be treasured.[15]

Instead of this familiar two-line format, however, the *bait* as developed by Shah Latif more usually contains three or more lines, in which the order of one or more of the half-lines may be reversed, with the rhyme coming in the middle as in the Hindi *soraṭhā*.[16] The meter is fairly free, with a strict syllabic count not always being maintained, but the poetic structure of the half-lines is tightened by Shah Abdul Latif's systematic use of strongly marked alliteration in each half-line.

All these features are illustrated in the following *bait*, whose three lines have the very common syllabic pattern 13 + 11, 13 + 11, 11 + 13. The rhyme is marked by the use of small capitals:

aj̈u paṇu uttara pāra d̤e, kārā kakkara kESA
vij̈jūṉ vassaṇa āiyūṉ, kare la'la libESA
pirīṉ je paridESA, mūṉ khe mīṉhaṉ meṛiā

22.6 Today clouds hang in the north like long black hair. To signal the rain, flashes of lightning have come like brides dressed in scarlet clothes. My beloved is far away, but the rain has brought me close to him.

While the halves of each line are tightly structured, the overall format of the *bait* as created by Shah Latif is quite free in the number of lines. It incorporates Arabic quotations that seldom conform exactly to the meter. The poet's signature is typically tied into the verse with alliteration, as in the following longer example:

nakā 'kun fa-yakūnu' *huī, nakā mūrata mĀHA*
nakā sudha savāba jī, nako ġharazu gunĀHA
hekāī heka huī, vahdāniyat vĀHA
likhiāīṉ latīfu cae, uti ġujhāndara ġĀHA
akhiyuni aeṉ arvĀHA, uhā sāñāi supirīṉ

15.3 There was no *Be and it was*, the moon had not yet been formed. There was no awareness of virtue, there was no connection with sin. There was oneness alone, there was nothing but divine unity. There, says Latif, she understood a complex mystery. Beloved, with my eyes and my heart I have recognized you.

Besides these densely expressed *abyāt*, Shah Latif also used the more relaxed format of the *vāī*, a close relative of the *kāfī*, the prime genre of Sufi poetry in Panjabi.[17] The *vāī* consists of a varying number of monorhymed single verses, preceded by a refrain repeated after each verse. The form is illustrated in the following example, where small capitals distinguish the rhyme and the refrain appears in brackets:[18]

thīṉdo tana tabĪBU, dārūṉ muṉhiṉje darda jo
bukī dīṉdumi bājha jī, ace shāla 'ajĪBU
pirīṉ ace pāṇa kayo, sando ġhauru ġharĪBA
dukhando sabhoī dūri kayo, manjhūṉ tana tabĪBU
adiyūṉ 'abdu'l-latīfu cae, hātiku āhi habĪBU

1.53V The beloved will be my body's doctor, and the cure for my pain.

He will give me a dose of his mercy. Oh, may the
    beloved come.
[The beloved will be my body's doctor, and the cure
    for my pain.]
The beloved has come himself to take care of this poor
    patient.
[The beloved will be my body's doctor, and the cure
    for my pain.]
The doctor has removed all pain from my body.
[The beloved will be my body's doctor, and the cure
    for my pain.]
Oh sisters, says Abdul Latif, the beloved is a skilled
    physician.
[The beloved will be my body's doctor, and the cure
    for my pain.]

In the traditional manner of performance called *Shāha jo rāgu* ("Shah's music"), as practiced by the hereditary musicians attached to the Bhitshah shrine, a sequence of thematically linked *abyāt* is recited in a distinctively ecstatic style by alternating male soloists before closure is marked by the calmer ensemble presentation of a *vāī*.[19]

The Poetry: Matter

The *Risālo* as a whole represents an ambitious recasting of the language of mystical love, long developed with such intricate sophistication in Persian Sufi poetry. While using some familiar Persian tropes, it draws upon a wide-ranging set of interlocking references to the scenery, society, and

legends of Sindh to create a whole new imaginative world. Since it can be quite difficult to grasp parts of this world without having some idea of the whole, it is useful to begin with an overall summary of the contents of each of the musical modes called *sur* into which the verses of the *Risālo* are grouped, in this book presented as numbered chapters.[20]

The first three *surs* are collections of verses setting forth Sufi teachings, both directly and through images drawn from Persian and local poetry. Kalyan (1) begins with a direct evocation of the oneness of the divine and praise of the special status of those who practice the mystical path to realize this:

1.2 Whoever says with faith *He is one and has no equal* has accepted Muhammad, the cause of creation, with their heart and tongue. Exalted through following the divine command, they are never led astray to a false destination.

The later verses of the *sur* use the familiar imagery of the *ghazal* to celebrate the cruel suffering inflicted by the beloved on all who truly seek him. Further images are developed in the lengthy Yaman Kalyan (2), where the divine beloved appears first as a doctor, then as a blacksmith, while his lovers are described in the familiar Persian image of drinkers in a tavern. The core teaching of Sufism is explained with an explicit reference to the authority of Rumi:

2.73 The multiplicity of creation is in search of God, and its origin is his beauty—this is what Rumi said. If you

remove the veil from your heart, you will behold him within.

Asa (3) speaks of the discipline required to behold the beauty of the divine, whose primary requirement is to practice the rigorous inner discipline that curbs the distracting impulses of the lower self.

A series of local images furnishes the material of the less closely linked *surs* that follow. Khambhat (4) begins with a celebration of how the divine beloved's beauty eclipses that of the moon, before switching to an expression of desire to be taken to see him. If it is to get him there, the poet's camel, as elsewhere a symbol of the lower self, needs strict discipline to abandon the attractions of grazing where it will. The setting shifts from the desert to the ocean in the next two *surs*. These use the long-distance sea voyages annually undertaken by the Hindu traders of Sindh to locations like Aden, Gujarat, or Lanka as symbols of a mystical quest for the treasure of union with the beloved. In Sirirag (5), the voyager is urged to observe continual vigilance to overcome the dangers of the journey, while in Samundi (6) the focus is upon the pain of separation suffered by the wives left behind while their husbands are absent on business:

6.7 He has sailed away and left me completely abandoned. Ages have passed, but no one has returned. Oh wretched girl, the pain caused by the one who has departed will kill you.

For many, the emotional heart of the *Risālo* is to be found in the following *surs,* which deal in different ways with heroines of local romantic legends.[21] These stories are loosely set in the pre-Mughal period when Sindh was ruled by the Muslim Rajput dynasties of Sumiros and Samos, but they are not related in detail. The emphasis is on the figure of the heroine, either as the object of poetic description or as a female persona for the poet to speak through in accordance with the usual convention of Indian lyric poetry. The long Suhini (7) is based upon a Sindhi story centered on the river Indus. Suhini, who has been married off to another man, uses an earthen pot as a float to help her across the river for secret assignations by night with her beloved, the buffalo herder Sahar. Her sister-in-law discovers her secret and substitutes an unfired pot, which causes Suhini to drown:

7.89 She goes with an unbaked pot and she does not ask for one that has been fired. She crosses the turbulent water, says Latif, and goes to her herdsman. How can she overcome the love by which she is herself overcome?

As in many other passages in the *Risālo*, the intensity of feeling provoked by the heroine's sufferings is heightened by a frequent shifting of the narrative voice from the poet to the female persona's direct speech and back again:

7.90–92 Suhini was happy when she saw the designs drawn by the potter. The water washed away the pattern and the glaze could not withstand the impact. In

her thoughtless youthful pride, Suhini thought it was fully fired. In the Indus she came to know that it was unbaked.

"So what if it is unfired? The favor of my beloved is firm. Sahar is my beloved, it is wrong for me to look at Dam. Whether squalls or strong winds blow, I will go on to the far bank."

The unfired pot was quite unable to withstand the river and it crumbled into pieces. She lost her strength in the stream, her arms became exhausted. Pouring in from all sides, the waves buried her. Her heart was filled with the reality of the angel of death.

The allegorical significance of Suhini's perilous journey across the river in search of her beloved is dwelled upon at length, with numerous extended descriptions of the perils the intrepid searcher must face.

Suhini, who met her death in the river, forms a natural pair with Sasui, the delicately reared girl from the southern Sindhi city of Bhambhor, whose beloved, the Baloch prince Punhun, was abducted from her side by his kinsmen while she slept. She suffers prolonged torment from the heat and the desert as she tracks him across Las Bela to the west of Sindh, before she finally meets her end in the wilderness:

8.56 She climbs the mountain with feet softer than silk. The soles of the poor girl's feet are wounded and gashed. Such is the sad state in which she makes her way toward Punhun, saying, "Oh, may he

> come back, the one to whom this slave girl is
> bound."

As the greatest of all the heroines, Sasui has no fewer than five *surs* devoted to her: Sasui Abiri (8), Maʻzuri (9), Desi (10), Kohiyari (11), and Husaini (12). Throughout them all, she represents the devoted lover who is determinedly set on the mystical quest for the divine beloved, of whom Punhun is the supreme symbol.

While both Suhini and Sasui are perfect incarnations of the selfless fidelity that must be displayed by the true seeker, the next two *surs* reflect the contrary fate awaiting those who do not remain true to their love in spite of their high birth. In Lila Chanesar (13), Lila is fatally tempted by the offer of a valuable necklace to allow her rival Kaunru to spend the night with her royal husband, Chanesar. When he finds out how he has been shamefully deceived, he is enraged with Lila, who bitterly laments the loss of his love and of her royal status for the paltry reward of worldly riches:

> 13.5 "The glitter of the gems turned my head. I thought I
> would win the necklace as a bet, and that it would
> be mine forever. Kaunru's trickery beat me."

In Mumal Rano (14) the enchantress Mumal, who has used sorcery to destroy all the suitors who were lured to her magic palace of Kak, is finally won by the Rajput prince Mendhiro, called Rano. But when a trick of hers goes wrong, he abandons her in jealous rage, and she is left to lament her fate and pines for him in despair.

The next two *surs* are different again. The long Marui (15) is based on the story of Marui, a beautiful girl belonging to the Maru tribe of desert nomads who was abducted by the ruler Umar. Held in luxurious confinement in his fortress at Umarkot in eastern Sindh, she bemoans the loss of her old freedom and the absence of her beloved fellow tribesman:

15.44 "If I die thinking about the homeland I long for, do not imprison my body in captivity. Do not keep this exile apart from her beloved. Pour the cool earth of the desert over her dead body. Once my life is over, take my corpse to Malir."

In Kamod (16), by contrast, there is a happy ending when the fisher girl Nuri from the Kinjhar lake in lower Sindh is overcome by gratitude for the favor shown her by Prince Tamachi, when he makes her his principal queen. Another local folktale forms the basis of the very short Ghatu (17), which celebrates the heroism of a family of fishermen who battle a sea monster living in a whirlpool near Karachi.

The following three *surs* are devoted to one of most remarkable themes in the *Risālo, the* wandering yogis who traversed Sindh during their pilgrimage to the shrine of the goddess at Hinglaj in Balochistan. As a young man, Shah Latif is believed to have spent time with these yogis, whose extraordinarily single-minded focus on their spiritual quest is praised at length in the very long Ramakali (18):

18.52 The fire of love blazes within them, while on the outside they are covered with ashes like stokers.

> Choosing a retreat, they have abandoned lies,
> vices, and falseness. They have nothing to do with
> sin, but practice many virtues. The more they
> burn, the purer and the happier they become.

The celebration of the ascetic way of life of the Hindu yogis, a most unusual topic for a Sufi poet, is continued in Khahori (19). After an appeal to the crow, the traditional go-between of Indian love poetry who conveys messages to the beloved, the second part of Purab (20) laments the sudden departure of the yogis for their home country in the east. Another traditional bird symbol is invoked in Karayal (21), which speaks of the wild goose (sometimes translated as "swan") that stands for the spiritually evolved man, as opposed to the snakes of this world described in the second part of the *sur*.

The season of the rains, always infused with intense feeling in the Indian poetic imagination, is wonderfully evoked in Sarang (22), where the transformation of the landscape in Sindh and far beyond is interpreted as a manifestation of the universal extent of divine grace:

> 22.14 It has rained in the plains and deserts, it has rained in
> Jaisalmer. The sky is overcast and the rains have
> come to the desert. Women left on their own
> have lost their worries, says Latif. The paths have
> been made fragrant, and the herdsmen's wives are
> happy.

Other traditional poetic themes appear in the next three short *surs*. The sufferings of a woman whose husband has

gone away are described in Rip (23), while Barvo Sindhi (24) is an expression of love, again through the usual female persona. Kapaiti (25) explores the familiar Sufi theme of a woman spinning as a symbol of life put to productive use.

The following *surs* are variously based upon male characters from the heroic Rajput period of Sindhi history. Their generous chivalry evokes the supreme qualities of the central figure of Muslim devotion, the prophet Muhammad. The famously munificent Sapar Khan of Las Bela is evoked as a symbol of perfect beneficence in Piribhati (26). In Sorath (27), the generosity of Rai Diyach of Junagarh in Gujarat is so great that he has no hesitation in allowing his head to be cut off, when the minstrel Bijal asks for it as a reward for his performance:

27.21 "Minstrel, the one for whose head you bargained has
no need of life. If you required something I did
not have, it would have been a reproach to all
donors in every age."

The notably varied Dahar (28) begins with an evocation of the former prosperity of an area now made desolate by the shifting course of the Indus, the grace of the Prophet, then the sorrowful cry of the lone crane abandoned by its migrating flock, before concluding with references to the brave bandit Lakho. Further praise of the prophet Muhammad as the ideal ruler begins Bilaval (29), which goes on to celebrate the legendary generosity and chivalry of the Sindhi ruler Jadam Jakhiro, ending with an unusually satirical conclusion in which the poet's disciple Vagand is mocked for his laziness and greed.

The final Kedaro (30) is rather different in character from the rest of the *Risālo*. It too is a celebration of heroic courage, but the setting is far from Sindh in the desert of Iraq, where Imam Husain was killed at the battle of Karbala in 680:

30.9 The perfect young heroes came to Karbala. The earth shook and trembled, and there was uproar in the heavens. This was not just a battle, but a manifestation of God's love.

The clear alignment of this *sur* with the world of Shia mythology has raised questions about its authenticity, which is however generally maintained with some qualification.[22]

The Poetry: Manner

In considering the questions that surround this unusual *sur* Kedaro, there is an interesting anecdote. When Shah Latif was asked if he was Sunni or Shia, he first replied that he was in between the two, and when told there was nothing in between, he gave the perfect Sufi response by stating, "I am that nothing."[23] It is, after all, this negation of the separate existence of the self that makes possible the *Risālo's* extended celebration of the wonderfully varied ways the divine is made manifest.

This ambiguity may be the fundamental reason why—in contrast to the relative ease with which the formal structures of Shah Latif's poetry, even the capacious matter of its content, may be defined—it is so much harder to pin down the distinctive manner of its expression. This is highly

distinctive in comparison with the more familiar outspoken style of other well-known Sufi poets of the region, like Shah Latif's Panjabi contemporary Bullhe Shah. A large part of Bullhe Shah's appeal to modern audiences is the defiance with which he brushes aside the artificiality of religious boundaries, and the contempt he expresses for the pretensions of orthodox religious specialists. In place of their narrow divisions, he proudly proclaims his allegiance to the bold rallying cry of hard-core Sufism through the ages, Mansur's notorious assertion of identity with divine reality, *anā 'l-haqq* "I am God":

> You filled the cup of oneness and gave it him to drink.
> You made Mansur drunk. You were the one who made him say, *I am God.* Then you seized him and set him on the gallows.[24]

A similarly ecstatic tone, which insists on speaking openly of the truths revealed by mystical insight, characterizes some of the later Sufi poets in Sindh. The most famous of these is Sachal Sarmast[25] (d. 1827) of Daraza, a Qadiri *pīr* living in Khairpur in northern Sindh, who composed prolifically not only in Sindhi but also in his local Siraiki, as well as in Persian and Urdu, and whose reputation in Sindhi literature is second only to that of Shah Latif himself. The relationship between the two poets is characterized in an anecdote of a visit paid by Shah Latif in later life to Sachal's grandfather, with whom he was on friendly terms. On seeing the latter's young grandson there, Shah Latif predicted to his friend: "This young child will lift the lid off the pot I have been heating."[26]

This image of a simmering pot whose lid covers its bubbling contents exactly captures Shah Latif's characteristic tone. When he speaks of Mansur—which he does much less frequently than Bullhe Shah or Sachal—it is typically in an indirect way:

> A single loud cry is heard in the water and on dry land,
> and in the forests and plains. All things deserve
> the gallows. They all make thousands of Mansurs;
> which ones will you hang?

Similarly, in a variant form of a verse already quoted, Shah Latif proclaims the same truth as those more outspoken Sufis while disclaiming the need always to speak of it so openly:

> The multiplicity of creation is in search of God, and its
> origin is his beauty—this is what Rumi believed.
> Those who have seen this place do not speak of it.

Instead of reiterating the simpler kind of Sufi vision, Shah Latif in his Sindhi poetry creates for his local audience an entirely new way of imagining reality. All the sources agree that he kept three books with him as his primary sources of continual inspiration: the Qur'an, from whose verses he so frequently quotes in Arabic; Rumi's great Persian *Masnavī*; and the Sindhi verses of his ancestor Shah Karim. He derived from them a genuinely new creation in his *Risālo*, in which a large collection of individual verses embracing a vast variety of local and Islamic references collectively constitute one of

those all-embracing classics that most literatures are only given once. As he himself says of his poetry:

> What you consider to be poems are divine verses.
> They direct the mind toward the beloved.

Here the contrast between *baita*, the ordinary Sindhi word for poems, and *āyatūn̠*, the Arabic word for verses of the Qur'an, might be seen as an indirect claim for the status of the *Risālo* as a "Qur'an in the Sindhi language" comparable to the classic definition of the *Masnavī* as a "Qur'an in the Persian language" (Pers. *qur'ān dar zabān-e pahlavī*). Equally, it might well be said the *Risālo* is one of those very rare instances in the literary history of South Asia of a genuinely integral Indo-Islamic creation.[27]

Acknowledgments

I am most grateful to Sheldon Pollock for his benevolent encouragement as general editor of the wonderful Murty Classical Library of India, to Leena Mitford and Marina Chellini for helping me with access to materials from the British Library, and to Dr. Fahmida Hussain for her help in getting books from the Sindhi Language Authority. This is also the place to record my gratitude to the late Ghulam Rabbani Agro, without whose past kindness over many years I should never have got to the point of embarking on this translation, and to Adriana Cloud of Harvard University Press, without whose hugely capable editorial expertise the book could never have been published in its present form.

NOTES

1. The two best studies in English are Sorley 1966 and Schimmel 1976. See also Advani 1970, Baloch 1972, Jhangiani 1987, Lalwani 1978, Mirza 1980, Sayed 1988.
2. Jotwani 1996 includes a complete translation of Shah Karim's Sindhi verses.
3. A small selection is translated in Allana 1996. But the findings of the excellent pioneering edition by Baloch (1963) have yet to be reflected in the English critical literature.
4. For the history of early Sindhi poetry, see further Ajwani 1970, Schimmel 1974. Asani 2003 is particularly good on the different traditions of this poetry.
5. For an informed introduction to Sufism, see Ernst 1997.
6. Schimmel 1982 remains the best introduction to Sufi poetry in Persian and other languages.
7. Sadarangani 1987 is an excellent source for the now forgotten Persian poetry written by the educated elite in the Mughal capital of Thatta and other urban centers in Sindh.
8. Boivin 2015 is a most helpful guide to the history of the Sufi culture of Sindh. Rizvi 1978–1983 is the standard general account of the Sufi orders in India. For their distribution in Sindh, see Ansari 1992: 9–35.
9. Because Sindh was administered from Bombay rather than Calcutta, Urdu was not installed as the immediate successor of Persian, as happened in Panjab.
10. Compare Richard Burton's notice of Shah Latif in his classic firsthand account of premodern Sindh (Burton 1851: 81–84).
11. See further the pioneering study of Shah Latif in English by Lalwani 1978, besides the major early edition of the *Risālo* by Gurbakhshani [1923–1931] 1979.
12. Compare Ajwani 1970; Jotwani 1975, 1996.
13. See for example Syed 1996.
14. Schimmel 1976. Compare also her other studies listed in the bibliography.
15. Sindhi 1962: 207–208. The system of transliteration, including the use of underlining to indicate nasalization in the case of *n̠* and the manner of articulation in the four distinctive Sindhi implosive consonants *b̤ d̤ g̈ j̈*, is explained at the end of the following Note on the Text and Translation.

16 Lines in this reversed order of the *soraṭhā* are most commonly found in the concluding verse of *abyāt* and in the opening refrain of a *vāī*, as illustrated in the following examples, but are by no means confined to these positions.
17 Compare the Bullhe Shah *kāfī* transliterated in Shackle 2015: xvi–xvii.
18 In order to save space, only the first instances of all refrains are cited in the main body of the translation.
19 For a representative recording, see *Pakistan: Faqirs du Sindh* (C 540154) issued on the Ocora label by Radio France.
20 More detailed guides will be found in the introductory endnote to each chapter.
21 These are often collectively referred to as "the seven heroines" (S. *sat sūrmiyūn̲*), viz. Suhini, Sasui, Lila, Mumal, Marui, Nuri, and Sorath; see further Sayed 1988 and Hussain 2001. Sorath (27) hardly deals with the princess after whom the *sur* is named, and is accordingly placed separately in our numerical sequence.
22 It is omitted without comment in Kazi 1961. In Baloch 2012: 417–425 it is placed separately, immediately following the main body of *surs* now generally agreed to be fully authentic, and preceding a variety of extra *surs* that were present in earlier editions. These notably include a certainly inauthentic Hir and a Dhol Marui that extend the geographical coverage of the *Risālo* to Panjab and to Rajasthan.
23 Advani 1970: 32.
24 Shackle 2015: 45.
25 See Advani 1971, and the selected Sindhi and Siraiki verses respectively presented in Allana 1996 and Shackle 1981.
26 Advani 1970: 32.
27 In this sense, the *Risālo* might be seen as an achievement in lyric poetry fully comparable to the narrative poetry of the earlier Avadhi *premākhyān*, now better known since Behl 2012.

NOTE ON THE TEXT AND TRANSLATION

Although Shah Latif's great prestige ensured that his poetry was more carefully transmitted than, say, the Panjabi lyrics of his contemporary Bullhe Shah, the earliest manuscripts date only from around fifty years after his death, allowing for a natural inflation of the corpus. Furthermore, since the *Risālo* is a large collection of mostly quite small lyrics, both the precise number of items to be considered fully authentic and the order in which they are best arranged are matters yet to be finally decided.

There is still no fully standardized critical text of the *Risālo*. Several of the oldest manuscripts are available in modern printed versions, including a handsome facsimile of the *Ganj* with transcription into modern Sindhi orthography (Mirza 1994). Produced at Bhitshah itself, this is a very large collection containing some 4,500 verses, by no means all of which can be regarded as authentic. A pioneering attempt to produce an edition of the *Risālo* from manuscript sources was made by the German philologist Ernest Trumpp (1866), who also compiled a still very useful grammar of the older Sindhi language (Trumpp 1872). Acceptance of Trumpp's edition, although it was beautifully printed in Europe and sponsored by the Government of India, was severely inhibited from the outset by his insistence on using his own eccentric, albeit rationally devised, system for writing Sindhi.

Alongside smaller collections of selected verses, many larger editions of the *Risālo* were printed in Bombay and

Karachi during the nineteenth century. This older textual tradition culminated in the large edition produced by the prolific Sindhi man of letters Qalich Beg (1913), containing thirty-six *surs*, of which several are now regarded as inauthentic. Moves toward a more critical text were then made with the careful but incomplete edition produced by the Hindu scholar Gurbakhshani in 1923–1931.

This text was closely followed after independence by the complete edition in a somewhat modernized Sindhi orthography, first published in Bombay by Advani (1958). It was subsequently reissued in an abridged edition containing thirty *surs* and including over 1,700 verses with a parallel translation into Sindhi prose (Advani 1976). This has been reprinted several times in both India and Pakistan, and probably comes nearest to being a generally received text. The online version by Abdul-Majid Bhurgri (available at www.bhurgri.com) has been used for the Sindhi text of the *Risālo* included in this volume.[1] In preparing the translation, use has also been made of other Pakistani editions, including Shahvani 1960, and the divergently organized Kazi 1961. More recently, the lifetime dedication to the *Risālo* of the distinguished Sindhi scholar Nabi Bakhsh Khan Baloch has resulted in another valuable edition (Baloch 2012), which has yet to supplant the Advani version in general currency.

The primary arrangement of the text here is by *surs*. For ease of cross-reference, all *surs* have been given numbers. A few differences in the numerical order of *surs* from Advani 1976 have been introduced in the interest of thematic clarity, since this is a volume designed for reading rather than musical performance. Within each *sur* the order of the

verses (*abyāt*) follows Advani 1976. But the subdivisions of the contents into the traditional numbered sections, variously called *dāstān* ("story") or *fasl* ("chapter") and ending in one or more *vāīs*, have been disregarded. Here the *abyāt* are numbered in a single sequence for each *sur*, ending with a *vāī* (marked as V).[2]

None of the existing serious efforts to translate the *Risālo* into English can be said to have done this magnificent text anything like proper justice. As will be apparent from the introduction, the tightly condensed expression and freely allusive rhetoric of Shah Latif's poetry are often quite hard to render naturally into modern English. Besides the intrinsic difficulties presented by the alliterating style and sometimes recondite vocabulary of the original, previous translators have often set themselves and their modern readers additional problems by trying to reproduce something of the original rhyme schemes, with the usual awkward inversions of syntax these entail in English. Of the more substantial versions, Sorley offers a reliable selection of representative if abbreviated translations (Sorley 1938: 297–420, Sorley 1953), but his fondness for archaic poetic forms sometimes makes them unappealing to modern taste. The other principal English versions suffer from not being the work of native speakers. Based on the edition published by her husband (Kazi 1961), the selections in Elsa Kazi 1965 are the work of a German speaker, besides being open to some of the same criticisms as Sorley's translations. The more recent Pakistani translation of the *Risālo* in Khamisani 2003 is a painstaking attempt at a complete English version of the abridged Advani text also translated here. While in some

ways superior to its two predecessors, as well as to its much larger and more literal successor Shah 2014, it too is often awkwardly unidiomatic, and further difficulties are created by quite numerous misprints in both the English translation and the accompanying Sindhi text.

The present version has been designed to be in keeping with the style of the Murty Classical Library of India. It tries to convey some sense of the poetry in a consistent style of plain English prose that aims to steer a middle path between off-putting formality and jarring colloquialism. While it makes no attempt to imitate the rhyme schemes of the Sindhi text, it does allow for some imitation of the alliteration that is so prominent a feature of the original, but only where this occurred naturally. So far as possible, the underlying syntax of the verses has been maintained, with a full stop marking the end of an individual line and a comma being used where appropriate to indicate the half-line caesura. Italics are used to mark Shah Latif's quite frequent citation of Qur'anic verses[3] and other Arabic and Persian quotations.

Since throughout the *Risālo* the lyrical immediacy of individual verses is always more prominent than any regular narrative or didactic progression, the first endnote to each *sur* provides an overview of its contents. It is therefore recommended that these initial endnotes be consulted before reading each chapter.

Diacritics are, however, used throughout for italicized words and phrases transcribed from Sindhi and other languages. These follow the usual academic conventions, in which long vowels are marked by macrons over *ā*, *ī*, and *ū* and retroflex consonants by dots written under *ḍ*, *ṇ*, *ṛ*,

and *ṭ*. Other nasal consonants appear as *ṅ* and *ñ*, pronounced respectively as *ng* and *ny*. Nasalized vowels are indicated by unmodified *n* in the Sindhi script, but are here transcribed with a following underlined *ṉ*. Underlining is also used to distinguish the four implosive consonants, pronounced with indrawn breath, which are one of the most distinctive phonetic features of Sindhi and are written with special diacritics in the script, so that *ḇ ḏ g̈ j̈* are graphically as well as phonetically quite distinct from *b d/ḍ g j*. Dots are used to distinguish the distinctively written Perso-Arabic fricative sounds *ḳh* and *ġh*, although these are often pronounced as *kh* and *g*, with which they alliterate in the verses of the *Risālo*. Graphic *'ain* and the distinction of *q* from *k* are both recorded where appropriate in the transcription of Perso-Arabic words, although neither feature is preserved in Sindhi pronunciation. The romanization of Qur'anic and other Arabic quotations in the endnotes follows the standard rules for writing Arabic in the roman script.

NOTES

1 All marks of punctuation are omitted in our text, other than the comma used to mark the metrical caesura.

2 The traditional arrangement of subsets of *abyāt* followed by a *vāī*, which reflects performance practice, is here preserved only as an example in the opening *sur*, Kalyan. Since Advani 1976 does not include *vāīs* for all the other *surs*, these have been selected where necessary from the fuller text of Advani 1958.

3 The translations of Qur'anic verses are based on Yusuf Ali 1977.

RISALO

١ سُر ڪلياڻ

١
اَول الله عَلِيمُ، اعليٰ عالَمَ جو ڌَڻِي
قادِرُ پنهنجي قُدرت سين، قائم آهِ قديمِ
والي واحِدُ وَحْدَهٗ، رازق رَبُّ رَحِيمِ
سو ساراهِ سچو ڌڻي، چئِي حَمدُ حَڪِيمِ
ڪري پاڻ ڪَرِيمُ، جوڙُون جوڙَ جهان جي

٢
وَحْدَهٗ لا شَرِيڪَ لَهٗ، جن اُتوسين ايمانَ
تن مڃيو مُحمَّدُ ڪارَڻِي، قَلبَ ساڻ لِسانَ
اُوءِ فائِقَ ۾ فَرمان، اَوَتڙِ ڪنهن نه اوليا

٣
اَوَتڙَ ڪنهن نه اوليا، سُتَّرِ ويا سالِمَ
هيڪائِي هيڪُ ٿيا، اَحَدَ سين عالِمَ
بِي بها بالِمَ، آڳي ڪيا اڳِهِين

٤
آڳي ڪيا اڳِهِين، نسورو ئِي نُور
لَا خَوفٌ عَلَيهِمْ وَلَا هُمْ يَحْزَنُونَ، سچن ڪونهي سُور
مولي ڪيو معَمُور، انگُ اَزَلَ ۾ اُنِ جو

1 Kalyan

First there is Allah, the all-knowing, the highest, the lord of the world. All-powerful through his own power, he is everlasting and immemorial. Lord unique, *he is one,*[1] the provider and merciful lord. Magnify the true lord, and utter praise of the one who is all-wise. It is he who in his mercy ensures all the workings of the universe. 1

Whoever says with faith *He is one and has no equal*[2] has accepted Muhammad, the cause of creation, with their heart and tongue. Exalted through following the divine command, they are never led astray to a false destination. 2

Never led astray to a false destination, they reach their goal safely. Possessing mystic wisdom, they are united as one with the one God. From the outset, the master has made them priceless and happy. 3

From the outset, the master has made them pure light. *There is no fear upon them, nor are they sorrowful.*[3] They are true and have no pain. The lord has caused their fortunes to flourish from the beginning of eternity. 4

٥

وَحْدَهٗ جي وڏيا، اِلَا الله سين اورِينِ
هِنيون حقيقت گڏيو، طريقت تورِينِ
معرفت جي ماڻ سين، ڏيساندَرُ ڏورِينِ
سُک نه سُتا ڪڏهين، ويهي نه ووڙِينِ
ڪُلَهِنئُون ڪورِينِ، عاشق عَبْدُاللَطِيفُ چئي

٦

وَحْدَهٗ لا شَرِيڪَ لَهٗ، ٻُڌءِ نه ٻوڙا
که تو ڪنين سُئا، جي گهڻَ اَندر گهوڙا
ڳاڙيندين ڳوڙها، جت شاهد ٽِيندءِ سامُهان

٧

وَحْدَهٗ لا شَرِيڪَ لَهٗ، اِهو وِهائج وِيُّ
گَنين جي هارائِئين، هندَ تُنهنجو هِيُّ
پاٽان چونڊُءِ پِيُّ، پري جامُ جَنَّت جو

٨

وَحْدَهٗ لا شَرِيڪَ لَهٗ، اِيُ هيڪڙائِيَ حَقُّ
ٻيائِي ڪي ٻَڪُ، جن وڌو، سي ورِسيا

٩

سِرُ ڏُونديان ڌڙ نه لهان، ڌڙ ڏُونديان سِرُ ناهِ
هَٿَ ڪَرائِون آڱريون، ويا ڪپجي ڪانِه
وحدت جي وِهاڻءِ، جي ويا سي وڏيا

Smitten by *he is one,* they recite *except God.*[4] With hearts joined to truth, they traverse the way. In the silent wonder of gnosis, they search the mystical realm.[5] They never sleep at ease, nor do they spend their time sitting around. Lovers cut their heads from their shoulders, says Abdul Latif. 5

Are you deaf? Have you not heard that *He is one and has no equal?* Why have your ears not heard the galloping steeds within your heart? You will shed bitter tears when the witnesses[6] appear before you. 6

He is one and has no equal is the profitable practice that you should follow. This world, where you win or lose, is your place. It is the beloved who will fill the cup of paradise and who will tell you to drink. 7

The key to unity is that *He is one and has no equal.* Those who have embraced duality are lost. 8

I look for my head and do not find my body. I look for my body and there is no head. Where have my severed hands, wrists, and fingers gone? If they went in union with oneness, they have been permanently cut off. 9

١٠
عاشق چَؤ مَ اُنَ کي، مَ ڪِي چَؤ معشوق
خالق چَؤ مَ خام تون، مَ ڪِي چَؤ مخلوق
سَلج تنهن سُلوڪ، جو ناقِصئا نِگّيو

١١
وحدتان ڪثرت ٿي، ڪثرت وحدت ڪُلُ
حق حقيقي هيڪڙو، بولئ ٻِئ مَ ڀُلُ
هُو هُلاچو هُل، بالله سندو سڄڻين

١٢
پاڻَهِين ﷻ، پاڻهِين جانِ جمالُ
پاڻهِين صورت پِرِينءَ جي، پاڻهِين حُسن ڪمالُ
پاڻهِين پِر مُريد ٿئي، پاڻهِين پانَ خيالُ
سبِ سيوئي حالُ، منجهان هي معلوم ٿئي

١٣
پاڻَهِين پسي پاڻکي، پاڻهِين محبوب
پاڻهِين خلقي خُوب، پاڻهِين طالب تن جو

١٤
پڙاڏو سو سَڏُ، وَرُ وائِيءَ جو جي لَهِين
هُئا اَڳِهِين گڏ، ٻُڏڻ ۾ ٻه ٿيا

١٥
ايڪ قَصَرُ دَرَ لَکَ، ڪوڙين ڪِٽِسِ ڳَڙکيون
جيڏانهن ڪريان پرک، تيڏانهن صاحب سامهُون

Do not call him "lover," and do not call him "beloved." Do not call him "creator," you fool, do not call him "created." Reveal the mystic secret to the one who has been freed from imperfection. 10

From unity came multiplicity, the total of multiplicity is unity. Reality is indeed one; do not be misled by speaking in any other way. I swear to God that this whole tumult is created by the beloved. 11

It is he who is *great is his glory,*[7] and he who is the soul of beauty. It is he who is the form of the beloved, and he who is perfect beauty. It is he who becomes the master and the disciple, and it is he who is himself the original idea.[8] This entire state becomes known from within. 12

It is he who looks at himself, it is he who is his beloved. It is he who creates the beauties of the universe, it is he who desires them. 13

The echo is the utterance, if you understand the mystery of speech. They were originally together, but became two in the hearing. 14

There is one palace, with thousands of doors, and it has millions of windows. The master appears before me wherever I look. 15

١٦

ڪوڙين ڪاياڻون ٽُنهنجيون، لِکن لَکَ هزارَ
جِئُ سيڪنهن جئَ سين، ڏَرسن ڏارون ڏَار
پِريَمِ تنهنجا پارَ، ڪهڙا چئِي ڪيئن چوان

١٧

وائي
سيڪا پريان ڪُون پُوڄي
نينهن نيٺين، ڳُڻُ ڳاله وو
جا چِتايمِ چِتَ ۾، سڄڻ سا ٿو ٻُجهي
لات جا لَطِيفُ جي، سَڏُ تنهنجو سُڄي

١٨

اڳهي اَڳهائي، رَنجُ پِريان ڪي رسيو
چَڪيَمِ چڱائِي، سورانگهي سُورِيءَ تان

١٩

نڌا اُونڌا ويجَ، ڳَلَ ڪُڄاڙيا ڪانئِين
سان ڏُکي ڏِيل ۾، تون پيارِئين پيجَ
سُورِي جنِين سيجَ، مرڻ تي مُشاهِدو

٢٠

سُوري آهِ سينگار، اَڳِهين عاشقن جو
مُڙڻ موڻ ميهڻو، ٿيا نِظاري نِروارُ
ڪُسڻَ جو قَرارُ، اصل عاشقن کي

٢١

سُوريءَ مٿي سيڻَ، ڪهڙي ليکي سَنَرا
جيلَه لڳا نيڻَ، تي سُورِيائِي سيجَ ٿي

You have thousands, hundreds of thousands, or millions of forms. Creatures all seem quite separate from one another. Oh my beloved, how can I describe all your signs? 16

Everyone worships the beloved. 17V
It is the quality of love that it is created by the eyes.
The beloved knows everything I think of in my mind.
The sound of Latif's sweet song finds a hearing.

My sickness pleased my beloved and his heart was touched. I experienced true health after mounting the scaffold. 18

Why do you hurt me so, you blind and stupid doctor? My body is racked by pain, but you just give me doses of medicine. Those who make the scaffold their bed find that death grants them the vision of their beloved. 19

The scaffold has always been a proud adornment for lovers. They stand there openly, considering it a disgrace to retreat or turn aside. Lovers have always promised to be slain. 20

What accounts for lovers rejoicing on the scaffold? Once they exchanged glances with the beloved, the scaffold became their marriage bed. 21

٢٢
سُوريءَ تي سَؤ وارَ، ڏِهاڙيو ڇَنگ چڙهين
جِمَ ورچي ڇڏئين، سِڪڻ جي پَچار
پِرت نه پسِين پارَ، نيهن جِئان ئي نِگيو

٢٣
پهرين ڪاتي پاءِ، پڇج پوءِ پريتڻو
ڏکُ پِريان جو ڏِيلَ ۾، واجَڻ جئن وَجاءِ
سِيخن ماهُ پَچاءِ، جي نالو گِهرڻ نِينهنَ جو

٢٤
ڪاتِيءَ ڪونهي ڏوهُ، گُڻُ وڍيندڙَ هٿ ۾
پَسيو پَرِ عجيب جي، لِڇيو وڃي لوهُ
عاشقن اندوه، سدا معشوقن جو

٢٥
ڪاتِي تکي مَ ٿئي، مَرُ مُنياڻِي هوءِ
مانَ وِر مَن توءِ، مُون پِريان جا هٿڙا

٢٦
اڳيان اَڏِنِ وَٽِ، پوئَن سِر سنباها
ڪات نه پوين قبولَ ۾، مَڇُڻ پائين گهٽِ
متا مُهايَنِ جا، پيا نه ڏِسين پَٽِ
ڪلالڪي هَٽِ، ڪُسڻ جو ڪوپُ وَهي

You may have to mount the scaffold a hundred times a day, but do not become discouraged and abandon the idea of love. The secret of love is revealed only when you have seen its other side. 22

First put the knife on your throat, then ask about love. Play on the suffering inflicted by the beloved on the body like an instrument. If you have sworn by the name of love, let your flesh be roasted on spits. 23

It is not the fault of the knife, it is the one who holds the handle who slays me. The iron trembles at the sight of the wonderful ways of the beloved. Lovers always pine for those whom they love. 24

May his knife not be sharp, let it rather be blunt. That will cause the hands of my beloved to linger over me. 25

Those in front are on the execution blocks, while those who follow have their heads prepared. To avoid being thought less than them, cut off your own head and gain acceptance. Do you not see the heads of the slain lying on the ground? Slaughter rages in the distiller's shop. 26

جي اَتّيئِي سَڌَ سُرڪَ جي، ته وَنءُ ڪلالن ڪانِّي ٢٧
لاهي رک لَطِيفُ چئِي، متّو وَٽِ مانِّي
تک ڏيئِي پِڪَ پِيءُ تون، منجهان گهوٽ گهانِّي
جو وَرَنَهَ وِهانِّي، سو سِر وَٽ سَرو سهانگو

جي اَتّيئِي سَڌَ سُرڪَ جي، ته ونءُ ڪلالڪي ڪُوءِ ٢٨
مَهيسَر جي مَنڌَ جِي، هُتِ هَنْڌِين هُوءِ
جان رمز پروڙيمہ روءِ، تان سِرَ وَٽِ سُرڪِي سَڱِهي

ناٽِي ناهِ ڪَڪُوهُ، ڪي مله مهانگو مَنڌُ ٢٩
سَنباهج سيّد چئِي، ڪانّٺ ڪارڻ ڪَنڌُ
هِيءُ تنِين جو هنڌُ، مَن پاسِ مَرَنِ جي

عاشَق زهر پِياڪَ، وِهُ ڏِسِي وِهُسَنِ گهٽو ٣٠
ڪڙي ۽ قاتلَ جا، هميشه هيراڪَ
لڳين لنؤ لَطِيفُ چئِي، فَنا ڪيا فِراقَ
توٽِي چِڪَنِ چاڪَ، ته به آهَ نه سَلِن عامَ کي

مَ ڪَرِ سَڌَ سَري جي، جي تون نارِئين نُوهُ ٣١
پِتي جنهن پاسي تئِي، منجهان رَڳَن رُوح
ڪانِّي چَکُ ڪڪُوهُ، لاهي سِرُ لَطِيفُ چئِي

If you yearn for a drink, go to the distiller's still. 27
Remove your head, says Latif, and place it by the wine jar. Bridegroom, drink a mouthful of this strong wine. At the price of a head, the wine that intoxicates young heroes comes cheap.

If you yearn for a drink, go to the street of the 28
distillers. There you will always find the divine wine of Shiv.[9] When I worked out the riddle, it was that the wine is a good bargain in exchange for a head.

You cannot get the wine for cash; it is more valuable 29
than that. Prepare to get your head cut off, says Shah. This is the place of those who die beside the wine jars.

Lovers are drinkers of poison, and they are delighted 30
when they see it. They are ever accustomed to its bitter and deadly taste. They have been smitten by love, says Latif, and have been destroyed by separation. Even though their wounds fester, they do not even sigh in public.

Do not desire the wine if you want to avoid its bitter 31
taste. The soul of those who have drunk it leaves their veins. Enjoy the jar of wine, says Latif, once you have removed your head.

سَڏَڙِيا شراب جون، ڪُهُ پَچارُون ڪنِ ٣٢
حُه ڪاتَ ڳلالنِ ڪڍيا، ته مونيو پوءِ وڃنِ
پِڪُون سي پِيئنِ، سِرَ جن جا سَٽِ ۾

سِرَ جُدا ڌَڙَ ڌارَ، دوهَ جنين جا ديگِ ۾ ٣٣
سي مَرُ ڪن پَچارَ، حاضر جن جي هَٽَ ۾

اصل عاشقن جو، سِرُ نه سانديڻُ ڪمُ ٣٤
سَؤ سِسِنئان اَڳرو، سَندو دوسان دمُ
هِيُ هڏو ۽ چمُ پِڪَ، پِريان جِيَ نه پَڙي

جي مٿي وٽِ مِڙَنِ، ته سيڪنهن سَڏَ ٿئي ٣٥
سِرَ ڏني سَٽِ جُڙي، ته عاشقَ اِئن اچنِ
لڌا تي لَيَنِ، مُلهِ مَهانگا سُپرينِ

مُله مَهانگو قَطَرو، سِڱَڻُ شَهادت ٣٦
اَسان عِبادتَ، نَظَرُ نازُ پِريَنِ جو

Why do those who falsely desire it keep talking about wine? They turn back once the distillers draw their blades. It is those who give their heads in exchange for it who get to drink draughts of the wine. 32

Their heads are separated from their bodies, chunks of their flesh cook in the pot. Ready with their heads in their hands, they can talk about the wine. 33

It is not the first task of lovers to preserve their heads. A moment with their beloved is far better than a hundred heads. This skin and bones cannot match a taste of the beloved. 34

Everyone would long to offer their heads, if in exchange they could be with him. If the deal was done by sacrificing their heads, lovers would freely come. If it is written in their fate, they find their precious beloved. 35

A drop of that wine is very precious, and the price of desire is martyrdom. Our task is to worship; the beloved's role is to cast his glance of grace. 36

٣٧

وائي

مَندُّ پئندي مون، ساڄَنُ سهي سُڃاتو
پِي پِيالو عِشقَ جو، سيڪِي سمجهيو سُون
پِريان سندي پارَ جِي، اَندرِ آڳ اَٹُون
جِئَڻُ ناهي جَڳَ ۾، ڏينهن مِڙيئي ڏُون
اَلا عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چئي، آهين تُون ئي تُون

٣٨

اُٽياري اٽِي وِيا، مَنجهان مُون آزارَ
حبيبَ ئي هٽِي ويا، پِيڙا جا پَڇار
طَبيبن ٽَنوارَ، هَڏِ نه وٽِي هاڻِ مون

٣٩

اَورِ ڏُکندو اُو ٿئي، هادِي جنهن حَبِيبُ
تِرُ تَفاوتُ نه ڪري، تنهنکي ڪو طَبِيبُ
رَهَنُما رَقِيبُ، ساتَرِ صِحتَ سُپِرين

٤٠

ساتَرِ صِحتَ سُپِرِين، آهي نه آزارُ
مجلسَ ويرَ مِنو ٿئي، ڪوئِيندي قَهارُ
خَنجرُ تنهن خُوب هٽي، جنهن سين ٿئي يارُ
صاحِبُ رَبُّ ستَّارُ، سوجهي رَڳُون ساهَ جون

As I drank the wine, I recognized the beloved properly; 37V
Drinking the cup of love, we understood everything.
Awareness of the beloved is like a fire within us.
Life in this world lasts for a couple of days at most.
Oh God, says Abdul Latif, you are all that there is.

After arousing pain inside me, the beloved has departed. He has gone after inflicting suffering. The doctors' talk is utterly displeasing to me now. 38

Those who take the beloved for their guide suffer a severe illness. The doctor does not make the slightest difference to them. The beloved shows the way, and he is the medicine that restores them to health. 39

The beloved is the medicine that restores them to health, he is not the suffering. In company he seems sweet, but when summoned he is full of wrath. He uses his dagger to stab those to whom he shows his friendship. The master, lord, and forgiver of faults causes life to circulate through the veins. 40

٤١

رَڳُون ٽيون رباب، وَڄَنِ ويلَ سَيَڪَنهِين
لُڇَڻُ ڪُڇَڻُ نه ڏِيو، جانِبُ ري جَبابُ
سوئِي سَندِيندُمَ سُپِرِين، ڪَيسِ جنهن ڪَبابُ
سو ئِي عينُ عَذابُ، سو ئِي راحَتَ رُوحَ جي

٤٢

سو ئِي راهَ رَدُّ ڪري، سو ئِي رَهَنُماءُ
وَ تُعِزُّ مَنْ تَشَآءُ، وَ تُذِلُّ مَنْ تَشَآءُ

٤٣

سِڪِين ڪه سَلامَ ڪِي، ڪَرين ڪه نه سَلامُ
بيا دَرَ تن حرامُ، اِئِي دَرُ جنِين ديکيو

٤٤

مِنايان مِنو گهٽو، ڪَرّو ناهِ ڪَلامُ
سُڪُوتُ ئِي سَلامُ، پِريان سَندي پارَ جو

٤٥

پريان سَندي پارَ جي، مِڙِيئِي مِنائِي
ڪانهي ڪَرّائي، چَکِين جي چيٽُ ڪري

٤٦

تو جنِين جي تاتِ، تن پڻ آهي تنهنجي
فَاذْكُرُونِي اَذكُرْ كُمْ، اِيَ پَرُوڙِج بات
هَٿِ ڪاتي گُرُ واتِ، پُڇَڻُ پَرِ پِرِين جي

My veins have become an instrument that plays all the time. The lover cannot speak but can only writhe about when the beloved provides no response. It is the lover who bandages the one he has killed. It is he who is pure torment, he who is comfort for the soul. 41

It is he who bars the way, he who is the guide. *You exalt whom you will and you bring low whom you will.*[10] 42

Why do you long to be greeted, why not offer greeting yourself? Other doors are forbidden to those who have seen this door. 43

Sweeter than sweetness, his words are not at all bitter. From the beloved, silence is a greeting. 44

Nothing but sweetness comes from the beloved. If you taste it carefully, there is no bitterness. 45

The one you think of thinks of you too. You need to understand the verse *Remember me and I will remember you.*[11] He has a knife in his hand and sugar in his mouth—this is the way he shows he cares. 46

٤٧
پاٻوهي هيڪارَ، مون ڪان پُڇيو سَڄَڻين
اَلَسْتُ بِرَبِّڪُمْ، چَيائون جنهن وارَ
سَندي سورَ ڪِنارَ، تَنَ تَڏهانڪُون نه لهي

٤٨
پاٻوهِيو پُڇَنِ، ڪِٿي هَٿُ حَبِيبَ جو
نيزي هينان نِينهنَ جي، پاسي پاڻُ نه ڪَنِ
عاشِقَ اَجَلَ سامُهان، اوڇي ڳاٽ اَچَنِ
ڪُسَڻُ قُربُ جَنِ، مَرَڻُ تَنِ مُشاهِدو

٤٩
ڪوئي ڪُهي سُپرِين، ڪوئي ڪُهڻَ ساڻُ
نيزي هينان نِينهنَ جي، پاسي ڪر مَ پاڻُ
جُلُ وِڃائي جاڻُ، عاشِقَ اَجَلَ سامهُون

٥٠
ڪونڻُ قَريبَنَ جو، عينُ تَڙڻُ آهِ
إِيَ اُلٽي ڳالِهڙِي، سِڪَ وَرَندِي ساهِ
آسَرَ هَڏِمَ لاهِ، ڄِنَڻُ ڳِنديَڻُ اُنِ جو

٥١
ڪُهَنِ تان ڪَرَ لَهَنِ، ڪَرَ لَهَنِ تان ڪُهَنِ
سيئِي ماءِ مُهَنِ، سيئي راحتَ رُوحَ جِي

٥٢
ڪُهي سو ڪَرَ لَهي، ڪوئي سو قَريبُ
اِها عادتَ سِڪيو، هَر زَمان حبيبُ
تِڇي سو طبيبُ، سو ئي راحتَ رُوحَ جِي

The beloved once asked me with a smile, *Am I not your lord?*[12] Ever since he said that, the sharp pain I felt has not left me. 47

They smile and ask, "Where is the beloved's hand?" When pinned down by the spear of love, they do not turn aside. Lovers come before death with their necks unbowed. Those for whom being slain is intimacy experience death as the revelation of the beloved. 48

The beloved kills through calling, and calls through killing. When pinned down by the spear of love, do not turn aside. Oh lover, destroy your awareness and advance toward death. 49

Calling lovers is the same as driving them away. This paradox is the essence of love's response. Never give up hope, for their separation is their joining. 50

When he kills he cares, when he cares he kills. He is the one who destroys, mother, and he is the one who is the soul's comfort. 51

When he kills he cares; it is the beloved who calls. This is the unvarying habit that he has learned. The one who wounds is the doctor, and the soul's comfort. 52

٥٣

وائي

ٽيندو تَنَ طبيبُ، دارُون منهنجي دَردَ جو
ٻُڪِي ڏيندُمِ ٻاجَھ جِي، اَچِي شالَ عجيبُ
پِرِين اچي پائَ ڪِيو، سندو غورُ غريبَ
ڏُکندو سيوئِي ڏُور ڪيو، مَنجهون تَنَ طبيبَ
اَديُون عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چَئِي، هاتِڪُ آهِ حبيبُ

The beloved will be my body's doctor, and the cure for my pain. 53V
He will give me a dose of his mercy. Oh, may the beloved come.
The beloved has come himself to take care of this poor patient.
The doctor has removed all pain from my body.
Oh sisters, says Abdul Latif, the beloved is a skilled physician.

٢ سُر يمن ڪلياڻ

١

تون حبيبُ تون طبيبُ، تون دَردَ جي دَوا
جانِبَ منهنجي جِيءَ ۾، آزَرَ جا اَنوا
صاحبَ ڏي شِفا، ميان مريضنِ کي

٢

تون حبيبُ تون طبيبُ، تون دارُون کي دَردَنِ
تون ڏِئين تون لاهِئين، ڏاتَرَ کي ڏُکندَنِ
تڏهين ڦَڪِيُون فَرَقُ ڪن، جڏهين اَمرُ ڪريو اُنِ کي

٣

هَٿُ حبيبَ هَٿُ ڪِڍي، ٻَنگان لهي ٻاڻُ
ماڳهين مون مِنهُن ٿِئي، جهولِيءَ وِجهان پاڻُ
اِنَ پَرِساجَنَ ساڻُ، مانَ مُقابلو مون ٿِئي

٤

جِت حبيبَ هَٿِنِ، نائُڪَ پَري نِينهن جي
تِتي طبيبنِ، وِجا وِجي وِسري

٥

هَٿِين جي حبيبَ، محبتِي مَيا ڪري
پُڇان ڪينَ طبيبَ، هوند گهائَنِ سين ٿِي گهارِيان

٦

ڪانارِيا ڪُٽِڪَنِ، جنِين لوهُ لِڳَنِ ۾
محبتَ جي ميدانَ ۾، پيا لالَ لُڇَنِ
پاڻهِين ٻَڌنِ پَٽِيُون، پاڻهِين چِڪِيا ڪَنِ
وَٺان واڍوڙِيَنِ، رهِي اَچجي راتڙِي

2 *Yaman Kalyan*

You are the beloved, you are the doctor, and you are the remedy for pain. Beloved, my heart holds hurts of many kinds. Lord, grant healing to this sick patient. 1

You are the beloved, you are the doctor, and you are the medicine for pain. You give pain to those who suffer, oh generous one, and you remove their pain from them. Powders make a difference when you issue your instructions. 2

Take aim, beloved, and let your arrow fly and strike me. Let this be the occasion for me to seek refuge on your lap, and in this way let me come close to you. 3

When the beloved fires his arrows filled with love, doctors forget their expertise. 4

Beloved, if you are merciful and strike me, I will not consult a doctor but will live with my wounds. 5

The arrow-struck groan from the pain of the steel tips that pierce their limbs. Steeped in passion, they writhe on the battlefield of love. They bandage and treat their wounds themselves. Oh, come and spend a night with those who are wounded. 6

رهي اَچجي راتڙي، تن واڍوڙِين وَڻاءَ ٧
جن کي سورُ سريرَ ۾، گهڻَ مَنجهاران گهاءَ
لِڪائي لوڪاءَ، پاڙهين ٻَڌنِ پَٽِيُون

اَڄُ پڻ ڪَنجهو ڪَنجَه، واڍوڙَڪِيءَ مَنهِينءَ ٨
جهُ پڻ پِييَنِ سَنجَه، هُو پِنِيُون هُو پَٽِيُون

سَگهنِ سُڌِ نه سُورَ جِي، گهايَلَ ڪيئن گهارِينِ ٩
پِيَلَ پاسو پَٽَ تان، واڍوڙَ نه وارِينِ
پَرِ ۾ پَچَنِ پرينءَ لَئِي، هَئِي هَنجُون هارِينِ
سَجَڻُ جي سارِينِ، تن رويو وِهامي راتڙي

سَگهنِ سُڌِ نه سُورَ جِي، تَا رُنڪَن رَنجُوري ١٠
پِيا اَهن پَٽَ ۾، مَڻِن مامُوري
لَگين لَنوُ لَطِيفُ چَئي، سَدا جِي سُوري
پِرتِ جن پُوري، تن رويو وِهامي راتڙي

اَيَلِ اُنِ نه وِسَهان، هَنجُون جي هارِينِ ١١
آئيو آبُ اَکينِ ۾، ڏيه کي ڏيکارِينِ
سَجَڻُ جي سارِينِ، سي نڪي روئن نه چون ڪِي

Come and spend a night with those who are wounded, whose bodies are filled with pain and whose hearts are smitten. Hiding away from people, they bandage their wounds themselves. 7

Today the wounded keep groaning in their huts. When evening falls, they put those same bandages and plasters on their wounds. 8

Those who are fit have no awareness of pain, or of how the wounded exist. Lying on the floor, the wounded cannot turn from side to side. Alas, they are tormented in secret for the beloved and shed tears. Those who truly think of him spend the whole night weeping. 9

Those who are fit have no awareness of pain, while the sick are groaning. They lie on the floor, gripped by serious illness. They are filled with love, says Latif, and they are in permanent pain. Those whose love is perfect spend the whole night weeping. 10

Mother, I do not believe those who shed tears and show people how their eyes water. Those who truly think of the beloved do not weep or say anything. 11

تَنَ طبيب نه ٽُون، سُڌِ نه لهين سُورَ جي ١٢
سانڍِ پنهنجا ڊَبَرَا، ڳَڏَ ڪٽي ۾ پُون
ڪانَ ڳُهرجي مُون، حياتِي هوتَنِ ري

ويڄنِ سين وائِيءَ پيا، ڪِري نه ڪيائون ١٣
جي پَنڌِ پاريائُون، ته سِگهائي سَگها ٿِيا

آهي گهٽو اَگهنِ جو، تَرسُ طبيبنِّ ١٤
ڪيو وَسُ ويڄنِّ، تان ڪِريءَ ري ڪينَ ٿئي

پاڙي ويڄَ هُئامِ، تان مون مُورِ نه پُڇيا ١٥
تيلاهين پيامِ، مورَيسرَ اَکين ۾

هارِيا تو هِرِي، ڪُپَچُ ڪايا سين ڪيو ١٦
ڳَرِئين جي ڪِرِي، ته تون تَوانو ٿئين

جي پائِين پِرِينءَ مِڙان، ته سِڪُ چوران ڪِي ذاتِ ١٧
جاڳِڻُ جَشَنُ جن ڪِي، سُڪُ نه ساري راتِ
اُجهي بُجِهي آئيا، وائي ڳَنِ نه واتِ
سَلي سُوريءَ چاڙهيا، بيان ڳَنِ نه باتِ
توٽي ڪُسَنِ ڪاتِ، ته به ساڳِي سَلَنِ ڪينَ ڪِي

Doctor, you know nothing about the pain my body suffers. Gather up your medicines, dig a hole, and bury them in the ground. I have no need of life without my beloved. 12

They argue with their doctors and do not follow the treatment they prescribe. If they followed their advice, they would quickly become well. 13

Doctors have great compassion for the sick. They do their best for them, but nothing happens unless their instructions are followed. 14

When doctors were my neighbors I never consulted them, because there were cataracts in my eyes. 15

You fool, you became lax in your diet and harmed your body. If you had followed the prescribed treatment, you would have regained your strength. 16

If you think of being united with the beloved, then learn from the way that thieves behave. They celebrate by keeping awake and taking no rest all night long. When they deliberately do come out, they do not utter a word. When they are chained together and put on the gallows, they say nothing. Although they are cut with knives, they reveal nothing of what has really happened. 17

١٨
تڙي طبيبنَّ، گهايَلُ گهران ڪَڍيو
چِڪيا چاڪَ چِيهُون ڪري، ڪَڙيُون مور نه ڪَنِّ
دوستَ جي درسنَ سين، پَئي نارُ نَپَنِّ
وِرِچِيو ويجَ وَجنِّ، آءُ ته پِريَمِ اُبَهان

١٩
وَڍي جَنِ وِڍياسِ، وَري ويجَ لِي سي ٽِيا
ٽُرتُ بَڌائُون پَٽِيُون، روزِ ڪيائُون راسِ
هِينئڙا تنِين پاسِ، گهارِ ته گهايَلُ نه ٽِئين

٢٠
ويجَ مَـ ٻُڪِي ڏي، آلا چَڳِي مَـ ٽِيان
سَڄَڻُ مانَ اَچي، ڪَرَ لاهُوتِي ڪَڏِهِين

٢١
هُئين ته ويڄنِ وَٽِ، تون ڪِئن جِيءَ جَڏو ٿِئين
سِرُ ڏيئي ۾ سَٽِ، ڪُهُ نه ڪَيءِ ڏٻَرا

٢٢
ڪُنِيس ڪُويڄنِّ، تَنَ طبيبَ نه گڏيا
ڏيئي ڏنبَ ڏَڏَنِّ، پاٽان ڏِيلُ ڏکوئِيو

٢٣
تَرسُ طبيبنَّ جو، جَڏَنِ ڪيو نه جاتِ
جو ويڄنِ جي واتِ، دارُونئان تنهن ڏُور ٽِيا

The doctors threaten the wounded ones and drive them away from their house. Their wounds break open and fester, forming no scabs. Their wounds are relieved by seeing the beloved. Once the doctors depart in disgust, oh my beloved, may I arise refreshed. 18

It is the one who inflicted my wounds who became my doctor. He quickly tied my bandages and made me better in a day. Stay with him, oh my heart, so that you may not be wounded. 19

Do not give me medicine, doctor, in case I get well. Perhaps my beloved will come sometime to ask after me. 20

You were with the doctors, so how did you become weak? Why did you not give your head, and get medicines in exchange for it? 21

Bad doctors cut me and did not put me together. The ignorant branded me, and gave my body pain. 22

The patients paid no attention at all to the doctors' treatment. They were far from the medicines that the doctors talked about. 23

٢٤
داڙُون ۽ ڪاڙُون، جان ڪِي ڪيا ويجَ مون
ٻُڪِي ڏيندا ٻاجَھ جِي، نِهاري ناڙُون
جن جون سيئَ لَهنِ سارُون، تن تان ڏُکندو ڏُور ٿئي

٢٥
اَڳهن مِڙِي اَجُ، ڪيو سَڏُ صِحَتَ ڪِي
ڏُور ڏکندا يَجُ، مِهريءَ مُنهن ڏيکاريو

٢٦
هَيءِ هَيءِ وَهي هاءِ، مَنَ ۾ محبوبنِ جِي
جيرا جوشَ جَلائِيا، ٻُڪين ٻَري ٻاهِ
پَسو مَچَ مَتاءِ، جي ويساهَ نه وِسَهو

٢٧
ڪاندين ٽاندين ٻاٻُرين، پَچان مَرُ پيئِي
جيرا جِگَرَ ٻُڪِيُون، سيخُنِ ۾ ٽيئِي
ويجَنِئون ويئِي، ٿِي وهِيڙِي سَجَڻين

٢٨
سَرُ جو سَچِيو سَجَڻين، ٻِيهَرَ ٻاڻُ ٻَري
چِمڪِيو سو چوهَ مان، ڪَڙ ڪَڙ ڪانُ ڪَري
جيرا جِگَرَ ٻُڪِيُون، لنگهي پِيو پَري
لَڳو جِيءَ جَڙي، ٽاڻِيان، تِيرُ نه نِڪري

٢٩
پَچُ پَتنگَنِ ڪِي، سندِيُون ڪامَنَ خَبَرُون
اُٿِيو وجَهنِ آڳِ ۾، جِيءُ پَنهنجو جي
جيري جنِين جِي، لَڳا نيزا نِينهَن جا

The doctors tried their various medicines and treatments on me. He checks my pulse and gives me the medicine of his mercy. Pain is removed from those who are treated by the beloved. 24

The sick gathered today and appealed for health. Be off with you, pain, the merciful one has shown his face. 25

"Alas, alas!" is my heart's lament for my beloved. My liver and my kidneys are roasted in the fire of love. If you do not believe me, look at the flames that burn above me. 26

Let me roast on burning sticks of thorn and acacia, with my liver, heart, and kidneys, all three of them on skewers. Now beyond the doctors' care, I am in the power of the beloved. 27

The arrow my beloved aimed and fired a second time quickly hummed and whistled as it came. It cut through my liver, heart, and kidneys. It has become so stuck inside my body that it will not come out, however hard I pull. 28

Ask the moths what burning is like. They hurl themselves into the fire, and their hearts are pierced by the lances of love. 29

٣٠
پتنگ چائِين پاڻَ کي، ته اَچي آڳِ اُجهاءِ
پَچَڻَ گهڻا پَچائِيا، تون پَچَڻَ کي پَچاءِ
واقُف ٿِي وِساءِ، آڳِ نه ڏِجي عامَ کي

٣١
پَتنگُ چائِين پاڻَ کي، پَسِي مَچُ مَـ موٽُ
سَهائِيءَ سُپيرين جي، ڪِهڙُ ته ٿِئين ڳهوٽُ
اَچا تون اَروٽُ، ڳُوري خَبَر نه لهِين

٣٢
پَتنگن پَهُ ڪيو، مِڙيا مٿي مَچَّ
پَسِي لَهسَ نه لِچيا، سَڙيا مَٿي سَچَّ
سندا ڳِچين ڳَچَّ، ويچارن وڃائِيا

٣٣
جي تَتو تَنُ تنُورَ جئن، ته چَنڊي ساڻُ چَماءِ
آٿِي آڳِ اَدب جي، ٻاري جانِ جلاءِ
ٻُرقعان اندر بازيون، پنهنجو سڀ پچاءِ
لُڇَڻُ لنؤُ لَطِيفُ چئي، پَڌرِ هَڏِ مَـ پاءِ
متان لوڪ لَکاءِ، وصالان وڃ پَئي

٣٤
اِچا تَنُوران، ڪاله ڪڍيائون سڄڻين
پڻ تايائون تڪڙو، وحدت جي وَڏان
محبتين مٿان، مچُ مُورائينِ نه لهي

If you call yourself a moth, come and extinguish the fire. The fire has burned many people; now put it out. Become aware and extinguish it; do not give the fire to ordinary people. 30

If you call yourself a moth, do not turn away when you see the fire. Enter the beloved's brightness and become his bridegroom. You are still unbaked and have no experience of the furnace. 31

The moths made a plan and collected over the fire. The sight of the scorching heat did not make them tremble, and they were burned in the fire of truth. Many of the poor creatures were consumed. 32

If your body burns like a furnace, cool it down with a sprinkling of patience. Light the fire of discipline and burn your being. Complete all the stages of your spiritual journey in secrecy. Never reveal your passion, says Latif. Otherwise people may find out, and an obstacle may be created in the way of your union. 33

It was only yesterday that the beloved took me out of the oven. Then he increased the heat to get me to union faster. For lovers the fire never grows less. 34

پَچائي پَرهاڻُ، جن رسائيو رُڪَ کي ٣٥
تنين سندو جاڻُ، آهي آڳڙيُنِ کي

ڏنءُ ڏنءُ ڏَمڻَ وار، اڄ پڻ آڳڙين جي ٣٦
ٻاري مچ مَجاز جو، اوتيائون اڱارَ
ڏُوڏا ڍِيءُ مَ ڏارَ، جِمَ ڪَچو رُڪُ ڪٽيُون ٿئي

ڏُوڏا تون نه ڏَئِين، آڳِ اوڏو نه وڃين ٣٧
اُلا جي عشق جا، سي تان تون نه سَهِين
اُيو اِئن چَئِين، ته آئون آڳڙيو آهيان

سِرُ سانداڻ ڪري، پُڇج گهرُ لهارَ جو ٣٨
ڏَڪن هيٺ ڌري، ماڻَ گڏيئي رُڪَ سين

سَهِين جئن سانداڻ، ڏَڪن مٿي ڏَڪڙا ٣٩
وَهِ وِڄائي پاڻ، ڏي ڏَٻائون ڏُڱرين

اَڄ آڳڙيا آئيا، سُوڌا سِراڻي ٤٠
پياري پاڻِي، تيغُون ڪندا تکيون

اَڄ آڳڙيا آئيا، سائُو ڪي سُڄاڻ ٤١
لاهِيندا مُورياڻَ، رُڪُ ڪَرِيندا پڌرو

They heat ore and produce steel. Only expert blacksmiths know about them. 35

Today too the blacksmiths' strokes clang loudly. They heat the fire of love, heaping on the coals. Stoker, do not back away, in case the unsmelted steel breaks into pieces. 36

Stoker, do not stoke the fire, and do not go near it. You cannot bear the flames of love, although you stand there and proclaim yourself to be a blacksmith. 37

Make your head an anvil, then ask for the blacksmith. Under his blows, you may become one with the steel. 38

Like the anvil, suffer blow upon blow. Let yourself be harshly beaten, and obliterate yourself in love. 39

Today the blacksmiths have come, experts with the whetstone. They whet it with water to sharpen swords. 40

Today the blacksmiths have come, expert and able. They will remove the rust and reveal the steel. 41

٤٢
سَرها ڏنمِ سي، جن ساجاءَ سِراڻِ سين
تيغَ تنِين جي کي، ڪَٽُ نه لڳي ڪڏهين

٤٣
ايڪ پيالو به ڄٽا، عشق نه ڪري اِيئَن
ليکيا جي لِکڻ ۾، سي قرب رسندا ڪيئن
هُئڻ کيا هِيئَن، وانجيا، پَسُ وِصال کان

٤٤
ايڪ پيالو به ڄٽا، عشق نه ايئن ڪري
آئِي سي ايڪ ٽيا، جي گتا نينهن گري
دوئِي ڏار ڏري، جهُ خُلَت خنجر آئيو

٤٥
ايڪ پيالو به ڄٽا، عشق نه ڪري اَڏَ
اِيَ تان شاعر سَڏَ، ڪَيَءِ جا قوال سين

٤٦
قاتلَ ڪمائِي ڪري، وَهُ ماکي جي ڪن
وٽان ويهِي تن، پِيجِ ڪي پياليون

٤٧
هوندو هَڏِ مَ سَندِ، لاءِ پياڪَن پانهنجو
پوجَ پيارج پَنهِيڙا، ويندا ونيو ڪَندِ
ته هَٿَ تنهنجي هندِ، موکي ڪو مانُ لهي

٤٨
هوندو هَڏِ مَ رَکُ، لاءِ پياڪَن پانهنجو
ونِي واٽارُئن کي، تان پياري پَرَکُ
سا لِکَ لهي ٿِي لَکُ، جا تو ايندي اُنِ سين

I have seen the happiness of those who know how to use the whetstone. Their swords are never stained with rust. 42

One cup and two people—this is not how love works. How will counting get anyone near the beloved? See how their sense of separate existence has deprived them of union. 43

One cup and two people—this is not how love works. Those who are held fast in love's embrace dissolve and become one. The dagger of closeness cuts duality in two. 44

One cup and two people—love does not share things out. Oh poet, you have acquired this desire from the singer.[1] 45

Slayers of the self have learned how to turn poison into honey. Sit with them and drink a few cups. 46

Never hide what you have from drinkers. Give the travelers who walk past plenty to drink. Oh wine seller, that will make your shop popular. 47

Never hide what you have from drinkers. Give the travelers a cup to drink, and see how they will give lakhs for every drop you give them. 48

٤٩
گهڻَنِ ۾ گهڻِڪَنِ، وَڻيُون پِيَنِ وِهَ گاڏيُون
بَرخِيز بدهه ساقِي، پيار ڪي پِريَن
پِڪين نه پرچن، مٽ تڪيائون مَنجهيان

٥٠
آڻي اُتر واءَ، موڪيءَ مٽ اُپڻيا
مَتارا تنهن ساءَ، اَچن سِرَ سَنباهِيو

٥١
وجهج واڻاڙُئن تي، ميخاني جي ماڪ
ٽيندي سُڌ سيڪنهين، هنڌ هنڌ پوندي هاڪ
پِرهه جا پياڪ، جُه سي اَگڻ آئيا

٥٢
جُه سي اَگڻ آئيا، ته سَرو ڪندا سُج
سائِي ٽِيندين اُج، هي پِيتو هُو آڻ ڪِي

٥٣
موڪِي چوڪِي نه ٽئي، اصل اوڃِي ذات
وَڻيون ڏيئِي واتِ، مَتارا تنهن ماريا

٥٤
مَتارا مري ويا، موڪِي تون نه مَرِين
ڪيهِيءَ پَرِ پَرِين، ڏُڪِي ڏاتارن ري

The drinkers choke as they drink from cups of poisoned wine. "*Cupbearer, arise and give us wine.*[2] Let your friends drink," they say. They are not satisfied with sips, but secretly eye the full jars of wine. 49

The wind blows from the north, the wine seller has opened his jars. The drinkers have prepared their heads for the taste. 50

Sprinkle the dew of the tavern on the travelers. Everyone will know about it and its praises will be sung everywhere, when the morning drinkers have come into your courtyard. 51

When they come into your courtyard, they polish off the wine. Their thirst remains the same; after one drink they call for another. 52

The wine seller is no gentleman, but comes from a low caste. He destroys the drinkers by pouring cups of wine down their throats. 53

The drinkers are dead. Oh wine seller, don't you die. Oh sufferer, how will you manage without your generous supplier? 54

۵۵

مَتارا مري ويا، موڪِي تون بِي مَرُ
تنهنجو ڏوسُ ڏمرُ، ڪونَ سهندو اُنِ ري

۵٦

سَري ڪين ڪيونِ، ويڻَ موڪيءَ جي ماريا
ڪوجو سخن ڪلال جو، پِتي تي پيونِ
تِهان پوءِ ٽيونِ، مرڻ مَتارنِ کي

۵۷

ڪَنڌ ڪَٽارو مُنهن وِٽي، عادت سندين اِئَ
تنين تِڪون ڏنيون، جُنبِي منجهان جِئً
سرو تن سَبِيّ، جَن حاصل ڪيو حال کي

۵۸

موڪِيءَ مَنو نه گُهريا، وِهُ نه وِهاٽيا
سُرڪِيءَ ڪاڻ سيَّد چئي، اُٽي لِٽي آٽِيا
جي ڳالهين ڳنگاٽِيا، تن بَٽَنِ پاسي ٻُٽيون

۵۹

سِرُ ڏيئِي سَٽِ جوڙ، ڪنهن پَرِ ڪَلالن سين
ڪاٽِي ڪَرٿ ڪپار ۾، خَنجَرُ آٽِي ڪوڙ
مَرٽان مُنهن مَ موڙ، وَٽِي لِٽي وڌِ لهي

٦٠

وَٽَ وَٽَ وِٽيءَ ۾، مَٽَ مَٽَ مَنڌُ پيو
قدر ڪيفَ ڪلال جو، پِياڳَن پيو
اَچن ڏُرسُ دڪان تي، ڪَندَ قبول ڪيو
سُرها سِرُ ڏيو، چَڱن سُرڳَ سيَّد چئي

The drinkers have died. You too should die, wine seller. Who besides them will endure your threatening behavior? 55

They were not killed by the wine, but by what the wine seller said. It was the distiller's words that wounded their hearts. Afterward death came to the drinkers. 56

To have a dagger at their throats and a cup at their lips is the drinkers' way. They take large draughts and are overcome. Those who attain ecstasy drink a lot of wine. 57

The wine seller did not wish them ill, nor did he kill them with poison. They gathered there for a drink, says Shah. Those who were overcome by what he said lie buried beside his stills. 58

Give your head and somehow make a deal with the distiller. Stab your skull with a knife, a saw, or a dagger. Do not turn away from death; a cup costs more than that. 59

There is something new in every cup, a different wine in every jar. Drinkers know the distiller's delight. They come right into his shop, ready to sacrifice their heads. To drink a drop they happily they give their heads, says Shah. 60

٦١ کلالنئون ڪاءِ، مَتِ نه سِکِين مون هِنئان
روئندي رات وِهاءِ، چِڪائِيندي بَنيُون

٦٢ صوفِي سالم سي ويا، جي اَڪثر سين اَڏيارَ
بازي بازِندنِ کي، آهي اَويسارَ
پِريا سين پَهڪارَ، رِندِيءَ رَساٽي ڪيا

٦٣ صوفِيءَ سيرُ سِين ۾، جئن رڱن ۾ ساهه
سا نه ڪري ڳالهڙِي، جئن پويون پروڙي پساهه
آهِس اِئُ گناهه، جي ڪا ڪَري پَڌرِي

٦٤ ڏِني ڏُکويا، اَٽ ڏِني راضي ٿيا
صوفِي تي ٿيا، جئن ڪِينَ کنيائون پاڻ سين

٦٥ صوفِي لاڪوفِي، ڪونَ ڀانئيس ڪيرُ
منجهيان لِي مَنجِهه وڙهي، پڌر ناهِس پيرُ
جنين ساڻس ويرُ، ٿئي تنين جو واهَرُو

٦٦ صوفِيءَ صاف ڪيو، ڌوئِي ورق وُجُود جو
تِهان پوءِ ٿيو، جيئري پسڻ پرينءَ جو

Oh my heart, why did you not learn from the distillers? Their nights are spent in weeping and in drawing liquor from their stills. 61

Those Sufis who left multiplicity aside went safely. Those who play the game of love never forget it. In consultation with the beloved, they reached their goal through drunkenness. 62

The Sufi travels through everything, like breath through the veins. He does not say anything about the closing formula.[3] For him it is a sin to reveal this. 63

They are grieved by being given, by not being given they are happy. True Sufis are those who take nonexistence with them. 64

The Sufi is no Kufi,[4] no one understands him. His struggle takes place within, leaving no external mark. He is on the side of those who are at odds with him. 65

The Sufi has washed clean the page of his existence. Afterward, while still alive, he gets to see the beloved. 66

صوفِي چائِين سَڏَ ڪرين، صُوفين اِيَ نه صلاحَ ٦٧
ڪانِي رک ڪُلاهَ، وجهه اُچِلي آگ ۾

جي ڪُلاهَ رکين ڪندَ تي، ته صوفي سالم ٿِيءُ ٦٨
وِهه وِڻِي هٿ ڪري، پُر پيالو پِيءُ
هَنڌُ تنِين جو هِيءُ، جن حاصل ڪيو حال کي

جُسي ۾ جَبّار جو، خَفِي خِيمو کوڙ ٦٩
جَلِّي تون زبان سين، چار ئِي پهر چور
فڪر سين فُرقان ۾، اِسم اعظم ڏور
بيا در وڃِي مَ ووڙ، اِيُ اَمُلُ اِئائِين سَپَجي

عالَم آئوُن ساڻ، پَريو ٿو پير ڪري ٧٠
پاڻ نه آهي جاڻُ، ماندِيءَ مَنڊُ پڪيڙيو

طَالِبُ ڪَٿَرَ سونهن سَرُ، اِيَ رومِيءَ جي رُوءِ ٧١
جنِين ڏِني جُوءِ، تني ڪُڇيو ڪين ڪِي

طَالِبُ ڪَٿَرَ سونهن سَرُ، اِيَ رومِيءَ جي راءِ ٧٢
ماڙهُو اِتِ ڪِياءِ، مَنڊُ نه پسين مَنڊيو

It is unfitting for a Sufi to call himself one and yet to be full of desire. Cut up your tall Sufi cap and throw it into the fire. 67

If you wear a Sufi cap, then be a proper Sufi. Take a cup of poison in your hand and drink it all up. This is the place of those who have attained ecstasy. 68

Pitch the secret tent of almighty God in your body.[5] Recite the spoken formula all day long. Carefully seek out his holy name in the Qur'an. Do not search at other doors; it is here that this precious treasure is found. 69

Full of ego, the world wanders lost, not realizing that this magic show is created by the divine magician. 70

The multiplicity of creation is in search of God, and its origin is his beauty—this is what Rumi believed.[6] Those who have seen this place do not speak of it. 71

The multiplicity of creation is in search of God, and its origin is his beauty—this is what Rumi believed. Where did man come from to be here? Do you not see the magic that has been performed? 72

٧٣

طَالِبُ ڪَٿَرَ سونهن سَرُ، روميءَ چيو آهي
تاڙِي جي لاهي، ته مَنجِهين مُشاهدو ٿئي

٧٤

ظاهر ۾ زاني، فِڪرَ منجھ فنا ٿيا
تنين کي تعليم جِي، ڪُڙِھ اندر ڪانِي
حرفُ حَقّانِي، دَورُ ڪيائون دل ۾

٧٥

جن کي دَورُ دَردَ جو، سبق سُورَ پڙهنّ
فِڪرَ فَرَهِي هٿ ۾، ماٺ مُطالع ڪنّ
پَنو سو پڙهنّ، جنهن ۾ پَسن پِرينءَ کي

٧٦

سا سِٽَ نه سارينِ، اَلف جنهن جي اَڳ ۾
ناحَقُ نهارينِ، پنا بيا پِرينءَ لئِ

٧٧

سا سِٽَ ساريائون، اَلف جنهن جي اَڳ ۾
لاَ مَقصُودَ فِي الدّارَينِ، اِن پَرِ اُتائون
سَڳُرُ سوناٿُون، ٿيا رَسِيلا رحمانَ سين

٧٨

اَڪرَ پڙهي اَياڱِيا، قاضِي ٿئين ڪِياءِ
پيرِئين ۾ پانئِئين، ايڏا اِئن نه آءُ
اِنَ سُرڪِيءَ سندو ساءُ، پڇج عَزازِيل کي

The multiplicity of creation is in search of God, and its origin is his beauty—this is what Rumi said. If you remove the veil from your heart, you will behold him within. 73

On the outside they are fornicators, but they are lost in contemplation. The arrow of true teaching has pierced their inner being. They recite the holy name of God in their hearts. 74

Those who have learned the formula of pain, recite the lesson of suffering. Holding the slate of contemplation, they study in silence. They recite from the page on which they see the beloved. 75

They do not remember the line that begins with *alif*.[7] Uselessly they look for the beloved on other pages. 76

They remember the line that begins with *alif*. *There is no other purpose in both worlds* [*besides God*][8]—this is what he said. Discovering the narrow path, they found delight in God the merciful. 77

Why did you study letters, you wretch, and become a *qazi*? Do not approach here in delusion and conceit. Ask Azazil[9] about the taste of this drink. 78

عاشق عَزازِيل، بيا مڙيئي سَڌڙِيا ٧٩
منجهان سِڪَ سَبِيلَ، لعنتِي لال ٿيو

جو مون پڙهيو پاڻ لَئِ، سبقُ سابِقُ جو ٨٠
پهرين سُڃاتم پانهنجي، نفسَ جو نِهو
جِي عَرفانُ اَصَل ۾، تِي رُوحن روزَ ڪيو
وري وَرَقُ پيو، گَڏيم وَڏُ وصال جو

پَڙهيو ٿا پڙهنَّ، ڪَڙهن ڪين قُلُوب ۾ ٨١
پاٺان ڏوهَ چڙهنَّ، جئَن وَرَقَ ورائين وِتَرا

اَڪر پڙهه اَلف جو، وَرَقَ سڀ وسار ٨٢
اَندر تون اُجار، پنا پڙهندين ڪيترا

جئَن جئَن وَرَقَ وَرائِين، تئَن تئَن ڏنو ڏوهُ ٨٣
تنهن ڪَهڙِيءَ ڪبو ڪوهُ، جي رهڻِيءَ رهيو نه سُپرين

ڪاتِبَ لِکِين جئَن، لايو لامُ اَلف سين ٨٤
اَسان سڄڻُ تئَن، رهيو آهي روح ۾

تهڙا چالِيها نه چالِيهَ، جهڙوپسڻ پرينءَ جو ٨٥
ڪهڙي ڪاتِبَ ڪَرِئين، مڻي پنن پِيهَ
جي ورقَ وارِين وِيهَ، ته اَڪر اُهوئِي هيڪڙو

Azazil is the true lover; the others are all full of empty desire. He became accursed because of his abundant love.[10] 79

When I studied the lesson of the beginning[11] for myself, I first discovered my own abode, the place where the souls are daily engaged in gnosis. The page was turned and the breach in my union with the divine was healed.[12] 80

The learned keep reading but do not suffer in their hearts. The faster they turn the pages, the higher their sins mount up. 81

Read the letter *alif*, forget all the other pages. Light up your inner self; how many pages will you read? 82

As you turn the pages, the more sins you see. What use is talking about him if the beloved is not present? 83

Oh scribe, just as you write *lām* joined to *alif*,[13] so does the beloved remain joined to our soul. 84

A forty-day vigil[14] is not equal to a sight of the beloved. Oh scribe, why do you pile pages on pages? You may turn twenty pages, but the letter[15] is the same. 85

تَنُ کُڏِي مَنُ حُجرو، ڪيم چاليها رَکُ ٨٦
ڪوهه نه پُوجيو پُوڄئين، اَئِي پهر اَلَکُ
تان تون پاڻُ پَرَکُ، سَيَڪَنهن ڏانهن سامهون

سَيَڪنهن ڏانهن سامهون، ڪو هنڌ خالِي ناهِ ٨٧
اُحَدا جي اَرَکَ ٿيا، سي ڪانئرَ ڪبا ڪانهِ
مُحبُّ منجهين مَنَ مانهِ، مون اَجاڻندِيءَ اُڃهيو

دائودِي دَيُون ڪري، رَنڪَنِ ڪونهي رنگُ ٨٨
گهوڙِيءَ هيٺ اَيَنگُ، ڪاهيو پاگرئين هٽي

دائودِي دَيُون ڪري، رَنڪَنِ ڪونهي چيٺُ ٨٩
گهوڙِيءَ هيٺ سُچيٺُ، ڪاهيو پاگرئين هٽي

او قابِيلَ اَڪين ۾، توکِي باري بانَ ٩٠
اُيو اَگِرائِون ڪرين، ماگِ هٽيو مَستانَ
جانبَ تون زيانَ، اَڪين سين ايذا ڪرين

The body is a mosque and the mind is a cell; do not keep a forty-day vigil. Why do you not worship God the unseen twenty-four hours a day? Examine yourself and see him before you in everyone. The beloved is inside my mind; I was ignorant but now have realized this. 86

He stands before everyone. There is no place without him. What is to be done with the cowards who are separate from God the one? Only now has this ignorant creature realized that the beloved is inside my mind. 87

He is as majestic as David;[16] the beggars possess no distinction. Carelessly, he lets his armed retinue be trampled by his horse. 88

He is as majestic as David; the beggars possess no awareness. He is fully aware as he lets them be trampled by his horse. 89

Cruel as Cain,[17] you have sharp arrows in your eyes. You arise and deal violently with the intoxicated ones where they live. Beloved, such is the damage you cause with your eyes. 90

٩١

جي هو پائِينِ ڪانُ ڳمانَ ۾، ته سينو سِپَر رکُ
منهن ۾ معشوقن جا، چاڪَ چَنڪا چَڪُ
سورِ ي يانءِ مَ شڪُ، عاشقُ تِ يُ ته اُبَهِين

٩٢

جي هو پائينِ ڪانُ ڳمانَ ۾، ته سينو سِپَر ڏيجِ
منهن ۾ معشوقن جا، جهالُو تِي جهليجِ
پاهان پَڳَ مَ ڏيجِ، عاشقُ تِيُ ته اُبَهِين

٩٣

پائي ڪانُ ڳمانَ ۾، ميان مار مَ مون
مون ۾ آهين تون، متان تنهنجو ئِي توکي لڳي

٩٤

ڪيو چڏين ڪانُ، هَڏَ نه هَٽائين تا
تيا جي نيشانُ، ته پهرئين سان پورا هئا

٩٥

لورِي جِت لڳوم، اُتِ اُيو ئِي آهيان
سورهُ پرين سَندوم، مانَ ٻاجهائي ٻيو هَٽي

٩٦

محبّت جي ميدان ۾، ڪر پَڙاڏو پَٽُ
سِرُ سورِيءَ، ڏَڙُ ڪُنگرين، متان ڪُڇين ڪَٽُ
عشق نانگ نِپَٽُ، خبر ڪاڏن کي پوي

If he fits an arrow to his bow, use your chest as a shield. Experience the beloved's wounds and blows on your face. Do not doubt the gallows, but act as a true lover and be saved. 91

If he fits an arrow to his bow, use your chest as a shield. Steadfastly suffer whatever the beloved does to your face. Do not step back, but act as a true lover and be saved. 92

Sir, do not fit an arrow to your bow to kill me. You are inside me, so you may be hit by your own weapon. 93

False lovers escape the arrow and never let themselves be struck. Those who make themselves a mark are killed by the first shot. 94

I stand where his arrow struck me. In his mercy, perhaps my warlike beloved will strike me with another. 95

On the field of love make the earth resound. With your head on the gallows and your body on the battlements, be sure to say nothing at all. Love is without doubt a snake, as those who have been bitten know. 96

محبّت جي ميدان ۾، سِرَ جو ڪر مَ سانگُ ٩٧
سورِيءَ سُپيرِين جي، چَڙهُ ته ٿئين چانگُ
عشق آهي نانگ، خبر ڪاڏَنِ ڪي پوي

عشق نه آهي راند، ته ڪي ڪَنسِ ڳهڙو ٩٨
جِيَ جُسي ۽ جانِ جِي، پچي جو هيڪاندِ
سِسِي نيزي پاندِ، اُچل ته اَڏ ٿئي

عاشقن الله، ويروتار نه وسري ٩٩
آهَ ڪَرِيندي ساهُ، ڪڏهن ويندو نڪري

عاشق اِئن نه هُونِ، جئن تون سَجي اَگَرين ١٠٠
وڃي در دوستن جي، رَتُ ڏِهاڙِي رُون
بِيَ پَرِ ڪَنهِين نه پوَن، ماڪُرِ محبوبنِ سين

جان عاشقَ مٽِي رَتُ، تان دعوىٰ ڪري مَ نِينهن جِي ١٠١
سائو مُنهن سُونهن گَئِي، سِڪَنَ اِيُّ شرط
نَڪِي گوڏِ گَرَتُ، متا سِرَ سؤدا ڪري

اَجا تو منجهان، ڪَکَ چُٽي رتُ نڪري ١٠٢
منهن ۾ محبوبن جا، ڪئن جَهلِيندي گهاءَ
سو تون ڪُجاڙيا، سِڪَنَ جون سَڏُون ڪرين

On the field of love, do not care about your head. If you mount the gallows of the beloved you will find perfect health. Love is a snake, as those who have been bitten know. 97

Love is not a game played by youths. It breaks the connection of mind, body, and soul. Put your head on the point of a spear and be cut in half. 98

God is never forgotten by his lovers. They breathe their last, sighing for him. 99

Lovers are not fit and well like you. Every day they go to the beloved's door and weep. In no other way can they find acceptance with him. 100

If a lover has any blood in his body, let him make no claim to love. A pale face and loss of beauty are the conditions of desire. He carries no money, but uses his head to trade with. 101

The touch of a straw still draws blood from you. How will you bear the beloved's wounds on your face? So why do you long for love? 102

سِڪڻُ ۽ سورِي، ٻئي | آڳَرِ هيڪڙي ١٠٣
وِهڻُ واٽَڙِيُن تي، ڪارَڻُ ضرورِي
ٻِنهي جِي پُورِي، جِيءَ ڏِني رِيَ نه جُڙي

جيڪِي سِڪَڻُ سِڪُ، ناتَ پَسُ سِڪندئين ١٠٤
پاسي تنين مَ لِڳُ، نِينهُن نه سُڃاڻن جي

عاشِقَ معشوق جِي، وِٽِي ويهُ ڳِري ١٠٥
جِمَ وِرچي ڇَڏِئين، سَندِي دوست دَرِي
ڏِيندا ٻُڪِي باجَه جِي، ويندءِ لَٻَ لَرِي
آسان تان نه سَرِي، تون ڪئن سَرِي سپرين

عاشِقَ معشوقن جو، وِٽِي ويه دُڪانُ ١٠٦
پَئِجِ پيش پِريُنِ جي، پَڻِيءَ وجِهي پاڻُ
ته تون تنِين ساڻُ، سدا رهِين سُرخُرو

عاشِقَ معشوق جو، وِٽِي ويهج گهٽُ ١٠٧
جِمَ وِرِچي ڇَڏئين، موڪِيءَ سندو مَٽُ
ڪري سِرَ جي سَٽُ، پِيِجِ ڪي پِيالئُون

Desire and death[18] both begin with the same letter. For them both to be achieved it is necessary to sit on the road that leads to the beloved, and to sacrifice one's life. 103

Either learn love, or else watch those who practice love. Do not hide with people who know nothing of love. 104

Oh lover, keep sitting in the beloved's street. Do not lose heart and quit his door. He will give you medicine of mercy that will heal your wounds. We cannot manage without you, beloved, how can you manage without us? 105

Oh lover, keep sitting in the beloved's shop. Bow down before him with humbly covered head, so that you may always live with him with honor. 106

Oh lover, keep sitting in the beloved's passageway. Do not lose heart and give up the wine seller's jar. Drink a few cups in exchange for your head. 107

هَرَ هَرَ هَرائِي، وڃڻ دَرِ دوستن جي ١٠٨
پاڙي ڏانهن پِرينِ جي، اُڄُ مَ اَوائِي
اَلڙُ ئِي اَڃِ مَ تون، واڻاڙُن وائِي
لائِيندءِ لَطِيفُ چئي، سُوران سَرهائِي
گُجهو ڳالهائِي، پِرتِ وَڻجي پاڻ ۾

سُورُ جنين کي سَريو، سَرِي تن صحتَ ١٠٩
مِڻِي مصيبت، آهي عاشقنِ کي

جي پياري پاڻَ، ته ڪَرَهو ئِي پاڻِي پِئين ١١٠
اَڳِي اِنَ نِياڻ، اَڻَ ڪوڻيو ڪونَ ڳِهڙي

اَڻَ ڪِي عَيان نه ٿئي، ڪِي پروڙي ڪونَ ١١١
سچِي جيهِي سونَ، منهن نه پيئِي ماڙهُوئين

اَڻَ ڪِي عَيان نه ٿئي، ڪي پروڙي ڪونَ ١١٢
سا سُونهِين ٿئي سونَ، اَمُرُ عطا جنهن جو

چِنَنِ توءِ مَ چِنُّ، پاءِ اُميرِي اُنِ سين ١١٣
جي اَوگڻ ڪَنِئي اَسُونهِين، ته تون ڳُڻان ئِي ڳِنُّ
پاند جهليو تون پِنُّ، هن سُونهاري سَڳَ ۾

It is foolishness to go the beloved's door all the time. Do not hurry to his neighborhood, you crazy creature. Do not be naïve and tell passersby about it. Through suffering, says Latif, he will bring you happiness. Share your love in secret talk between yourselves. 108

Those who have suffered pain were granted health. For lovers misery is sweet. 109

If he himself gives you water, become a camel and drink it thirstily. No one previously entered this pool without being invited. 110

What is unsaid does not become apparent, what is said no one understands. It is true and like gold, but does not appeal to people. 111

What is unsaid does not become apparent, what is said no one understands. It is a golden guide to those whom fate has favored. 112

If he breaks his ties with you, twist them together again like a thread. If he finds faults in you, you foolish wretch, consider them virtues. Go and beg him humbly to restore this beautiful connection. 113

نَمِي ڱمِي نهار تون، ڏَمَرُ ڏولائو ١١٤
ٽِيَءِ ساڃائو، جي اُڀِئين اِنهِيءَ پيرَ تي

ڱمُ ڱمَندنِ ڪنيو، هارايو هوڙَنِ ١١٥
چڪيو نه چُوندنِ، هو جو ساءُ صبرَ جو

ڱمَندَڙَن گهرِ ڪِين، چَوَندڙ چڱا نه ٿيا ١١٦
ويٺَنِهُون ويڌُ پَئي، هٿِ نه آڇي ڪِين

هُو چَوَنِئِي تون مَ چؤ، واتان ورائي ١١٧
اَڳُ اُڳرائِي جو ڪري، خطا سو کائي
پاندَ ۾ پائي، ويو ڪِيني وارو ڪِينَ ڪي

ڪِنِين ڪِينَ پِرائيو، ڪِيني منجهان ڪِين ١١٨
جي هوءِ سَٽائِي سِيگ، ته زِهَ ڄِني جوکو ٿئي

اَٿ چَوندَنِ مَ چؤ، چَوندَن چيو وسار ١١٩
اَنئِي پهرَ اَدبَ سين، پَرِ اِهائي پارِ
پايو مُنهن مُونن ۾، غُربت ساڻ گذار
مُفتِي منجه وهارِ، ته قاضيءَ ڪانيارو نه ٿئين

ڄِنِين سَندِيءَ بوڏَ ۾، پَتون پَتين جِيُ ١٢٠
تَنَ تنين سين پِيُ، اوڏا اوڏي پَڱڙا

Bow down and be patient as you search; anger will bring you grief. You will gain awareness if you stand firm in this course. 114

Be patient, for those who are patient succeed, while those who quarrel lose. Talkers do not taste the delights of forbearance. 115

There is peace in the homes of the patient, but talkers do not prosper. From having words, trouble ensues and nothing is gained. 116

If they talk against you, say nothing back to them in turn. The one who makes the first move suffers. Those who are inspired by ill will gain nothing from it. 117

Nothing is gained from ill will. If the bow is drawn too hard, the bowstring snaps. 118

Say nothing to those who do not talk against you and forget the words of those who do. Follow this practice twenty-four hours a day. With your head upon your knees, live in lowliness. Keep a legal adviser[19] within you, so that you will not be helpless before the judge. 119

Oh body, settle near those who instead of snapping rudely back answer politely in different ways.[20] 120

١٢١

وينِي جِنِين وَٺِ، ڏُگندو ڏاڍو ٿِئي
سا مَجِلس ئِي مَٽِ، جي حاصل هوءِ هَزارَ جو

١٢٢

وَينِي جِنِين وَٽُ، ڏُگندو ڏُور ٿِئي
تَنَ تِنِين سين ڪَٽِ، اوڏا اَڏي پَڳڙا

١٢٣

وائي
يار سڄڻ جي فراقَ، ڙِي جيڏيُون آئُون مارِي
دَرِ دوسَنِ جي ڪَئِين جو هوندا، مُون جيها مُشتاقَ
جاڻي ڪاڻي محبوبن جي، آه حُسنَ جِي هاڪَ
سُرمو سَهِي ڪر اَکين جو، خاص پِريان جي خاڪِ
عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چئي، پرين اَسانجو هميشه حُسناڪُ

Sitting with some people brings you much suffering. 121
Avoid their company and gain a thousand benefits.

Sitting with some people brings you an absence of suffering. Oh body, settle near them and spend time there. 122

Friends, I am slain by separation from my dear beloved. 123V
At the beloved's door there are many lovers like me.
All over the place the beloved's beauty is proclaimed.
Realize that special dust trodden by his feet is perfect kohl for the eyes.
Abdul Latif says: my beloved is eternally beautiful.

٣ سُر آسا

لوچان نِي لاحَدَ ۾، هادِيءَ لَهان نَه حَدُّ ١
سُپيرِيان جي سُونهَن جو، نَڪو قَدُ نَه مَدُّ
هِتِ سِڪَڻُ بي عَدَدُّ، هُتِ پِرِينءَ پَروا ناهِ ڪو

آئُون سين اُنَ پارِ، ڳَڏِهن تان ڪونَه پِيو ٢
إِنَّ اللّٰهَ وِتْرٌ يُّحِبُّ الْوِتْر، نيئِي بِيائِي بارِ
هيڪِڙائِيءَ وَٽِ هارِ، هَنجُون جي هُئَڻَ جُون

بَنِ بِيائِي سُپِرين، پاڻان مُون ڪي پَلِ ٣
آئُون اورِيان جَهلِ، توکي رَسي تو ذَٽِي

هُو پِڻُ ڪونهي هِنَ ري، هِيءُ نَه هُنَهان ذارَ ٤
اَلْاِنْسَانُ سِرِّيْ وَ اَنَا سِرُّهٗ، پَرُوڙِج پَچارَ
ڳَندا وِيا تَنوارَ، عالِمَ عارِفَ اُهڙِي

جان جان پَسِين پاڻَ کي، تان تان ناهِ نِمازَ ٥
سَبِ وِڃائي سازَ، تِهان پوءِ تَڪبِيرَ چَئو

جان جان پَسِين پاڻَ کي، تان تان ناهِ سُجُودُ ٦
وِڃائي وُجُودُ، تِهان پوءِ تَڪبِيرَ چَئو

3 *Asa*

I search for him through infinity but find no limit to the guide. The beauty of the beloved has no height or length. On this side there is incalculable longing, on that side the beloved has no concern. 1

No one ever made it across with the "I." *God is an odd number, and that is what he loves,*[1] so get rid of duality. Before unity, dissolve your existence in tears. 2

A curse on duality! Beloved, stop me from the self. Keep back the "I." May the "you" reach you, lord. 3

There is no "that" without "this,"[2] nor is "this" separate from "that." Understand the saying *Man is my secret and I am his secret.*[3] This is the refrain repeated by mystics and gnostics. 4

So long as you can see yourself, your prayer is of no use. Get rid of all your aids, and then say "God is great." 5

So long as you can see yourself, your prostration is of no use. Get rid of your existence, and then say "God is great." 6

نابُودِيءَ نيئِي، عَبۡدَ کي اَعلیٰ ڪَيو ٧
مُورَتَ ۾ مَخفِي ٿِيا، صُورَتَ پِڻُ سيئِي
ڪَبِي اِتِ ڪيهِي، ڳالِهه پِرِيان جي ڳُجَه جِي

جن وِڄايو وُجُود کي، سي فانِي ٿِيا فِي اللهَ ۾ ٨
نه تِنِ قِيامُ نه قُعُودُ ۾، نه ڪو ڪَنِ سُجُودُ
جيلان ٿِيا نابُودُ، تيلان ڳَڌِيا بُودُ کي

اُپِرَنۡدي ئِي سِڄِ، پِرِين جي نه پَسَندِيُون ٩
ڪَڍِي بيئِي ڏِڄِ، اَکَڙِيُون ڪانگَنِ کي

نيرانا ئِي نيڻَ، نيئِي آڇِ پِرِيُنِ کي ١٠
سَتَرِ ڪاڏا کيڻَ، جه ڏِنو مُنهُن مَحۡبُوبَ جو

تِنِ نيڻَنِ ڪِي نيرانِ، جِنِ ساجُهرُ سيڻَ سانپِيڙِيا ١١
جِيءَ جُسي ۽ جانِ، ڪَرَ حُضُورِي حَجُّ ڪَيو

اَکِيُون عَلَي الصَّباحِ، دوستُ ديکَڻَ آئِيُون ١٢
اُپِيندِيُون اَرِداسَ ۾، پِي نه ڳَندِيُون ڪاءِ
رَچَندِيُون رِءَ پاهَ، پَرِچَندِيُون پِرِينءَ سين

وَسَنِ ۽ وَهسَنِ، ڏيهاڙِي ڏِسَڻَ لَءِ ١٣
ڏِسِي ڏِسِي آئِيُون، توءِ تَلاشُون ڪَنِ
ڍاپِيو نه ڍاپَنِ، پَسَڻَ مَنجهان پِرِينءَ جي

Through adopting nonexistence, creatures were exalted. 7
Concealed in outward form, the real shape of the divine was kept. What can be said here of the beloved's secret?

Those who have destroyed their existence are *effaced in God.*[4] There is no standing or sitting in prayer for them, nor do they perform prostrations. While nonexistent, they are joined with existence. 8

If your eyes do not see the beloved as soon as the sun rises, take them both out and feed them to the crows. 9

Take out your eyes before you break your fast and present them to the beloved. Seeing the beloved's face is equal to eating seventy dishes. 10

Eyes that have beheld the beloved at dawn have had their breakfast. Entering his presence is as if one's being, body, and soul have performed the Hajj. 11

At dawn the eyes come to see the beloved. Standing in worship, they do nothing else. Dyed without alum, they delight in the company of the beloved. 12

Every day they weep and they rejoice to see the beloved. They keep coming back after seeing him, but even so they keep searching. They never have been sated with seeing him, nor ever will be. 13

١٤
اَڱڙِيُون اَڱڙِيُنِ تي، ڏَمَرَ ڏوسَ ڪَرِينِ
جيلانهَ سِڪَڻُ سِکِيُون، تيلانهَ دَعوىٰ مَنجِهه دَڙِينِ
ڪِلَنِ ۽ گَرِينِ، رُسَنِ پَرْچَنِ پاڻَ ۾

١٥
اَکِيُنِ کي آئُون، جان ڪِي جُهلُون پائِيان
لوڪُ لَتاڙِي نِندَ ۾، ساڄَنُ سوٺائُون
مُون کي مارِيائُون، پاڻَ پَرِچِي آئِيُون

١٦
اَکِيُنِ پَنهَنجِي مَتِ، پاڻَ سين پائُهِين ڪَئِي
اُتي وَڃِي لَڳِيُون، جِتي جانِ گَپَتِ
نَه ڪا ڳالِه نه ڳتِ، جِيءَ ڏِني رِءَ نه جُڙي

١٧
اَڱڙِيُنِ آرو، مُونهان پُڇِي نه ڪَيو
اُتي وَڃِي اَڙِيُون، جِتي چَوَڻَ نه چارو
هِينئَڙو ويچارو، وائُون جَهلِيو وِڃُهلي

١٨
اَکِ اُلِٽِي ڏارِ، وَنءُ اُلِٽو عامَ سين
جي لَهِوارو لوڪُ وَهي، ٿُون اُوچو وَهُ اوڀارِ
مَنجهان نُوچَ نِهارِ، پُرُ پُنِيرو پِرِينءَ ڏي

١٩
تان جي ٽِيَنِ سامُهان، پُنِيرا سُونهَنِ
سَنئُون وَرائِي سُپِرِين، مُنهُن جي مانڊي ڪَنِ
رَڳُون سَڀِ رَچَنِ، تَنَ ۾ تازائِي ٿِئِي

The eyes are angry and furious with the eyes. Since they learned to long for him, the whole business makes them quarrel. They laugh and are annoyed, they are cross and they are happy with themselves. 14

I have placed many obstacles in the path of the eyes. Treading the world in their sleep, they have found the beloved. After killing me, they return satisfied with themselves. 15

The eyes take counsel between themselves. They go where life is in danger. The only thing that avails there is to sacrifice one's life. 16

The eyes fell in love without asking me. They went and got caught in the place from which there is no escape. Consumed with pain, my poor heart waits fretting beside the road to the beloved. 17

Decide to do the opposite, oh my eyes, and go the other way from most people. If people flow downstream with the current, you should flow upstream. Look straight ahead, and go back toward the beloved. 18

The beauty of the beloved is turned away. But if he turns around to face me, my veins are filled with delight and my body is filled with fresh energy. 19

اَڪِيُون سي ئِي ڏارِ، جِنِ سان پَسِين پِرِينءَ کي ٢٠
بِئي ڏانهن ڪِيمَ نِهارِ، گهڻو رِيسارا سُپِرِين

ديکُ مَ ٿُون سين تَنِ، هِي جي مَجازِياٽِيُون مُنهَن ۾ ٢١
ڪِينَ نه سُڃاتو سُپِرِين، نِهاري نيڻَنِ
پِرِين سي پَسَنِ، ٻَئِي جنِين ٻُوٽِيُون

مَجازِي مَ مَٽِ ڪَرِ، ٽَنِپِيُون اِئَن نه پيرِ ٢٢
پُڄِي ٿِئين ته پيرِ، هارِي حَقِيقِيءَ جي

سَنئِين سُونهائِي سَپَڪا، ڪا مُون مُنجهائي ٢٣
طَلَبَ ۽ تَحصِيلَ، اورِيان ئِي آهي
مان تَنُ تِتِ لائي، جِتِ آهِ نه ناهِ ڪا

جِتِ آهِ نه ناهِ ڪا، اِئُ خاڪِيءَ جو خِيالُ ٢٤
جانِبَ جو جَمالُ، پَسڻان ئِي پَري ٿِيو

جان تَنُ ڪَيوءِ نه تِيئَن، سوئيرِيان ئِي سَنِهڙو ٢٥
پِرِين پائِيندا ڪِيئَن، توکي اَگَرِيُنِ ۾

اَکِيُنِ ۾ نِي ويهُ، تهٔ آئُون واري ڏَڪِيان ٢٦
توکي ڏِسي نه ڏيهُ، آئُون نه پَسان ڪِي بِيو

Keep the eyes with which you can see the beloved. Do not look at others, for the beloved is very jealous. 20

Do not look at the beloved with the physical eyes that are in your face. Those eyes cannot recognize the beloved by gazing at him. It is those who close them who see the beloved. 21

Do not make these physical ones your friends, do not look around with these dark eyes. You fool, why do you not ask for the path to the true beloved? 22

There is plenty of guidance on the straight path, but I am led astray. Seeking and getting are both near at hand. My being is set on the place where there is no "is" and no "is not." 23

Where there is no "is" and no "is not" is not something that can be conceived by earthly man. The beauty of the beloved is beyond the power of sight. 24

Until you make your body thinner than a needle, how will the beloved find you in his eyes? 25

Come and dwell in my eyes, and I will close them. The world will not see you, and I will not see anyone else. 26

گَرَ ڪِي گَپُرُ ڪاءِ، نانگُ مَٽِيارو نِڪرِي ٢٧
اُپو جو اوناءِ، سُرِ پُرِ سَندِي سَجَٽين

سَجَڻَ سَنئِيُون ڪَنِ، لوڪان ليڪي وِنگِيُون ٢٨
سَندِي سُپِرِيَنِ، پَرِ پَرُوڙَڻُ ڏاڪڙو

حوصِلو حَيرتَ ۾، ڪَري ڪِينَ دَرَڪُ ٢٩
جو حُسُنَ سَندو حَقُّ، سو ڪُوڙُ پَرُوڙي ڪِينَ ڪِي

حوصِلو حَيرتَ ۾، وَڃِي ٽِيو ويڃُون ٣٠
مُحَبَتَ جُون ميڃُون، ڪُوڙُ پَرُوڙي ڪِينَ ڪِي

مُئِي هاڻِيءَ تِي مامِرو، اَچِي ڪَيو اَنڌَنِ ٣١
مَنارِّينِ هَٿَنِ سين، اَڪِئين ڪِينَ پَسَنِ
فِي الْحَقِيْقَتَ فِيل ڪِي، سَجا سُجاڻَنِ
سَندِي سَرْدارَنِ، بَصِيرتَ بِينا ڪَري

مَحرُومَ پِڻ مَرِي وِيا، ماهِرَ پِڻ نه مُئا ٣٢
چِڙِيءَ جِيئَن چُهِنجَ هَٿِي، لَڏِيائُون لُئا
حُبابَ پِي هُئا، اِنهِيءَ واديءَ وِچَ ۾

May some poisonous snake, some cobra come out and bite my rival, who stands there listening to the murmured words of the beloved. 27

The beloved performs straightforward actions, but in people's minds they are twisted. To understand the puzzling ways of the beloved is difficult. 28

Reason is lost in wonder, it cannot grasp anything. A blind person cannot understand the beauty of the beloved. 29

Reason collapses in wonder, it breaks into pieces. A blind person cannot understand the hints given by love. 30

The blind men quarreled about the dead elephant.[5] They felt with their hands, being unable to see with their eyes. Actually,[6] only the sighted can recognize the elephant. The power of helping us see is vested in our spiritual masters. 31

They died deprived. They did not become masters before their death. They left like sparrows pecking their way out of a pile of grass. They were just like bubbles in the valley of this world. 32

٣٣

اَسِين سِڪُون جن کي، اَسِين پُٽِ سيئِي
لَمْ يَلِدْ وَلَمْ يُوْلَدْ، وَنءُ اوڏانهِين پيهِي
تِهان مَنجهيئِي، پارِکَ پَرِکِجِ حَقَ کي

٣٤

ڏِسَڻُ ڏِسِين جي، ته هَمهَ کي حَقُّ چَئِين
شارِڪَ شَڪُ مَ ني، اَندا اِنهِيءَ ڳالهِ ۾

٣٥

آڏو جو اِثباتِ کي، سو شِرڪُ لاهي شَڪُ
هُئِي جنهن ۾ حَقُّ، تنهن نَفِيءَ جِهو ناهِ ڪو

٣٦

اِنَ پَرِ نه اِيمانُ، جِئَن ڪَلِمي گو ڪوٺائِيين
دَغا تُنهِنجي دِلِ ۾، شِرْڪ ۽ شَيطانُ
مُنهَن ۾ مُسَلمانُ، اَندَرِ آذَرُ آهِئين

٣٧

ڪُوڙو ٺُون ڪُفرَ سين، ڪافَرُ مَ ڪوٺاءِ
هِندُو هَڏِ نه آهِئين، جَڻِيو تو نه جُڳاء
تِلْڪُ تِنِين کي لاءِ، سَچا جي شِرْڪَ سين

٣٨

مُنهُن ته آهيرِيان ئِي اَجِرو، قَلْبَ ۾ ڪارو
ٻَهَران زيبُ زِبانَ سين، دِلِ ۾ هَچارو
اِنَ پَر ويچارو، ويجهو ناهِ وِصالَ سين

We are the same as the one we long for. Go and enter the place where *he does not beget, nor is he begotten.*[7] From that place, oh seeker, seek out divine reality. 33

If you can see properly, you will say that everything is divine reality. Oh blind polytheist, do not doubt this truth. 34

Get rid of doubt, of the polytheism that gets in the way of affirming God's existence. There is nothing like the denial in which that existence is affirmed. 35

Faith does not come about by claiming to recite the profession of faith, when the heart is filled with deceit, polytheism, and the devil. That makes you a Muslim in appearance, but an Azar[8] within. 36

You are false in your unbelief, so do not call yourself an unbeliever. You are certainly no Hindu, nor are you worthy of the sacred thread. The forehead mark is properly put on those who are true to polytheism. 37

Your face is clearer than a mirror, but you are black at heart. On the outside your speech sounds fair, but in your heart you are foul. Thinking like this does not bring one near to union. 38

٣٩

ٺُون ڪا ڪانِي پاءِ، وَنِ ۾ وِصالَ جِي
ڏُوبِينائِي ڏُورِ ڪَري، مَعْرِفَتَ مَلهاءِ
سُپيرِيان جِي سُونهَن ۾، رُخنو ڪونَ رِهاءِ
اَڪِ اَشَهَد چاءِ، ته مُسَلِمانِي ماڻِئين

٤٠

سُرمُون سِياهِيءَ جو، رَنِ کي رِهاءِ
ڪانِي ڪارائِيءَ جِي، مُڙسُ ٿي مَ پاءِ
اَکِيُنِ ۾ اَٽِڪاءِ، لالائِي لالَنَ جي

٤١

سُرمون سُرخِيءَ جو، جَڏهن پاتو جن
تَڏهن ڏِٺِي تن، رَوْنَقَ ريٽي جَهِڙي

٤٢

سُرْمون سُفيدِيءَ جو، جَڏهن وِڌو جن
تَڏهن ڏِٺِي تن، اَجائِي عالَمَ ۾

٤٣

مُون تان لِڪائِي گهٽو، روئَڻَ ڪِي روشَنُ
رَسِيو ريزالَنِ کي، مَنجهان زَردِيءَ ظَنُ
ويرِي مُون وَرَنُ، ڳالِهِ ڪَيائِين ڳُجَهه جِي

٤٤

لَکين سَئين مَهَراڻَ، اِئِي سَبِ اُدَمِيا
سَرّان مَنجهِين ماڻَ، ٻَهَرِ باقُ نه نِڪري

٤٥

پاڻُ پَردو پاڻَ کي، سُٽِي ڪَرِ سَنيالَ
وِچان جو وِصالَ، سو تان هُئَڻُ هِنَ جو

Apply the mascara stick of union to your eyes. Get rid of double vision, and enjoy the state of gnosis. It is wrong to find any fault with the beauty of the beloved. Look with the eyes of *I bear witness*[9] so that you may be reckoned a true Muslim. 39

The blackness of mascara is suitable for women. As a man, do not apply blackness with a stick. Put the redness of the beloved on your eyes. 40

When they put red mascara on their eyes, they saw the splendor of a scarlet wedding outfit. 41

When they put white mascara on their eyes, they saw whiteness in the world. 42

I hid it thoroughly, but it was shown clearly by my tears. Suspicion was aroused in those wretches by my tears. My color was my foe, and revealed my secret. 43

Hundreds of thousands of rivers all swirl and seethe within me. May I burn inside, without any smoke escaping. 44

The self is a veil over yourself; listen and mark this well. It is existence that stands in the way of union. 45

پاڻُ پَردو پاڻَ کي، طالِبَ سُڃ تُون ٤٦
نَڪا هان نه هُون، پَردا سَڀِ پاسي ٿِيا

مُون مُونهِين ۾ سَپَجي، مُون کي مُون جُڳاءِ ٤٧
مُونهين جي ساڃاءِ، مُونهين مَنجهان مُون ٿِئي
اُنَهِين اِئن جُڳاءِ، آن کي اِئن نه چَوَڻو

گُندِي نِينهُن نه سَپَجي، تُهَ نه پَچي ماهُ ٤٨
ڪَچِيءَ پَرِ ڪِئاءُ، ٿِئي سَماجوڳُ سَڄَڻين

نَظَرُ نِزدِيڪونِ، سَهِي نه سَگهان ساعَتَ سِيئن ٤٩
پَسَڻُ پَري سَندونِ، آئُون نالي گِيڙي نِڄُهران

مُون کي مُون پِرِيَنِ، بَڌِي وِڌو بارِ ۾ ٥٠
اُيا اِيئَن چَوَنِ، مَڃُڻ پاندُ پُسائِيين

پِيو جو پاتارِ، سو ڪِئَن پُسَڻَ کان پالِهو رَهي ٥١
سالِڪَ مُون سيڪارِ، ڪو پَهُ اِنَهِين پاندَ جو

Seeker, listen to this: the self is a veil over yourself. When there is no prevarication, all veils are removed. 46

"It is in me that 'I' is produced, so I am worthy of 'I.' It is the awareness of 'I' that produces the 'I' from me." This applies only to him,[10] it is not for you to say. 47

Love is not created in a grain jar, meat is not cooked in husks. How can faulty methods be used to bring about union with the beloved? 48

I cannot bear him looking at me closely for a second. Seeing him is a distant prospect; even mentioning his name causes me distress. 49

My beloved tied me up and threw me into deep water. He just stood there and told me not to get the hem of my clothes wet. 50

How can someone who falls into deep water be sure of not getting wet? Oh traveler on the mystical path, teach me a method of keeping the hem of my clothes dry. 51

٥٢
ڪَرِ طَرِيقَت تَڪِيو، شَرِيعَتَ سُجاڻُ
هِنئون حَقِيقَتَ هيرِ ٿُون، ماڳُ مَعرفَتَ جاڻُ
هوءِ ٿابُوتِيءَ ساڻُ، ته پُسٽان پالِهو رَهين

٥٣
ڪُوڙي ڪِج مَ ڪَڏهِين، ڦِڪي پانئجِ ڦانگَ
ساري سَناسِيُنِ جِئَن، لائِقَ رَکِج لانگَ
ته چارِئِي چُنِيءَ پاندَ، اوسا گِنهِي اُڪرِين

٥٤
سُتوئِي سيجَ گُهرِين، جَفا ڏِئين نه جانِ
صُلحَ رِيءَ سيٽانِ، مَتان نُونڌين نه چَڙهِين

٥٥
صُلحُ جِنِ سَجَڻَ سين، سيجَ ماڻِيندا سي
اَلَّذِيْنَ اٰمَنُوْا وَڪَانُوْا يَتَّقُوْنَ، اِنَ پَر اُيا جي
نيئِي نُونڌين تي، ڏِکي چِٽي چاڙهِيا

٥٦
جي ٿِيا حَلُّ حَبِيبَ سين، سُمهڻُ تن ثَوابُ
نيڻَ هيرائِي نِندَ سين، خوش ڪَيائُون خَوابُ
اوسِيڙو عَذابُ، دِلِيان تَنِين ڏُورِ ٿِيو

Make the Way your support, recognize the Law. Get your heart used to Reality and know the place of Gnosis.[11] Remain resolute and keep safe from getting wet. 52

Never utter falsehood, consider it to be a dry branch. Be aware, oh deserving one, and like the yogis keep your loincloth tight. That way you will make it across while keeping all four corners of your hem dry. 53

You just sleep, demanding a comfortable bed, and do not trouble yourself at all. But unless you please the beloved, you will not be reckoned of any account. 54

They who please the beloved are the ones who will enjoy their marriage beds. Standing as *Those who believe and are constant in righteousness,*[12] they are chosen and are adorned as bridegrooms. 55

Sleep is meritorious for those who are united with the beloved. Getting their eyes used to sleep, they dream happy dreams. Waiting and pain are far from their hearts. 56

٥٧

تَنُ تَسبِيحَ، مَنُ مَڻِيو، دِلِ دَنبُورو جَنِ
تَنڊُون جي طَلَبَ جُون، وَحدَتَ سِرِ وَڄَنِ
وَحْدَهٗ لَا شَرِيْڪَ لَهٗ، اِهو راڳُ رَڳُنِ
سي سُتائِي جاڳَنِ، نِندَ عِبادَتَ اُنِ جي

٥٨

وائي
ڪِي اُنِهين مَنجِه آهي، هُو جي جُهونا پَسجَنِ جُهوپِڙا
اِنَ دَرِ سيئِي اَڱِهيا، جن کي ڪونَ چِتائي
ڏارِيان يانئِنِ ڏارِيو، پاڻُ پِرِيان سين ڪائي
اِنَّ اَوْلِيَائِيْ تَحْتَ قَبَائِيْ، پَنهنجا پاڻَ پَهرائي
لَا يَعْرِفُهُمْ غَيْرِيْ، پَرَ ڪي ڪِينَ پَسائي
پَنهنجِي ڇَڏي پَٽَ ۾، رِڙهُ اُنِين جي رائي
خِدمَتَ ڪَرِ خُلْقَ سين، پاندُ ڳِچِيءَ ۾ پائي
اَدِيُون عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چَئي، اِتاهِين ڪِي آهي

For those whose body is a rosary, whose mind is a bead, and whose heart is the lute, the strings of seeking resound with the mystery of unity. *He is one and he has no partner*[13] is the tune their veins play. They are awake even when asleep, for sleep is their worship. 57

There is something about these old huts we see. 58V
Although no one notices those who live there, they are accepted at his door.
They are considered strangers, but they eat with the beloved.
My saints are beneath my robe[14] is the clothing in which he dresses them.
No one besides me recognizes them.[15] He does not let them be seen as strangers.
Leave your own ideas on the ground, and follow what they think.
Serve them courteously, humbly covering your head.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, it is here that you will find something.

٤ سُر كنيات

١

ٻَلا ٻُي آهِينِ، پِرِين ٻَلائِيءَ پانهنجي
سَباجها سِرِ چَڙهيو، ڏوراپو نه ڏِينِ
مان ڏي مَديُون ٿِينِ، سَجَڻَ سَجاڻِين ۾

٢

تون چَنڊَ اُهوئِي، جو هُتِ پَسِين تو پِرِينءَ کي
آڏِتُ چئج اُنِ کي، ڏِيانءِ جو روئِي
هيڪانڊِيءَ هوئِي، سانگُ مَ پَوي سَڄَڻين

٣

مَرُ هيڪاندا هُونِ پِرِين، سانگِ مَ وڃن سيڻَ
رهيا آهِينِ روحَ ۾، نِتُ جِنِين جا نيڻَ
وِماسِيا جِن ويڻَ، تو تارِيءَ ٿَڳي تِنِ هِنئُون

٤

رات سَهائِي ڀُون سَنئِين، ٻائِي ڳُهرجي ٻَلُ
آهُرَ ۾ ايلاچِيُون، چَندَن چَرِي چَلُ
مون تونئِي سين ڳالهڙِي، ٻِئي ڪَنهِين مَ سَلُ
هاهُرَ ڪندو هَلُ، ته ڪِجائُون ڪَرَنِ کي

٥

چوڏِهِينءَ چَنڊَ تون اُڀرين، سَهسين ڪَرِئين سينگارَ
ٻَلَڪَ پِريان جي نه پَڙِين، جي جِيلَنِ ڪَرِئين هَزارَ
جهڙو تون سَڀَ جَمارَ، تهڙو دَمُ دوست جو

4 *Khambhat*

The beloved is goodness, because he is goodness. In his mercy he does not confront me or offer reproaches. I am surrounded by defects, but the beloved is filled with good qualities. 1

Oh moon, you are the one who sees my beloved there. Give him the message I give you as I weep. May I be together with him, and may he not go away. 2

May my beloved be together with me, and may he have no occasion to go away, he whose eyes dwell in my soul. My heart relies on his support, he whose words are measured. 3

The night is bright and the land is level; you need to be resolute, brother. Before you depart, eat cardamoms and sandal as your feed. It is you to whom my words are addressed, do not tell them to anyone else. Cry out as you go, and make my rivals envious. 4

Full moon, you rise after decorating yourself in a thousand ways. But although you may employ a thousand contrivances, you can never equal the beloved. He surpasses your lifetime of beauty in an instant. 5

٦
سهسين سِجَنِ اُڀري، چوراسِي چَندَنِ
بالله ري پِرِيَنِ، سَڀَ اُونداهِي ڀانئِيان

٧
چَندَ تنهنجِي ذاتِ، پاڙيان نه پِرِيُنِ سين
تُون اَڇو ۾ راتِ، سَجَڻَ نِتُ سوجِهرا

٨
چَندَ چوانءِ سَچُ، جي مَنِي نه ڀانئِئين
ڪَڏهن اُڀرين سَنهڙو، ڪَڏهن اُڀرين ڳُچُ
مُنهَن ۾ ٻَريئِي مَچُ، تو ۾ ناهِ پيشانِي پِرِينءَ جِي

٩
ڳٽِي نيڻَ خُمارَ مان، جان ڪيائون نازُ نَظَرُ
سُورجَ شاخُون جَهڪِيُون، ڪُوماڻو قَمَرُ
تارا ڪَتِيُون تائِب ٿيا، ديکِيندي دِلبَرُ
جَهڪو ٿيو جَوهَرُ، جانِبَ جي جَمالَ سين

١٠
تارا تيلِيءَ رُوءِ، لُڏا لالَنَ اُڀِرِين
جَهڙِي تو صُبوح، تَهڙِي صافِي سَجَڻِين

١١
توڏانهن ڳهڻو نِهاريان، تارا تيلاهِين
سَجَڻُ جيڏاهِين، تون تيڏاهِين اُڀرين

Many suns may rise, eighty-four moons may rise. I swear by God that without the beloved everything seems to be darkness. 6

Oh moon, how can I liken your beauty to the beloved? You shine white at night; the beloved is always bright. 7

Oh moon, I will tell you the truth, if you will not take it amiss. Sometimes you come up thin, sometimes you rise full. A fire blazes in your face, but it is not the equal of the beloved's forehead. 8

When he raised his eyes drunkenly and cast his graceful looks, the rays of the sun were lessened and the moon was dimmed. The stars of the Pleiades were humbled when they saw the beloved. Before the beloved's beauty, jewels lost their luster. 9

Oh bright morning star, you rise like him, and your brilliance at dawn matches the beloved's brightness. 10

Oh star, I often gaze at you, because you rise from the place where my beloved resides. 11

هُنَ تاري هُنَ هَندِ، هُتِ منهنجا سُپرِين
سَجَڻَ ماڪيءَ مَندِ، ڪَؤڙا ٿين نه ڪَڏِهين ١٢

تارا تِرَ تِروڪِٽيؤن، مَٿِن قُلَرِيُون
ڪوءِ سي راتَرِيُون، جي مون پِرِينءَ پُڄاڻا پيئِيُون ١٣

ناسِيندي نِگاهَ، پهرين ڪج پِرِينِ ڏي
اَحوالَ عاجزن جا، اَڪِجِ لَگِ الله
روزُ نِهارِينِ راهَ، اَکيُون اَوهانجي آسِري ١٤

چَگا چَندَ چَئيجِ، سَنِيها کي سَجَڻين
مَٿان اَگڻ اُڀِرِي، پِريُنِ جي پَئيجِ
جِهيٽو ڳالهائيجِ، پيرين وجِهي هَٿڙا ١٥

اُڀرُ چَندَ پَسُ پِرِين، تو اوڏا مُون ڏُورِ
سَجَڻَ سُتا وِلَه ۾، چوٽا پَري ڪَپُورِ
پيرين اَئُون نه پُڄِڻِي، بابُل ڏِئِي نه ٻُور
جنهن تي چڙهِي اَسُورِ، سَنجهي سَجَڻَ سِيٽيان ١٦

ڏَيِي ڳَريندين ڪَڏهِين، حياتِيءَ هيڪاندِ
مَنَ ۾ مُشتاقَنِ جي، ڪِي رنجائي رانِدِ
پِرِين ڏيساندَرَ پاندِ، ڳُجُه ڳُرهِيان ڪن سين ١٧

My beloved dwells in a distant place beneath that star. My beloved is as sweet as honey, he never turns bitter. 12

There are freckles, moles, and beauty spots on my beloved's face. Accursed are the nights I endure after he has gone. 13

Oh moon, as you rise, cast your first glance toward the beloved. In the name of God, tell of this wretch's state, of how my eyes every day watch the road in the hope of your coming. 14

Good moon, deliver my messages to my beloved. Rise over his courtyard. Speak softly, humbly touching his feet. 15

Rise, oh moon, and gaze on my beloved. He is near you but far from me. He lies sleeping in the cool night with his hair perfumed. I cannot get there on foot, and my father will not give me a camel to mount early in the morning and ride toward my beloved. 16

Lord, when in this life will you bring us together? Lovers' minds are where love's torment plays. My beloved is abroad; to whom shall I tell my secret? 17

۱۸

هِنئَڙي سَجَڻَ سارِيا، ڪِتّي هُوندَمِ هيرَ
اَڃِي لالَنَ نه ڏِئين، مَٿّي پَلَنگن پيرَ
ٿِي وڙونهڻ ويرَ، ڳُجُھ ڳَرِهيان ڪن سين

۱۹

ڪَرَهو نه ڪيڪانُ، پيرين آئُون نه پُڄِٽِي
جو مون راتِ رَساٽِي، نيئِي ساڄَنَ ساٿُ
مُون نه وَهِيٽو پاڻُ، ويٺِي نيڻَ نِچوئِيان

۲۰

ڪَرَها ڪَسَرَ ڇَڏِ، وِڪَ وَڏَندِي پاءِ
منهنجو هاڻ اُتَهِين، جِتي جانِبَ جاءِ
توڪِي چَندَنُ چارِيان، ٻيو وَڳُ لاٽِي ڪاءِ
اِئين اُٿَ اُٿاءِ، جِيئَن هوندِيءَ رات هُتِ مِڙُون

۲۱

ڪَسَرَ ڇڏِ ڪَنواتَ، وِڪون وِجُھ وَڏَندِيُون
سَنئِين سُپيرِيُنِ ڄِي، وِنگِي ياڻءِ مَ واٽَ
ڇَڏِ جهورِي ڏي جهاٽَ، ته هوندِيءَ رات هُتِ مِڙُون

۲۲

آٽِي ٻَڌُمِ وَڻَ جاءِ، مانَ مُڪريُون چَري
ڪُڌاٽُورو ڪَرَهو، لِڪيو لاٽِي ڪاءِ
اِنَ مَئِي سندي ماءِ، مُون ڪِي ڳَالهڙين ڳوڙها ڪيو

۲۳

مَيا مَڄُ مِنتَ، اَڄ منهنجي ڪَرَها
جهاڳِيندي جَرَ پَٻُيُون، مَتان ڪَرِئين ڪَٽَ
سُپيرِيان جي سَٽَ، مُون ڪِي نيئِي ميڙِئين

My heart is thinking of my beloved; where will he be now? Darling, you do not come and step on to my bed. Now is the time for intimate talk, but to whom can I tell my secret? 18

I have no camel or horse to take me to my beloved by night, and I cannot get there on foot. I am helpless and sit shedding tears. 19

Camel, stop being lazy and step out. I need to get to where my beloved lives. I will feed you sandal, while the rest of the herd eats the *lāṇī*[1] bush. Move, camel, so that I may be with him tonight. 20

Young camel, stop being lazy and step out. The road to my beloved is straight, don't think it is crooked. Stop being so lazy, look sharp, and let us meet there tonight. 21

I took my camel and tied it to the tree so that it might feed on the buds. The perverse camel secretly ate the *lāṇī* bush. Mother, the way it behaves has driven me to distraction. 22

Today, oh camel, listen to my plea. Don't get anxious as you cross the land and water. Take me to the company of my beloved and let me be with him. 23

٢٤
ڳُلِ ڳانا ياقُوتَ جا، موتِيُنِ ڳُتيَس مالَ
ڪَدِيفي جِي ڪَرَها، هيدِي پايَنءِ حالَ
چَندَنُ چارِيَنءِ جالَ، جي مُون رات رَساٽِئين

٢٥
مَيا تو مَهارَ، سڄِي پايان سونَ جِي
چارِيَنءِ چَندَنَ چوٽِيُون، نايو ميندِيءَ ڏارَ
سَندِي پِيَ پَچارَ، جي مُون رات رَساٽِئين

٢٦
اُٺُ نه وڃي وَڳَ سين، چَري نه چانگو
لَڳيسِ نائُڪَ نِينهَن جِي، نِهوڙِيو نانگو
چَڏي سِرَ سانگو، رڙهي رَندِ پِرين جي

٢٧
وِهي مَنجهِين وَڳَ، ڪَٺُورِيءَ ڏارَ چَري
ماءِ منهنجي ڪَرَهي، پَڌَرِ پَڳَ نه لَڳَ
جَڳَ سين جهڙو جَڳَ، هِنئين سين هُتِ چَري

٢٨
اَجِ نه اَڳِينءَ ڍارَ، ڪَرَهو جيئَن ڪاله هو
اَڳَنَ آيو نه ڪري، پاهوڙي پَچارَ
جيڪُسِ مَنجه قَطار، ڪا وَلِ چِنائين وِهُ جي

٢٩
مَيي ماڪائِي، وِڌو واٺُ وَليُن ڪي
خَبَر تِي ڪيٺَ ڏَٿيُنِ ڪي، وِڌُوڙا واهِي
ڪَرَهي ڪاڪَتَ چِڏِي، وَريسِ نه وائِي
چانگي چَرِيائِي، ويئِي ويچاري وِسرِي

I decorate your neck with rubies and put pearl necklaces on it. Now I will place a silken saddlecloth over you and feed you lots of sandal if you get me there tonight. 24

Oh camel, I will put a leading rein of gold on you. I will feed you buds of sandal and bended branches of henna, if you deliver me to my beloved tonight. 25

My camel does not go with the herd to graze. It has been struck by the arrow of love, which has utterly destroyed it. It has given up all concern for its life and creeps along the path to the beloved. 26

It moves in the midst of the herd and grazes on sandalwood. Mother, I cannot see the footprints of my camel clearly. It seems to be at one with the world, but at heart it grazes over there. 27

Today the camel is behaving differently from yesterday. When it comes into the courtyard, it does not long for its nosebag. Perhaps it has grazed with the herd on some poisonous creeper. 28

The camel greedily thrust its mouth into the creepers. The owners of the field became aware of this, and the watchmen threatened it. The camel lost its courage, and not a sound emerged from its mouth. The wretched camel forgot its high spirits. 29

وَٽي سيٽَ سُوَٽَ، پاءِ پنهنجي ڪَرَهي ٣٠
وَليُون واسَ وَرنيُون، ٻَهرِيُون مَٿي پَٽَ
چانگي چَنِي چَٽَ، ته ٻوءِ نه رَهَندو ٻَئِدَ ري

ڪَرَهي ڪي ڪَئِين، وِڏَمَ ٻَئِدَ ٻَلَڻَ جا ٣١
ليڙو لاٽِيءَ ڪي چَري، نِيرَ ساڻ نَئِين
چانگي سَندي چِٽَ ۾، صاحبَ وِجُهه سَئِين
اوباهيوس اَئِين، لُطفَ ساڻُ لَطِيفُ چئي

چانگي چَئِي چُڪياسِ، مَٿان اَڪَ نه اُلَهي ٣٢
جنهن وَلِ ڳهٽا وِهاٽيا، اُنَ سين اَرِ لڳياسِ
چوڏارِي چَندنَ وَڻَ، پَچِي ٻُوجَ ٻِياسِ
رُئاري رَٽَ ڪَياسِ، هِنَ ڪُڏاٽُوري ڪَرَهي

اُٺي اَڙائِينس، چِڏيو ته چِيڪَ ٽِيو ٣٣
ڪارايان ڪِڙِيو وِچي، ٻَلاٽِي پائِينسِ
ڏانوَڻِ تنهن ڏائِينسِ، جِئَن چَري ۽ چِنگهي ٻُٽو

ڏُو دَستِي ڏُو پيرَ، سِيني سَنگهرَ رُڪَ جِي ٣٤
ماءِ مُنهنجي ڪَرَهي، تازي قُلَنِ هيرَ
تنهن ڪامَڻَ ڪَندِي ڪيرَ، جو مُونهِين وَٽِ مَسَ رَهي

Twist strong ropes to tie up your camel. Sweet-smelling creepers are spread across the plain. Once the camel has got a taste for them, it will no longer stay put without a hobble rope. 30

To keep my camel still I put many hobbles on it. It dragged its ropes with it in order to graze on the *lāṇī*. Lord, set straight my camel's mind. In your mercy, make him right, says Latif. 31

I am tired of telling my camel not to go near the *ak*[2] plant. But it has become addicted to the creeper that has robbed many of their reason. Plenty of sandal trees grow all around. But this perverse beast has made me weep tears of blood. 32

Get up and and tie it tight; if it gets loose it will run free. If I feed it, it becomes refractory, so put a saddle on it. Hobble it so that it may graze and cry out. 33

It has hobbles on both forefeet and on both rear legs and chains of steel around its chest. Mother, my camel is in the habit of eating fresh flowers. Who can put a spell on it? It hardly stays with me. 34

۳۵
ڪِنين ڪامَڻَ ڪَياءِ، ڪِيئَن ڍَنيولِئين ڪَرَها
اَڪِيُن مَٽي اَڪيا، پِڙَ ۾ پيرَ ڳناءِ
وَڳَ ڪِ وِسرِياءِ، ٻَڌو جِئَن گهاٽي وَهِين

۳٦
ڪائي نه ڳَنَٽهارَ، چَندَنَ جا چُوپا ڪري
اَڳَرَ اوڏو نه وَڃي، سِرڳندَ لَهي نه سارَ
لاڙِيءَ جي لَغارَ، مَيو مَتارو ڪيو

۳۷
چانگا چَندَنُ نه چَرِين، مَيا پِئَين نه موڳَ
اَڳَرَ اوڏو نه وَڃِين، ٽُڪيو چَڏِئين ٽوڳَ
لاڙِي وِچان لوڳَ، تو ڳَهڙي اَڪرِ آئڙِي

۳۸
جِئان ڪوڙِ به ڪانئُون، ٻَنجين لَڪين پاءُ
مَيو تنهن ماڳاءِ، ڏِيهاڙي ڏارَ چَري

۳۹
لَڪِ لاڪِيٽو ڪَرَهو، ڪوڙين ڏيئي ڪاهِ
ايلاچيون آهُرَ ۾، پُوڄَ مَيي ڪي پاءِ
ڪَتَ نه ڳَندو ڪاءِ، جُه ٻَلاٽيو ته پِرِينءَ مِڙي

Who has put a spell on you and led you astray, oh camel? You have blinkers on your eyes, and your feet are chafed by the oil press.[3] Have you forgotten your herd that was bound and used to turn the press? 35

It does not eat the white flowers of the *khaṭaṇahāru*[4] plant, and it spits out sandal juice. It does not go near fragrant plants and takes no notice of the *sirkhaṇḍu*.[5] The taste of the *lāṇī* has driven the camel crazy. 36

Camel, you do not feed on sandal or drink fresh water. You do not go near fragrant plants and spit on fine food. Why do you delight in the *lāṇī* more than anything else in the world? 37

Two branches cost millions, and leaves cost half a million a quarter. That is what my camel eats every day. 38

Give millions to drive my precious camel. Put plenty of cardamoms in its feed. It will not argue at all when saddled, but will take me to my love. 39

٤٠

وائي

توٽي تَڙِئين ٽُون، يا اَلا تو دَرُ توءِ نه ڇڏيان

مون کي سو مُشاهِدو، جي مُنهن نه ڏِئين مُون

مُون ٻيا درَ گهٽا نِهاريا، آهِئين ٽُون لِءِ ٽُون

Oh God, although you chase me away, I will not leave your door. 40V
For me it is as good as seeing you, even if you do not show me your face.
I have seen many other doors, but you are the only one for me.

٥ سُر سريراڳ

١

مانَ پُڇَنئِي سُپِرين، ڇِتان لاهِ مَ ڇَرُ
اُنِين جا اَمُرَ، ڳَڻُ ته خالي نه ٿئين

٢

مانَ پُڇَنئِي سُپِرين، ڇِتَ ۾ رکِج ڇيٺُ
سِڙهُ ڏُئاري صافُ ڪر، صابُڻَ ساڻ سُپيٺُ
ساموندِي سُڇيٺُ، ڀِيءُ ته پَهچِين پارَ کي

٣

مانَ پُڇَنئِي سُپِرين، ڇِتان لاهِ مَ ڇورُ
ڪَڍِي ڇَڏِ قَلبَ مان، ماري ڪُوڙو ڪورُ
هُنَ يَرِ سَندو هورُ، مٿان تو معافُ ٿئي

٤

مانَ پُڇَنئِي سُپِرين، ڇيتاريج ڇِتُ
دائِما ڏوربِيءَ ۾، پَسِين وِلاتُن وِٽُ
نيهُ نيڪاري نِٽُ، مَلاحَ ڳَڻ مُعلِمَ سين

٥

ڪايو ڪمايومِ، موتِي مون نه وَٽِجيا
سِيهي جو سَيَّدُ چئي، وَکَرُ وِهايومِ
هَهڙو حالُ سندومِ، توهَ تُنهنجي اُبَهان

٦

ڪَچُ ڪمايومِ ڪوڙُ، يَڳَمِ عَهدَ اَللهَ جا
پِڇرو جو پاپَنِ جو، سو چولِيءَ تائين ڇُورُ
مَعلومُ اَتيئِي مُورُ، ڳُوڙها اِنهيءَ ڳاله جو

5 *Sirirag*

So that the beloved may think of you, do not remove the thought of him from your mind. Accept all his commands, so that you do not deprive yourself of his favor. 1

So that the beloved may think of you, keep thoughts of him in your mind. Wash and clean your sail and make it white with soap. Sailor, remain aware, so that you may get across. 2

So that the beloved may think of you, do not remove the idea of him from your mind. Destroy and get rid of false thinking from your heart. In this way you will be relieved of the terror of the other side. 3

So that the beloved may think of you, keep your mind fixed on him. In this way you will see the wealth of those lands in your telescope. Always keep your boat clean, sailor, and stay close to the pilot. 4

I dealt in glass, I did not deal in pearls. I did business in lead, says Shah. Such is my state; I rely upon your grace. 5

I traded in worthless glass and broke my contract with God. I filled my frame to the brim with sins. Fool, do you have any awareness of this? 6

٧

ڪُورڙُ ڪَمائيءِ ڪَڄُ، اُتي اورِ اَللهَ سين
ڪَڏُ تُون ڏَغا ڏِل مان، صاحِبَ وٽي سَچُ
مُحبتَ سندو مَنَ ۾، ماڻِڪَ بارجِ مَڄُ
اِنَ پَرِ اُتي اَڄُ، ته سَودو ٺِئيئِي سَفرو

٨

اُتَّ لَهِريون لَسَ ليٽَ، جِتي اَنتُ نه آبَ جو
الله اُتِ مَ اولِئَين، بيڙا مَتي بيٺَ
جوکو ٿِئي مَ جَهازَ کي، ڦَرهي اَچي مَ ڦيٺَ
لڳي ڪا مَ لَپيٽَ، هِنَ غارِيبي غُرابَ کي

٩

سِڙهَ سَنوان لاڄو نَوان، مُهاڻا سندن مِيرَ
سائِي سَفرِ هَليا، ٿِيا سَڻاوا سِيرَ
جي اَڄَنِ ساڻُ اُڪِيرَ، سي بيڙا رَکِين ٻاجَھ سين

١٠

منجهان پيئي مَڪُڙِيءَ، ڪا جا پاڻِيءَ ٻُوند
سيئِي ڏِٺم ڙُوند، وَڪَرُ جِن وِڃائِيو

١١

جيڪِي منجِھ جَهانَ، سو تارِيءَ تَڳي تُنهِنجي
لُطفَ جِي لَطِيفُ چَئِي، تو وٽ ڪَمِي ڪانَ
عَدُلَ جُتان آئُون نه، ڪو ڦيرو ڪَج فَضُلَ جو

You traded in worthless glass; arise and communicate with God. Remove deceit from your heart; truth is what pleases the lord. Oh jewel, light the fire of love in your mind. Arise and approach in such a way that your trade may be successful. 7

Turbid water, waves, white water, floods—there is no end to the water. God, do not let the boat collide with a sandbank. May no danger befall the boat, and may no damage affect its timber. May this poor craft not suffer any blow. 8

Their sails are straight, their rigging is new, and their sailors are skilled. The companions set out on their voyage over the ocean with a favorable wind. As they return with longing, may their boats be protected by your mercy. 9

Drops of water leaked through the planks. I saw the tears of those whose goods were ruined. 10

All that is in the world is dependent on your grace. There is no shortfall in your grace, says Latif. I cannot be saved by justice, so let your favor operate. 11

۱۲

ساري راتِ سُبحانُ، جاڳِي جن ياد ڪيو
اُنِ جِيَ عَبْدُاللَطِيفُ چئِي، مِٺِيءَ لڏو مانُ
ڪوڙين ڪَن سَلامُ، آڳهِ اَچيو اُنِ جي

۱۳

سيوا ڪَر سمندَ جِي، جِت جَرُ وهي ٿو جالَ
سَئين وَهَن سِيرَ ۾، ماڻِڪَ موتِي لالَ
جي ماسو جُڙيئِي مالَ، ته پُوجارا پُرِ ٿِئين

۱٤

سي پُوجارا پُرِ ٿِيا، سمند سيويو جِنِ
آنداُئون عَمِيقَ مان، جُوتِي جُواهرنِ
لَڌائُون لَطِيفُ چئِي، لائُون مان لَهرنِ
ڪانهي قِيمتَ تِنِ، مُله مَهانگو اُنِ جو

۱۵

سيوِيو جن سُبحانُ، وِيرِ نه وِڙهي تن سين
توبَهَ جي تاثِيرَ سين، تَرِي ويا طوفانُ
ڏيئِي تَوَڪَّلَ تَڪِيو، آرُ لَنگِهيا آسانُ
ڪامِلُ ڪِشتِيبانُ، وِچَ ۾ گَڏِئِن واهَرُو

۱٦

ساري رات سُجانَ، سَودو ڪَن صاحبَ سين
بانهپَ ٻَري بيڙِيُون، هليا جوپَ جُوانَ
پاڙِي پَهلوانَ، لَحظي مَنجِهِ لَنگِهي ويا

The ashes of those who spend the whole night awake in remembrance of God find honor, says Abdul Latif. Thousands come before them and offer their respects. 12

Offer your devotions to the sea, where so much water flows. Hundreds of jewels, pearls, and rubies lie within its depths. If you obtain the slightest amount of that treasure, oh worshiper, you will become rich. 13

The worshipers who offered their devotions to the sea became rich. They brought bunches of gems from the deep. In the waves, says Latif, they found rubies beyond price, so precious is their value. 14

The ocean did not fight with those who were devoted to God. Their repentance got them through the storm. Holding to their trust in God, they easily traversed the swift current. They had a perfect pilot as their helper in mid-ocean. 15

Those who are truly aware trade with the lord all night long. With slavelike devotion those brave heroes fill their boats. The champions cross the sea in an instant. 16

١٧
اِيَ ڳَتِ غَوّاصَنِ، جِئَن سَمنڊُ سوجِهيائُون
پيهِي مَنجِهه پاتارَ جي، ماڻِڪَ ميڙيائُون
آڻِي ڏنائُون، هيرو لال هَٿَنِ سين

١٨
آڇاڙا عَمِيقَ جا، ڳَڏيا غَوّاصَنِ
جَهرِيُون جهاڳِي آئِيا، ڪارُونيارَ ڪُنَنِ
سمنڊُ سوجهي جَنِ، آڻِي اَمُلَ اولِيا

١٩
ويا جي عَمِيقَ ڏي، مُنهن ڪائو ڏيئِي
تِن سِپُون سوجهي ڪَڍيُون، پاتاران پيهِي
پَسَندا سيئِي، اَمُلَ اَکَرِيُنِ سين

٢٠
آڏو چِڪَڻُ چاڙُ، مُنهنجِي موجَ نه سهي مَڪُڙِي
ميڙِي مَنايِنِ جو، بيحَدِ چاڙهيمَ بارُ
چَوَڻَ چارو ناهِ ڪو، بَديُون بي شُمارُ
ڪَپِرُ ڪارُونيارُ، اُڪارِئين اِحسانَ سين

٢١
ويرَ مَ لاهي ويهُ، مٿِي آرَ اوڙاهَ جي
پَسِي پاڙِي واريُون، ڪج آنديشو ايهُ
ويندو نه پَسِين ڏيهُ، پَٽَڻِ هُن پارِ مَٿِي

Divers know the way to explore the ocean. They have entered the depths and gathered gems. They have brought up handfuls of diamonds and rubies and given them away. 17

The divers have entered the white waves of the deep sea. They have crossed the waters and entered the pitch-dark whirlpools. Those who know the sea bring forth priceless gems. 18

Those who went into the sea with protective glass over their faces[1] entered the depths and sought out shells. They are the ones whose eyes will see priceless gems. 19

Muddy swamps and surging waters lie ahead; my boat cannot withstand the waves. It is loaded with the countless sins I have accumulated. They cannot be described; my sins are innumerable. Be merciful and get me across the dark shoals. 20

Be mindful of this deep water's current. Look at your neighbors and become concerned. Do you not see the world going toward the harbor on the far shore? 21

٢٢

هِڪِي بانهي چِتَ ۾، بِي سِڻِي صاحِبُ
ڪَڍِي اُونهي ڪُنَ مان، اِيَ آڳِي جو عَجَبُ
اِيُ سائينءَ جو سَبَبُ، جِئن ٻُڏا اُڪاري بارِ مان

٢٣

هِڪِي بانهي چِتَ ۾، بِي جا ڪري اَللهُ
پاڻَهِين وجهي ڪُنَ ۾، پاڻَهِين اُڪاري اوڙاهُ
تنهن واحدَ کي واھُ، جو سُتَرِ سيئي ڪري

٢٤

ڳُوها ڪاله ڪٽِي، اُنِ وِڏا اُتَرَ آسَري
اَلا جُهري مَ اُنِ جي، اولي جي اَٽِي
وَڻجارَنِ وَٽِي، وَڳرُ وِڌو ٻيڙيين

٢٥

وَڳرُ سو وِهاءِ، جو پَئِي پُراڻو نه ٿِئي
ويچِيندي وِلاتَ ۾، ذَرو ٿِئي نه ضاءِ
سا ڪا هَڙَ هَلاءِ، آڳهِ جَنهنجي اُبَهِين

٢٦

اورِيائين آٽِينِ، ميڙيو مُعَلِمَ خَبرُون
سا تان سُڌِ نه ڏِينِ، جتي وَھُ وِيڏَ ڪري

There is one thing in the mind of man; God does something else. It is the miracle of the lord that he rescues people from the deep whirlpool. It is the power of the lord that he takes the drowning out of the deep water. 22

There is one thing in the mind of man; God does something else. It is he who casts people into the whirlpool, and it is he who rescues you from the abyss. It is the power of the one God that he delivers everyone to a safe destination. 23

Trusting in the north wind, yesterday they unfurled their sails from the mast. Oh God, may the blade of their rudder not suffer any damage. The traders have loaded their craft with merchandise. 24

Trade in the merchandise that does not become old by being in store, and that does not incur the slightest loss when sold abroad. Use your wealth to do business that will bring you salvation. 25

Pilots gather and bring reports on waters close to shore. But they provide no information on places where the current rages. 26

٢٧

ٻيڙي پُراڻِي، وَکُرَ پاءِ مَ وِتَرو
تَري ۾ ٽُنَ پيا، پاسَنِئُون پاڻِي
هِيءِ هَنڌِ وِهاڻِي، ڳَڙهُ ڪالهوڻِي ڏِينهَن کي

٢٨

تَري ٽُنَ پِياسِ، پاسَنِئُون پاڻِي وَهي
گُوهو جُهرُ جهنو ٿيو، لاڄُو سَڀ لَڙياسِ
جيلان سَڌَرُ سڪاڻياسِ، وَهي تي وَهَ سامهون

٢٩

وينو ٽُنَ ٽُنِينسِ، مَکِ ڏيهاڻِي مَڪُڙِي
سَنباهي سَيَّدُ چئي، متّي نيندؤءِ نِينسِ
وَٽائي وَڏانڌرا، لاڄُو لَڳائِينسِ
آخرِ اُهِرائِينسِ، ته جوکو ٿِئي نه جهازَ کي

٣٠

اَچِي سو ڏنوءِ، جو ڪَپَرُ سوءِ ڪَنَنِ سين
سُتي لوڪ لَطِيفُ چئي، يادِ نه ذرو ڪيوءِ
غافِلُ ٿِي غُرابَ کي، اوڙاهَ تي آندوءِ
سو ڇِتَرُ ڇُوهي ڪان رَکِين، جو پِيو پُراڻو پوءِ
جهازُ ضَعيفَنِ جو، پاڻِيءَ ۾ پَرِتوءِ
سَيَّدُ ساٿُ سندوءِ، پُرِ بَندَرِ پَهچائِين

٣١

جُتو وانءُ جَهازَ، گَڏيو غُرابَنِ سين
پُورِيندي هُنَ پارَ ڏي، سَڌَرَ ڳَٽِج سازَ
اَچِنِ ٿا آوازَ، سَٽاڻي سَمُنڊَ جا

Your boat is old, do not load it with too much merchandise. There are holes in its bottom, and water leaks through its sides. This time is gone; think about the day that is to come. 27

There are holes in its bottom, water flows in through its sides. Its mast is now old, and its rigging is all loose. So long as the steersman is strong, it keeps going against the current. 28

They stop its holes and oil its timbers every day. After these preparations, says Shah, they launch it into the sea. They twist strong ropes for the boat. When they finally set sail, no danger befalls it. 29

Now you have come and seen the shore that you had only heard about. Asleep in the world, says Latif, you did not remember God at all. Heedlessly you have brought your boat into the whirlpool. Oh God, preserve this old craft that has been worn out by the swift current. We are weak, and our ship sails under your protection. Lord, deliver your company to Porbandar.[2] 30

Oh boat, go with the larger vessels. As you sail across to the other side, take strong equipment with you. The mighty sounds come from the ocean. 31

٣٢

دَنگِي وِچ درياهَ، ڪِي ٻُڏي ڪِي اُپِڙي
هُو جي وادِي واٽيا، سي سُونهَنَ سبِ سَڙيا
مُعْلِمَ ماگِ نه اَگِئين، فِرَنگِي مَنجھ ڦِرِيا
مَلاحَ تُنهنجِي مَڪُڙِيءَ، اڄِي چورَ چڙھيا
جِتي دِينگَ ڏَرِيا، تِتي تارِي تُنهنجِي

٣٣

ٻيڙِياتا ٻيئِي، تو نه ڦَبَنديُون ڳالَهڙِيُون
سَڄِيُون راتِيُون سُمهِين، پَرُ سُڪانَ ڏيئِي
صُباحَ سَييئِي، پارِ پُڇَندَءِ خَبرُون

٣٤

وَهَ تِکَ وَهَڪَرا، جِت لَنگر نه نَهِرَنِ
وڏاندَريُون وَهَ سامُهِيُون، جَهجهي زورِ جُنبَنِ
نيڍِوُءَ ۾ ناتارِيُون، وَڻِجارا وِجَهنِ
مُلان مُعْلِمَنِ، مُون گِرِي سُئِي ڳالهڙِي

٣٥

وَڻِجارا ويئِي، تو نه سَرَندِي شاهَ ري
مَکِ پَنهنجِي مَڪُڙِي، چَڱِي ڪَر چيئِي
پاسا پاگڙِينِ جا، سَمُنڊُ تو سيڪي
جي لُنبا ۾ ليکي، وِيرِ وڙهندِي تِن سين

٣٦

ناکُئو نِگَهَبانُ، مُعْلِمَ مُنجي خَبرُون
جِن ساري گنيو سَمندَ تي، سَفَرَ جو سامانُ
لُطفَ ساڻ لَطِيفُ چَئِي، تِن لَنگهيو طُوفانُ
سَنياري سُبحانُ، وِڃِي عادَنِئُون اُڪَتا

The boat is in the middle of the sea; will it drown or will it emerge safely? The pegs the carpenter fixed have all rotted. The pilots are not in their former place; Frankish pirates[3] have taken over. Sailor, robbers have come onto your boat. Where big boats have sunk, we trust in you to save us. 32

Boatman, you cannot manage to do both things. You sleep all night but have the rudder beside you. In the morning you will be asked to account for everything on the other side. 33

The currents are swift, and the boats cannot stay at anchor. Only with great difficulty can large craft progress against the current. The traders cast anchor weights into the waters. I have heard fearful reports from the pilots. 34

Trader, you will not be able to manage without the lord of the sea. Oil the timbers of your boat and make it sound. The sea strikes the sides of the boats. The tide will attack those whose accounts fall short. 35

The sailor who keeps watch delivers reports to the captain. By God's grace those who are carefully equipped for the voyage pass through the storm, says Latif. Remembering God, they have got back from Aden.[4] 36

٣٧
بَندَرِ جان پَئي، ته سُکاٽِيا مَ شُمهو
کَپَرُ ٿو ڪُنَ ڪري، جِئَن ماڻي منجھ مَهِي
|ايڏو سُورُ سَهِي، ننڊ نه ڪجي ناکُئا

٣٨
سُتا سَبِ پَئِي، سَندي مُعْلِمَ آسري
اَئِين پڻ شُمهو، ناکُئا بَندَرِ ناھ پَئي
جن جِي سَيدَ لَجَ گَنئِي، سي سبِ لَنگهيندا لَکيُون

٣٩
سَيئِي سُبحانَ جي، ڪَرِ حوالي ڪَمَ
تِيءُ تَحقِيقُ تَسلِيمَ ۾، لاهي غَمَ وَهَمَ
قادِرُ ساڻُ ڪَرَمَ، حاصَل ڪري حاجَ تو

٤٠
ڄَڱا ڪَنِ ڄَڱائُون، مَنائُون مَنَنِ
جو وَڙُ جُڙي جِن سين، سو وَڙُ سيئِي ڪَنِ

٤١
مَيَنِ مَٽي سَمَرا، کُهِيَنِ سَڌَ ڪَرِينِ
ساٿُ نِباهِيو نِينِ، اِيَ پَرِ سَندِي سَجَڻين

٤٢
وِٿُ وِيمي جو جي لَهِين، ته پِي ڪارِ نه ڪَرِئين ڪا
سا پَرُوڙِج ڳالهڙِي، وَڻجارَنِ وٽان
موتِي مِن هَٽان، آندءِ گهٽي اَدَبَ سين

Oh helmsman, do not sleep when there is danger in the harbor. The whirlpools near the shore are churning like curds in a pot. Do not sleep and put yourself through such suffering. 37

All lie asleep, trusting in the captain. You too can sleep, oh watchman, for there is no danger in the harbor. Those whom the lord protects will pass safely through all difficulties. 38

Entrust all that you do to God. Turn your will completely over to him and let go of your sorrows and cares. In his mercy, the almighty will help you succeed. 39

The good perform good deeds, the evil commit evil. They each behave in accordance with their natures. 40

He loads the baggage onto the camels and calls to those who are exhausted. It is the way of the beloved to make sure that the caravan reaches its destination. 41

If you recognize the value of doing business, you will do nothing else. Learn about this from the traders, from whose hands you may most humbly gain pearls. 42

٤٣

اَمُلَ آڇِ مَ اُنِ کي، ڄي نه پَرُوڙِينِ مَٽِ
جِتِ ڳَڏِجيئِي جوهَرِي، ماڻِڪُ تِتَهِين مَٽِ
جنِين سونَ سين سَٽِ، تِن هَٿِي رِڳُ رَدِ ڪيو

٤٤

سونا وانءُ صَراف سِيئَن، لَڌو لاهِ مَ لَڌِ
سودو سوئِي ڇَڏِ، جَنهن ۾ جَواهِرُ ناهِ ڪِي

٤٥

جُه صَرافَنِ لَڌِيو، ته ٿُون پِڻ لَڌِج سونَ
قَدُرُ لَهَندُءِ ڪونَ، نيئِي ڳَڏِينَدَءِ ڳَڏُونءَ سين

٤٦

اَڳِهيو ڪائو ڪَچُ، ماڻِڪَنِ موٽَ ٿِي
پَلِيءِ پايو سَچُ، آڇِيندي لَجَ مَران

٤٧

ويا سي وِينجهارَ، هِيرو لال وِنڌِينِ جي
تِنِين سَندا پويان، سِيهي لَهَنِ نه سارَ
ڪُنِينِ ڪُٽِ لُهارَ، هاٿِي اُنِين پيٽِيين

٤٨

وِڃن مَ وِينجهارَ، پاڻِيَنَ جي پَرَکَنا
ڪَنيَرُ پايو اَڪِئين، لَهَنِ سَيَڪَنهِن سارَ
موتِيءَ ڄي مِزاجَ جو، قَدرُ مَنجِه ڪِنارَ
صَرافَنِئُون ڏارَ، ماڻِڪَ مُلاحِظو ٿِئي

Do not offer priceless gems to those who do not understand the business. Deal in gems only where you find a proper jeweler. Those whose business is with gold reject worthless glass. 43

Oh gold, go to a proper dealer and do not do anything else. Abandon the trade in which there are no jewels. 44

Oh gold, if the dealers move on, you should move on too. Nobody else will value you properly; they will take you and put you next to a brass pot. 45

Glass is bought and jewels are rejected. I hold truth wrapped in my hem, but I am utterly ashamed to offer it. 46

Those jewelers are gone who used to pierce diamonds and rubies. Those who have come after them do not even know the value of lead. In the places where they used to be, blacksmiths now hammer base metals. 47

May those jewelers who assess precious gems not depart! They put a loupe in their eye and assess all of them. They determine the value of a pearl's quality from its circumference. Without the expert eye of the dealer, the value of the gem is at risk. 48

ماڻِڪُ مُنڌَ هَٿان، پيتِيءَ ۾ پُرزا ٿيو ٤٩
سَجو تان سَيَّدُ چئي، لَهي لَکُ سَوا
پَکِي پُجاڻا، پَڌمان پَري ٿيو

جِتي ماڻِڪَ ماڳُ، تِتي چوران تَڪِيو ٥٠
سَنئون تِن سُياڳُ، اَمُلُ جن اوباهِيو

چورُ اُپو اِئن چوءِ، ته آئُون اُهوئِي آهيان ٥١
جي اَسِي اَکِيُنِ هوءِ، نه لِڪي کي ڪونه لَهي

لَهرِيُن ليکو ناهِ ڪو، جِتِ کَپَرَ کُنَ ڪارا ٥٢
آچاڙا عَمِيقَ جا، اَچَنِ اوپارا
اُتِي اَسارا، وِيرِ وِڙهنديءِ ويسِرا

ڪاله وِڌائِين کُنَ ۾، جاڏا جُنگَ جَهازَ ٥٣
تُنهنجِي اَجُ تَرازَ، آهي آرَ اَکِيُنِ ۾

مُلاحِظو مَهرانَ جو، مُورِ مَ لاهِ مَناءُ ٥٤
سامُونڊِي سَنيالِ کِي، سُمَهڻَ آيُءِ ساءُ
جاڳِي جَرَ مَٿاءُ، تاري وانءُ تَرازَ کي

Touched by a woman, the jewel was broken in its box. When perfect, says Shah, it was worth thousands. Later, when broken, its value was more than a billion.[5] 49

The place where there are jewels is where thieves gather. Those who keep their precious treasure safe are extremely fortunate. 50

The thief[6] keeps saying: "I am the one whom eighty eyes cannot find when I am hidden." 51

There are waves without number, dangerous shores, and dark whirlpools, white breakers on the deep sea, and a powerful swell is running. Get up, oh heedless one, or the water will overwhelm you. 52

Yesterday large and powerful ships were cast into the whirlpool. Today it is your vessel on which the waters have set their sights. 53

Never let your mind be unaware of the dangers of the sea. Sailor, be alert, although you delight in sleeping. Stay awake and sail your vessel over the water to the other side. 54

تاري وانءُ اَرازَ کي، مَنجهان مَوجَ، مَلاحَ
دانهُون ڪَنِ درياهَ جون، اُونهي جا آگاهَ
سُونهَنِ جي صَلاحَ، وَٽُ ته وِيرِ لَنگهي وَڃين ٥٥

سُونهان سَڏِيون ڏِينِ، هِنَ ديواني درياهَ جون
ڪُوڙَ اوڏائِي ڪِينَ ڪِي، رُڳو سَچُ سودِينِ
عِجزَ جي اَڌَ راتِ کي، وَکَرُ وِهائِين
ساٿُ نِباهِيو نِينِ، ثابِتُ اِنهِيءَ سِيرَ مان ٥٦

قَرقُلَ قوٽا پارچا، پاٽِيَٽَ پاتائُون
ڪونئِيُون قِيمَتَ سَندِيُون، تَرَ ۾ تاڪِيائُون
لاڄُنِ مَنجھ لَطِيفُ چئَي، ٻِيڙا ٻَڌائُون
نَنڍُ نَبِيءَ جامَ جو، چَڙَهندي چَيائُون
جي ڇُوهي ڇوڙيائُون، سي ٻيڙِيُون رَکِين ٻاجَھ سين ٥٧

وِڃِينءَ جان ويهِي، جَرَ پَلؤ پائِيان
تَرِ ٻيڙا گهرِ سُپِرِين، اُوسَهِ اِيَ پيئِي
جِئَن وَڻِجارو سين وَگرين، سَرَها سَيئِي
حُرمَتَ ساڻُ حَبِيبَ جي، سُونگِيا نه سيئِي
پاڻَهِين اُوءِ پيهِي، گَندَ کيڙائُو آئِيا ٥٨

تانگهي ۾ تاڻي، ٻَڌُ پَنهنجو تُرَهو
اُونهي ۾ آڻي، ڪو نه ڏيندُءِ ڪو ٻيو ٥٩

Boatman, sail your vessel across the waves. Those who know about the deep lament the dangers of the sea. Take the advice of the experts so that you may cross the ocean. 55

Experts deliver reports of the turbulent ocean. They do not go near falsehood but only deal in truth. Their business is with the helplessness that comes in the middle of the night. They bring the whole company safely across the sea. 56

They put cloves, cardamoms, fine clothes, and lustrous pearls aboard. They placed valuable stores in its bottom. In its rigging, says Latif, they tied floral decorations. As they went aboard, they made offerings to the holy Prophet, that he might in his mercy preserve the boats that they sailed on the swift current. 57

In the evening I sit and pray to the ocean, saying: "May the boat reach harbor and may my beloved come home!" This is my concern. May they all be happy, like the trader with his merchandise. By the grace of the Prophet, they were not stopped by the customs officers. The sailors who voyaged afar have entered their own country. 58

Pull your raft into shallow water and tie it up there. No one else will bring it to you in the deep ocean. 59

ڏوري لَهُ ڏاتارُ، جِمَ وِهِين ويسِرو ٦٠
هَڪِيو هوئجِ هوشيارُ، ڪِنوڻِ ڪِنونڏيءِ اوچتي

ڪِنوڻِ ڪِنوايو، آيَءِ نِندَ اَياڳَ ڪي ٦١
جِنِين نه پَؤ پانيو، ڳَري تَوائِي تِن کي

سامُوندِي تو سَنبَهِين، ساجو جَهلِ سُڪاڻُ ٦٢
لَڳِي واءُ وَڏاندَرو، مُنجهائي مَهراڻُ
جِنِين پانيو پاڻُ، ڳَري تَوائِي تِنِ کي

نَڪو شُڪ نَڳنين، نه ويساندِ نَئين ٦٣
جيڪا اَچيئِي سامُهِين، پانئَين سا سَنئين
مُوڙِي ڪوهه مَئين، جِئَن سَجيُون راتِيُون سمهين

اَهُکِي راهَ اَللهَ جِي، اَهُکِي اَهُکِيءَ پَتِ ٦٤
هُوءِ جي ڏيهائِي ڏيهَ جا، تن پڻ مُوڙهي مَتِ
آڇاڙانِ اُبَتِ، ڳِهڙِجِ گهاڻي نِينهَن سين

تَنَ ۾ تَرازَ توهَ جِي، گهٽو لَهُ گهوري ٦٥
اَدَبَ ۽ اِخِلاص جا، سِڙهَ ٻَڌِجِ سوري
وَکَرَ وينَتِيُن جو، تنهن ۾ پائج توري
ته عادَنِئُون اوري، تُنهنجو تَوائِي نه ٿِئي

Seek out the generous lord and do not sit there carelessly. Be alert all the time—lightning strikes suddenly. 60

The lightning strikes, but unluckily you have been overcome by sleep. Those who are not fearful for themselves are lost. 61

Sailor, be alert and keep a tight hold on the rudder. A mighty wind blows and the Indus is turbulent. Those who are filled with thoughts of self are lost. 62

The stars have no rest, the rivers have no peace. You are content with what you get. What can you know of true wealth, when you sleep through every night? 63

The ways to God are difficult and hard to travel. Even those who belong to that country get confused. Enter the white breakers that confront you with profound love. 64

In your body, search hard for the vessel of his mercy. Fasten tight the sails of devotion and sincerity. Weigh the merchandise of prayers and put it aboard. Then your boat will not be lost before it gets to Aden. 65

٦٦

سمندُ جي سيوِين، تِنِين ماڻڪَ ميڙيا
چِلرَ جي چوئِين، تِن سانکوڙا ۽ سُتيون

٦٧

وائي
ساڻِين نَندا بارَ، وو تن پانڊِينِ نندا بارَ
توکي آرِسُ اَکَڙِيُنِ ۾
پاتا پاڙيوارِيين، پَکَهَ منجِھ پاتارَ
پَترُ تو پُورَ ڪري، آئِي تُنهنجڙِي وارَ
سَچِيُون راتيُون شمهِين، کِيو منجھ خُمارَ
ڪِ تو ڪَنين نه سُئِي، هَلڻَ جِي هاڪارَ
تائِبَ ٿِيو تَڪِڙا، سَچِي اِيَ سَنبارَ
نِندَ نه ڪجي ايترِي، سُڻج اَدا يارَ
سائينءَ مُڪين سَچَ کي، تون ڪُوڙو منجھ قَطارَ
ڪِ تو ڪَنين نه سُئِي، ڪَپرَ جي ڪُوڪارَ
گهڙان ٿِي رِءَ گهڙي، اِلاهِي ٿُهارَ
هو جو شَڪُ شارِڪَ جو، تِئان رَکُ سَتارَ
ڪُلُ نَفْسٌ ذَائِقَةُ الْمَوْتِ، پَڙهو اِيَ پَچارَ
شِڪارُ تون شَهبازَ جو، تون تان مَنجِھ شِڪارَ

Those who offer their devotions to the sea gather jewels. Those who search the shallows only find conches and shells. 66

Your companions have loaded up, oh. Your eyes are full of sleepiness. 67V
Your neighbors have cast off their anchors in the middle of the ocean.
The ferry is full, your turn has come.
You eat your fill, then you sleep all night unconsciously.
Have your ears not heard the announcement of departure?
It is the time for speedy repentance; this is true awareness.
Listen, dear brother, do not sleep so much.
The lord sent you for the truth; you are false as you stand in line.
Have your ears not heard the roar of the whirlpool?
I enter the water without a pot,[7] putting my trust in God.
Keep me safe, merciful God, from the doubts of those who do not believe.
Every soul shall have a taste of death:[8] recite this advice.
You are the prey the falcon hunts, yet think yourself a hunter.
On that day brother will flee from brother[9] is what it says in scripture.
My boat is in deep water; come to me, oh my refuge.

يَوْمَ يَفِرُّ الْمَرْءُ مِنْ اَخِيْهِ، جِت يَجَندا يارَ
ٹُرَهو چِنو تارِ ۾، اَچجِ ٹُون اوسارَ
لَکَ مِڙيئِي لُٽِيا، هُنئَهِين ويا هَزارَ
ڏِنئه جي اَللهَ کي، هُوندَ ٿِئين پَرِيين پارَ
جوٺَنِ مَٺان جُنِڪي، ڏِني ٽُنهنجي دارَ
جِيفو آهِ حَديث ۾، اَنڌِيءَ اِي آچارَ
وَٽِيءَ ڪين وِلَهنِ سين، ڪَنبِي يَرِ قَهارَ
سا ڪِئَن هَلي تو سين، جا يَڳِي کان يَتارَ
جِيَٺُ جالَ نه نِبَهي، سُٽج اِيَ سَنيارَ
جِمَ وِسارِئين ويسِرا، پِتِيُن جِي ٹِلڪارَ

So many moments were lost, so many thousands of
opportunities were wasted.
If you had given them to God, perhaps you would have
crossed safely.
In your house you gathered riches, which came up to
your knees.
It is called carrion[10] in the Traditions; this is the
likeness for the dark world.
You did not share it with the poor or fear the wrath of
God.
She runs from her husband, so how can she go with
you?
Life does not last forever; listen to this carefully.
Oh forgetful one, do not forget the terror of the
grave's walls.

٦ سُر ساموندي

١

پَڳَهَ پاسي گهارِ، آيَلِ ساموندين جي
وِجهي جيءُ جَنجارِ، جِمَ وَڃَنئِي اوهِرِي

٢

پَڳَهَ پاسي پَچُ، آيَلِ ساموندين جي
مَنَ مِ باري مَچُ، جِمَ وَڃَنئِي اوهِرِي

٣

پَڳَهَ پاسي ويهُ، آيَلِ ساموندين جي
تون ويسِرِي وِڪَ گَئِين، هو پُورِيندا پَرڏيهُ
سَمُنڊُ جِن سانئيهُ، ڪوهُ نه وئِينءَ تِن سين

٤

نَنگرَئُون نيٺين، مَنُ اوِلِيءَ نه اوهِري
سَباجهين سيٺين، پائي ڳُنَ ڳِهِيو هِنئون

٥

سيئِي جويَنَ ڏِينهَن، جڏهن سَڃَڻَ سَفَرِ هَليا
رُئان رَهنِ نه سُپرين، آيَلِ ڳَريان ڪِيئَن
مُونکي چاڙهي چِيئَن، ويو وَڻِجارو اوهِري

٦

نه سي تَڙِ هوڙاڪَ، نه وايُون وَڻِجارَنِ جُون
سَرتيُون ساموندين جا، اَڄُ پِڻُ ڇِڪِيَمِ چاڪَ
مارِينِمِ فِراقَ، پاڙيچيُون پِرِئِنِ جا

6 *Samundi*

Stay beside the sailors' anchor cable, woman, in case they raise anchor and leave you, casting your heart into distress. 1

Languish beside their anchor cable, mother, in case the sailors raise anchor and leave you, setting your heart on fire. 2

Sit beside their anchor cable, mother. The sailors will travel abroad, while you walk about unawares. Why do you not go with those whose homeland is the ocean? 3

The oar cannot push my heart away from the anchor. My merciful beloved has captured my heart with his fine qualities. 4

Those were the days of my youth, when my beloved departed on his travels. Though I weep, my beloved does not stay. Mother, what can I do? The trader has put me on a pyre and set sail. 5

There are no boats at the landing place, nor traders in conversation. Today, my friends, I am suffering from the wounds inflicted by the sailors. Separation from my beloved, oh my neighbors, is killing me. 6

٧

وِيا اوهِرِي اوءِ، مُونکي ڇڏي ماڳهين
جُڳنِ جا جُڳَ ٿيا، تِئان نه مونيو ڪوءِ
ڳُوندَرُ مارِيندوءِ، ويچارِي وِيَنِ جو

٨

اُونهي ۾ اوهِرِي، جڏهن ويا جي
مونِي ماڳِ نه آئِيا، ماءِ سامُونڊِي سي
ڪارو تنِين ڪي، جيڪُسِ وَهُ ورِي ويو

٩

اُهِرِيا جِئائِين، ڏُڪَنِ تِن تَڙائيين
سامُونڊينِ سائِين، واءُ سَٽائو وارِئين

١٠

سامُونڊِيَڪو سَڱُ، آهي ڳُوندَرَ ڳاڏُئون
انگنِ چاڙهي اَنگُ، ويو وَڻِجارو اوهِرِي

١١

وجيئِي وِسرِي شال، جو تو سودو سِکِيو
اَجا آئين ڪالَ، پڻ ٿو سَفرِ سَنبهِين

١٢

ڳِرِيو جَهليو روءِ، مَٿي مُهُري هَٽڙا
ڪوءِ سودو سَندوءِ، جو تون ڏوليا سِکِيو

١٣

اُلوڙَنَ نه ڏِئِي، وَرُ وِڏائين وَنجَهه ڪي
رَهُ اَجوڪِي راتِڙِي، لالَنَ مُون لائِي
وَڃُ مَ ڦوڙائِي، ايڏي سَفرِ سُپرِين

He has sailed away and left me completely abandoned. Ages have passed, but no one has returned. Oh wretched girl, the pain caused by the one who has departed will kill you. 7

Mother, the sailors who sailed away to the deep ocean never came back. Perhaps the swift current of the sea flowed over them. 8

May they arrive back at the harbors from which they sailed. Oh lord, may a favorable wind bring those sailors home. 9

Love for a sailor is mingled with grief. The trader sailed away, leaving my body on the gallows. 10

"May you forget the trade that you have learned. You only arrived yesterday, but you are already getting ready to travel."[1] 11

Holding on to the oar post, she weeps, with her hands on the prow and saying: "Accursed be the trade, beloved, that you have learned." 12

She does not let him row away but holds fast to the oar. "Stay for me tonight, my dear. Oh beloved, do not forsake me and go on such a long voyage." 13

جيڪُسِ نِبَرُ نِينهُن سَندومِ، جنِءَ مون ٻِيني هُن ٽيلِيو ١٤
سعيو سامُوندِئِن سين، اَگهِين تان نه ڪَيوم
وِجَهڻُ مَنجِهه هُئومِ، پاڻُ وراڪي رَسِ سين

ٻيڙِيءَ جي ٻُڏَنِ، نِينهُن نه ڪَجي تِن سين ١٥
اُپِئُون ڏَنبَ ڏِسَنِ، جُه سِڙهُ ڏيئِي سِيرَ ٽِيا

هِنئَڙو ٻيڙِيءَ جان، ڏُتَرِ پِئي ڏينهن ٽيا ١٦
پُڇيو تان نه پِريان، ڪَرَلاهُو ٿِي ڪڏهين

سَرَ نِسرِيا پاندَ، اُتَرَ لَڳا آءُ پِرِين ١٧
مُون تو ڪارَڻَ ڪانڌَ، سَهِسين سُڪائُون ڪَيون

جيڪر اَچي هاڻِ، ته ڪريان رُوحَ رُچَندِيُون ١٨
آيَلِ ڍِولِئِي ساڻُ، هوندَ ڳرِ لِڳي ڳالهيون ڪَريان

آيَلِ ڍولِئِي ساڻُ، اَچي ته جهيڙِيان ١٩
لايَءِ ڏِينهن گهڻا، مون سين ڪَيَءِ اوڙا

لاهِيندا ئي ڪَنِ، ڳالهيُون هَلَڻَ سَندِيُون ٢٠
ڏِيندا مُون ڏُکَنِ، وَهَ وِجهندا چِندڙو

"Perhaps my love was weak, for him to embark and leave me standing there. I made no advance plan to go with the sailors. Otherwise I would have put myself in the boat and coiled the rope around me." 14

Do not fall in love with those who wander in boats. When they sail out to sea, the women standing on the shore suffer pain. 15

"Like a boat in a bad harbor, my heart has been in a bad way for days. My beloved has never bothered to ask after me." 16

"The ends of the grasses are full blown, and the north wind blows. Come to me, beloved. I have made thousands of vows for your return, my husband." 17

"If he comes now, I will enjoy myself in conversation with him. Mother, may I embrace my beloved and talk with him." 18

"Mother, if my beloved comes, I will quarrel with him, saying: 'You took many days to come, but you told me that they would be few.'" 19

As soon as he gets off the boat he talks about leaving, giving me over to grief and casting my heart into the current. 20

٢١

مونکي جِياريو، پِرِيُنِ جي ڳاله ڪري
ڏِنو اَڄُ اَڏِيو، هِنئڙو ڪوٽَ بُرجَ جئُن

٢٢

چِمڪيون چَوڏارَ، ڏَجُون ڏاڙيچِنِ جُون
ماءِ سامُوندِي آئيا، سَهسين ڪَري سِينگارَ
اُنِين جي پَچارَ، ڪالهونڪَرَ ڪانگُ ڪَري

٢٣

اَڄُ پڻ وائُون ڪَنِ، وَڻِجارا وَڃڻَ جُون
هَلڻَ هارا سُپِرِين، رُئان تان نه رَهَنِ
آئُون جَهلِيندِي ڪيترو، آيَلِ سامُونڊين
پَڳَهَ چوڙي جَنِ، وِڏا ٻيڙا بارِ ۾

٢٤

لاهِيان جي نه چِتان، اَلا اُنِ مَ وِسران
مَڙِهيو مَنجهاران، جِيءُ مُنهنجو جن سين

٢٥

تَڙين تَنوارِينِ، ماءِ سامُونڊِي آئِيا
مونکي جِيارِينِ، وائُون وَڻِجارَنِ جون

٢٦

لَڳِي اُتَرَ اوهِريا، واهُوندي وَرَنِ
آئُون گَهٽو ئِي گهورِيان، سؤدو سامُونڊِيَن
اَڱڻِ جن اَچَنِ، عِيدَ وَرتِي اُنِ کي

"Restore me to life by talking about my beloved. 21
Today rebuild my heart, which has fallen apart
like the collapsed tower of a fort."

The flags of the rich merchants look dazzling in every 22
direction. Mother, the sailors have returned,
making a fine display. The crow[2] has been talking
about them since yesterday.

Today the traders talk about going. My beloved is 23
going to leave, and will not stay even if I weep.
How can I stop the sailors, mother? They have
raised their anchors and sailed their boats out into
deep water.

I cannot get him out of my mind; oh God, may he not 24
forget me. My deepest being is intertwined with
him.

There is sweet talk at the landing place, mother; the 25
sailors have arrived. The traders' words give me
new life.

They left when the north wind was blowing, and 26
they return on the spring breeze. I want nothing
to do with the sailors' trade. For those whose
courtyards they enter, today is a happy Eid.

٢٧
اَڱڻِ آئِيا جان، ته سَرَتيُون مون سُکَ ٿيا
اَمُلَ پِرِينءَ مٺان، بَرڪِيو ٻين ڏيان

٢٨
سِڙهَ ٽِي سِبياءُون، بَندَرَ جَن تَڙنِ تي
سِڙهَ سِبِي ساڃا ڪري، کُوها ڳنياءُون
بيرَقُون بحرنِ ۾، چوڙي ڇَڏياءُون
لَهريُون لَنگهياءُون، لُطف سان لَطِيفُ چَئي

٢٩
سِڙهَ ٽِي سِبياءُون، بَندَرَ جِن تَڙنِ تي
مُلان مُعلِمَ خبرون، پُڇِي پُورياءُون
سُتَڙُ سوئِياءُون، اَوَتَڙِ ڪنهن نه اوليا

٣٠
بَندَرَ ديسان ديسِ، مُله نه مِلي وارِئين
فَقِيراڻي ويسِ، اَمُلَ ڏِيَن اَتوريا

٣١
اُپِيُون تَڙَ پُوڄِينِ، وَهُون وَڻجارنِ جون
آٽيو اَکا ڏِينِ، ڳٽُورِي سمُوندَ ڪي

٣٢
جَرَ ٿَڙَ ڏِيا ڏي، وَڻَ ٽِڻَ ٻَڏي وانڱُڻيُون
اَلا ڪانڌُ اچي، اَسائِتِي آهيان

٣٣
جا جَرَ جاڻُون نه ڏِئِي، ڏِيا نه موهي
سَڏُون ڪوهُ ڪَري، سا پنهنجي ڪانڌَ جون

If he enters my courtyard, friends, I am filled with joy. 27
I give to others the precious gems that I vowed to my beloved.

They mended their sails on the harbor quays. When these were patched and fixed, they erected the masts. At sea they flew their flags. They passed over the waves by God's grace, says Latif. 28

They mended their sails on the harbor quays. They sought news from the master mariners and sailed away. They sought safe harbor, and did not wander off course to an unsafe place. 29

There are harbors in every land, but precious gems are not found on sandy shores. Priceless jewels are given by those who are dressed like fakirs. 30

The traders' wives stand at the landing place and make offerings. They bring musk and offer it to the ocean.[3] 31

She lights lamps on water and dry land, she ties flags on trees and plants,[4] saying: "Oh God, my hope is that my husband may come." 32

She who performs pilgrimage to the water and does not offer lamps should not desire her husband's return. 33

پُران مانَ پُجان، بَندَرَ مون ڏُورِ ٿِيا ٣٤
نه مُون هَڙَ نه هَنجَ ڪِي، جو آئُون چَئِي چَڙهان
اِيهين ڪَجِ پاتِڙِي، جنهن پَرِ پِرِينءَ مِڙان
ڪاڙُون تي ڪَريان، تو دَرِ اُڀِي ناڪُئا

هَڙَ ۾ ڪِينَ هُئونِ، هُنئِين هُنِ نه چاڙهيا ٣٥
سارو ڏِينهُن سمندَ تي، لِهِي سِجُ وِيونِ
جڏهين سائينءَ سَببُ ڪَيونِ، تڏهن سُتَرِ ٿيا سَيَّدُ چئِي

اسان اُڏارا، آڻِي آوَنگَ چاڙِهيا ٣٦
مُنهُن ڏيئِي مُون آئِيا، سَمُهان سِيارا
اُڀِرَنِ سِيڪارا، پَسو وَرَ ٻين جا

مون اُڀِي تَڙَ هيٺِ، پِريُنِ پَڳَهَ ڇوڙِيا ٣٧
ڪا مُونهِين ۾ ڏيٺِ، ناتَ سَڄَڻَ سَباجها گهڻو

مون اُڀِي تَڙَ پاسِ، پِريُنِ پَڳَهَ ڇوڙِيا ٣٨
هو اَللهَ هارَ اُهِريا، اُئُون دَمِ دَمِ دُعا ڪَندياس
آهَ نه لاهِينديَاس، مونِي ايندا مان گِري

"If I go I may get there, but the harbor is far away. I have no money on me to pay for my passage. Boatman, tell me how I can get to my beloved. I call out standing at your door, sailor." 34

The travelers had nothing on them, nor did the boatmen take them on board for nothing. They remained on the shore all day long until the sun set. When the lord helped them, they reached safe harbor, says Shah. 35

"I have borrowed utensils and put them on to cook. The cold winds of winter have begun. Sighs arise within me as I look at the other women's husbands."[5] 36

I stood at the landing place, and my beloved sailed away. There must be some serious fault in me, for otherwise he is very kind. 37

I stand at the landing place, and my beloved has set sail. He has gone, placing his trust in God, and I will keep praying for him all the time. I will not lose the hope that he will come back to me. 38

کاري کيڙائُو، مَٿي مِڃي مونيا ٣٩
سَودو ڳَنِ نه سونَ جو، وَڏا وِهائُو
موتِي جي مَهرانَ جا، تِن جا طاماعُو
سامُوندِي سائُو، لَنڪا لوپي آئِيا

لَنڪا لَنڪا ڳَنِ، لَيءِ لَنڪا جي اوهِرِيا ٤٠
سُٺِي سونُ لَنڪا جو، سُڪُ نه سامُوندِيُنِ
پِرِهَ پَڳَهَ چوڙِيا، کاري کيڙائُنِ
وَڏي ڀاڳ پِڙنِ، جي ڳَهيا ڪارُونپار ڏي

وَڻجارنِ ورِي، پِرِهَ پَڳَهَ چوڙِيا ٤١
اولِيُون پَسِي اُنِ جون، پِيڙَمِ ڳِچَ ڳِرِي
ويندِيسِ ماءِ مَرِي، ساري سامُوندِيُنِ ڪي

وَڻجاري جِي ماءِ، وَڻجارو نه پَلِئين ٤٢
آيو ٻارهين ماهِ، پڻ تُو سَفَرِ سَنبهَي

وَڻجاري ڪانڌاءِ، مُون وَرُ ويئي گهارِيو ٤٣
لَڳِي اُتَرَ واءُ، ڏولِيو هَلڻَ جون ڪري

جي تون وَڻجارو ڪانڌُ، ته مُون هَلِ مَ لائون لَڌيُون ٤٤
پَرَ ڏيهَ مٿي سانگُ، اَنئِي پَهرَ جنهن ڪيو

After crossing the salty sea, they returned on the sweet waters of the river. Major traders do not deal in gold. What they desire are the pearls of the Indus. Wealthy sailors have returned from ransacking Lanka.[6] 39

"Lanka, Lanka" is all that those who have set out for Lanka can think of. When they hear of Lanka's gold, the sailors have no peace. At dawn they unfurl their sails and cross the salty sea. Those who went away for business return richly rewarded. 40

The traders have again unfurled their sails at dawn. When I see their oars, my heart is upset. I will die, mother, when I think of the sailors. 41

Oh mother of your sailor son, you do not stop him going. He has returned in the twelfth month since he started and again he thinks of traveling. 42

It would have been better for me not to have married a sailor. As soon as the north wind blows, my beloved talks about going. 43

If you, my husband, were a trader, I should never have got married to you. You are planning to travel abroad after spending only twenty-four hours with me. 44

٤٥

ڏِٺي ڏِياري، سامُونڊيُنِ سِرَهَ سَنباهِيا
وِجهيو وَرُ ونجَه کي، روئي وَٽجارِي
مارِيندَءِ مارِي، پِرِهَ سُورَ پِريُنِ جا

٤٦

وائي
آيَلِ ڪَريان ڪِيئن، منهنجو نِينهُن اَپليو نه رهي
ويو وَٽِجارو اوهِرِي، مونکي چاڙهي چِيئَن
سامُونڊين جي سَگَ کي، رُئان راتو ڏِينهن
اُڏوهِيءَ جئَن ڏُکڙا، چَڙهيا چوڻيءَ سِيئَن
گُونڊَرَ مٿان جِندڙِي، وَريا وَليُن جِيئَن
مادَر پائي مُنڊِيُون، وجان هادِيءَ سِيئَن

Seeing that it is Diwali,[7] the sailors prepare their sails. 45
The trader's wife embraces her husband and weeps. Wretched woman, the pangs caused by your husband will attack you at dawn.

Mother, what can I do? My love cannot remain unchecked. 46V
My trader has set off, placing me on a pyre.
My marriage to a sailor makes me weep day and night.
Like termites, my sorrows have consumed me right up to my topknot.
Sorrows have wrapped themselves around my heart like creepers.
Mother, with humbly folded hands I will go to my guide.

٧ سُر سهڻي

وَهَ تِکَ واهُڙَ تِکَ، جِت نِينهُن تِکَ نرالِي ١
جِن کي عِشقُ عَمِيَقَ جو، خِلوَتَ خِيالِي
وارِئين سا والِي، هِنَئَڙو جِن هَٿِ کيو

واهُڙَ وَهَنِ نَوان، اَجا وَهُ اَڳِي ٿيو ٢
گهرِ وينيون گهٽا کريو، سَرَتِيُون سَڱَ سَنوان
صُورَتَ جا ساهَڙَ جِي، سا جي ڏِٺِي آن
هُوندَ نه پَليو مان، گِهڙو سڀ گهڙا کٽِي

ڳَنڍِي اُپيُون کيتريُون، ساهَڙُ ساهَڙُ ڳَنِ ٣
کِنِين سانگو ساهَ جو، کي گهورِيسَ کيو گِهڙَنِ
ساهَڙُ سَندو ٿَنِ، گهاگهائي گِهڙَنِ جي

وَٺَنِ وينا کانگَ، وِڇِين ڀِي ويلا کري ٤
گِهڙِي گهڙو هَٿِ کري، سُڻِي سانجِهيءَ ٻانگَ
سيئِي ڏُونڊي سانگَ، جِتي ساهَڙُ سُپِرِين

7 *Suhini*

The current is strong, the canals flow strongly, but the flow of love is extraordinarily strong. Those whose love is for God the Profound are absorbed in thoughts of closeness. Lord, bring back the one who has captured my heart. 1

Fresh streams flow before me here; ahead of me the mighty river flows. You sit at home in comfort, friends, safe in your husbands' care. But if you once caught sight of Sahar's lovely face, then perhaps you would not try to hold me back, but would all plunge in with your pots. 2

Many women stand on the bank and proclaim their love with cries of "Sahar, Sahar!" Some care about their lives, some say they are sacrificed to him and plunge in. Sahar belongs to those who happily plunge in. 3

Crows sit crouched in the trees as the day draws to its close. When she hears the evening call to prayer, she goes to seek the spots where her dear Sahar dwells. 4

٥
ڳِهڙِي ڳهڙو هَٿِ ڪري، ٻَهُون نِهاري ٻَنگُ
سر در قدمِ يار فِدا شُد چه بَجا شُد، وَصْلَ اِهوئِي وَنگُ
رات جنِين جو رَنگُ، الا سي اُڪارِئين

٦
ڳِهڙِي ڳهڙو هَٿِ ڪري، ٻَهُون نِهاري ٻَنگُ
وَ اَمَّامَنْ خَافَ مَقَامَ رَبِّهٖ، اِيُ لَنگِهيائِين لُنگُهه
سِڪَندِيَنِ ڪي سَيَّدُ چَئي، ڪِينَ جَهلِيندو جَهنگُ
راتِ جنِين جو رَنگُ، الا سي اُڪارِئين

٧
ڳِهڙِي ڳهڙو هَٿِ ڪري، اِلاهِي ٿُهارَ
جَنگه جَرڪي واتَ ۾، سِسِيءَ ڪي سيسارَ
ڇُوڙا ٻِيڙا ڇِڪَ ۾، لُڙَ ۾ لُڙهيَس وارَ
لَڪين ڇُهڻيس لوهِٽيُون، ٽيلهيُون ٽَرَنئُون ڏارَ
مِڙيا مَچَ هزارَ، ياڳا ٽِيندِي سُهٽِي

٨
ڳهڙو ٻَڳو ته گهوريِو، مَرُ ڇُورُ ٿِئِي ڇُوڙو
طالِبُ الْمولىٰ مُذَڪَّرُ، اِيُ ٻُڌَندَنُ ٻُوڙو
ڪوڙِهيو ڏَمُ ڪُوڙو، مُون ميهارُ مَنَ ۾

She grasps her pot and enters the river, looking long at its twists and turns. *How right it is to sacrifice one's head at the beloved's feet.*[1] This is the mystery of union. Lord, deliver safely across all those whose time of ecstasy is the night. 5

She grasps her pot and enters the river, looking long at its twists and turns. She has arrived at the place of *whoever fears the place of the lord.*[2] Shah says: No fearful place will stop lovers filled with longing. Lord, safely deliver across all those whose time of ecstasy is the night. 6

She grasps her pot and plunges in, putting her trust in God. The alligator grasps her leg, the cayman has her head. Her bracelets mingle with the mud, the current grabs her hair. Countless creatures cling closely to her, and river monsters maul her body. Whole schools of fish surround her, as Suhini is severed limb from limb. 7

It was good that the pot broke, and good that my bracelets snapped. *How heroic are those who seek the lord,*[3] the only raft for all who drown. My husband, Dam, is false and foul; in my heart I hold Mehar. 8

٩
ڳهڙو ڀَڳو ته گهوريو، پاڻان هو حِجابُ
واجَبُ وڃي وُجُودَ ۾، رهيو رُوحَ رَبابُ
ساهَڙَ رِءَ صَوابُ، آءُ گهٽو ئِي گهوريان

١٠
ڳهڙو ڀَڳو ته گهوريو، تان ڪِي ٿَرُ هِنيان
اَدَبُ اَکَڙِيُنِ کي، ڏيهاڻي ڏِيان
ميهارَنِ مِيان، سَئون سُونهايَم پيچرو

١١
ڳهڙو ڀَڳو ته گهوريو، آسَرَ مَ لاهيجِ
لَا تَقْنَطُوا مِنْ رَّحْمَةِ اللهِ، ٿُرهي اِنَ تَريجِ
حَبِيباڻِي هيجِ، پَسِين مُنهُن ميهارَ جو

١٢
ڳهڙو ڀَڳو مُندَ مُئِي، وَسِيلا وِيا
تِنهان پوءِ سُئا، سُهڻِيءَ سَڏَ ميهارَ جا

١٣
پاڻُ مَ ڪَڇِ پاڻَ سين، وَسِيلا وِسارِ
لُڙُ لنگهائي سُهڻِي، پِرتِ وِجهنديءِ پارِ
سي تُرتُ لنگهينديُون تارِ، اُڪَندَ آڳهُ جن سين

١٤
پاڻُ مَ ڪَڇِ پاڻَ سين، رِءِ وَسِيلي وانءُ
مَتان سائِرَ سُهڻِي، پِرتِ ونجي پانءُ
نينهن ڳِنهندي نانءُ، ونءُ پِريان جي پارَ ڏي

It was good that the pot broke; it was actually an obstacle. The instrument plays in my being, the rebab dwells in my spirit. Without Sahar, I would give up great virtue. 9

It was good that the pot broke, oh my heart, so swim for a while. I keep my eyes controlled every day. The chief of the herdsmen has shown me the straight path. 10

It was good that the pot broke; do not give up hope. The raft of *Do not despair of God's mercy*[4] is the one for you to swim with. Desire for the beloved will let you behold Mehar's face. 11

Once her pot fell to pieces, her props were gone and the woman died. But it was then that Suhini heard the calls of her Mehar. 12

Do not take your self with you, forget your props. Love will take you through the torrent and get you safely across. Let yourself be supported by longing, if you would reach the other side. 13

Set off without your self, and go without any aids. Use steps of love to travel across the water, Suhini. Take love's name and go to the side where the beloved lives. 14

١٥ کونھي آڳهُ اَھڙو، جھڙي مُحبتَ مَنِ
اُپِئون اورئين پارَ ڏي، ڪُوڙيُون ڪَڪَ پُنھَنِ
نَدِي تِن نيڙُ ٿِئي، جي رِيءَ ٿُرھي تَرَنِ
سِڪَ رَساٽي، سُھڻِي اَصْلِ عاشِقَنِ
سي جَھليُون ڪينَ ڪُنَنِ، پُنھَنِ جي ميھارَ ڪي

١٦ پُنھَنِ جي ميھارَ ڪي، پُنھي سي ميھارَ
ٿُرھو تِنِين بارُ، عِشقُ جنِين کي آڪِرو

١٧ ساھَڙُ سا سُھڻِي، سائِرُ پڻ سو ئِي
اھي نِجو ئِي، ڳُجھُ ڳُجھاندَرَ ڳالھڙي

١٨ ڪَرَڪَلَ ڪوچَ ڪُنَ گھڻا، جِتِ جَرَ واڳُو جِئائِين
پاڻُ اُڇلِي آبَ ۾، وَھَ سِرِ وِڏائِين
لَھريُون لَنگھيائِين، لُطف ساڻ لَطِيفُ چئِي

١٩ دَھشَتَ دَمَ دَرياھَ ۾، جِتِ سَناٽا سيسارَ
بيحَدِ باڳُو بَحرَ ۾، ھيبَتَناڪِ ھَزارَ
سارِيان ڪانَ سَرِيرَ ۾، طاقَتَ توھان ڏارَ
ساھَڙَ جامَ سَتارَ، سِگھو رَسجِ سِيرَ ۾

There is no greater support than love in the heart. Insincere women stand on this bank and demand a raft. For those who go without one, the river turns into a mere stream. Actually, it is love that gets lovers to their destination. Whirlpools do not stop those who seek Mehar. 15

They seek so hard to find Mehar, but it is Mehar who looks for them. For all who feel the force of love, a raft is only a handicap. 16

Sahar is the same as Suhini, and it is Sahar who is the sea. This mystery is magical, this puzzle is profound. 17

There were many loudly roaring whirlpools and crocodiles in the waters where she hurled herself and was carried by the current. Through divine favor she crossed the waves, says Latif. 18

Fearful is the force of the river, where there are mighty monsters. There are countless crocodiles in the water, terrifying in their thousands. "I do not think I have any strength in my body apart from you," she cries. "Lord Sahar, who hides all faults, come quickly to me in the torrent." 19

٢٠

دَهشَتَ دَمَّ دَرياهَ ۾، جِتِ ڪَڙڪو ڪُنُ ڪري
توڏي تاڪُن وِچَ ۾، مَٿان وِيرَ وَري
آءُ ساهَڙَ مُنهِنجا سُپِرِين، پِرِتان پيرَ ڀَري
هادِيءَ هَٿَ ڌَري، اونهي مان اُڪارِئين

٢١

دَهشَتَ دَمَّ دَرياهَ ۾، جِتِ ڪُنَنِ جو ڪَڙڪو
آهيم اُنهِين پارَ جو، دِلِ اندرِ ڌَڙڪو
يَجِي سِڪ سَيِّدَ چَئي، سِيرَ سَندو سَڙڪو
والِي ڪَج وَڙُ ڪو، ته ٻارِ لَنگهيان ٻاجهه سين

٢٢

دَهشَتَ دَمَّ دَرياهَ ۾، جِتِ جايُون جانارَنِ
نَڪو سَندو سِيرَ جو، مَپُ نه مَلاحَنِ
دَرَندا دَرياهَ ۾، واڪا ڪيو وَرَنِ
سَجا ٻيڙا ٻارِ ۾، هَليا هيٺ وَڃَنِ
پُرزو پئدا نه ٿِئي، تَختو مَنجهان تَنِ
ڪو جو قَهرُ ڪُنَنِ، ويا ڪِينَ وَرَنِ
اُتي اَٽتارُنِ، ساهَڙَ سِيرَ لَنگهاءِ ٿُون

٢٣

دَرَهَڙَ ڏَنْسَ دَرياهَ ۾، جِتِ لَهريُون ڪَنِ لوڙا
سَئين اَچي سمُونڊَ ۾، ٿِيا سِيٽايا سوڙا
جي تارُو هُئا توڙا، تن هَربو ٻانيو هيڪڙو

Fearful is the force of the river, where the whirlpools roar. Suhini is among the wild river creatures, and the waves roll over her. "Come quickly and with kindness, oh Sahar my beloved," she cries. "Oh my guide, give me your hand, and rescue me from the deep." 20

Fearful is the force of the river, where the whirlpools roar. The terror of the far bank fills my heart. Love destroys the force of the current, says Shah. Oh lord, be kind to me, and in your mercy let me cross over. 21

Fearful is the force of the river, where many creatures dwell. Sailors cannot plumb the depths of the water. Wild beasts roam roaring in the river. In the deep water entire boats go under, and not a trace is found of their timbers. No one who enters those terrible whirlpools emerges from them. Oh Sahar, help those who cannot swim to get across. 22

There is tumult and uproar in the river, where the waves crash. Hundreds of people with floats are aghast when they enter the water. Those who truly can swim think it requires only a single leap to get across. 23

٢٤
تَڙَ تَڪَڙِ تارِ گِهڙنَ، اِيُ ڪاٽِيارِنِ ڪَمُ
ڏَهَ ڏَهَ ڀيرا ڏِينهَن ۾، ڏي ڏوراپا ڏَمُ
عَقُل مَتِ شَرَمُ، ٽيئِي نِينهَن نِهوڙِيا

٢٥
گهيڙان ڪَري نه گُهورَ، تَڙُ تَڪَڙِ کان نه لَهي
جَنهِنکي سِڪَ ساهَڙَ جِي، پُورَنِ مَٿي پُورَ
ڪارِيءَ راتِ ڪُنَنِ ۾، وَهَمَنِ ڪِي وَهلُورَ
جَنهِنکي ساڻُ پِريان جا سُورَ، تَنهِنکي نَدِي ناهِ نِگاهَ ۾

٢٦
جِئان گِهڙي تِئان گهيڙُ، ڪَپَرو پُڇَنِ ڪُوڙِيُون
ڏَمَ سين جُسو ظاهِرا، مَنَ ميهارَ سين ميڙُ
سا نَدِي پانئي نيڙُ، جَنهِنکي سِڪَ ساهَڙَ جِي

٢٧
جِئان وَهي تِئان واٽَ، ڪَپَرو پُڇَنِ ڪوڙِيُون
جن کي سِڪَ ساهَڙَ جِي، سي گهيڙَ نه پُڇَنِ گهاٽَ
جن کي عِشقَ جِي اُساٽَ، سي واهُڙُ پانئِينِ وِگَڙِي

To enter the water quickly is the act of the determined. Ten times a day Dam taunts me. Reason, sense, and modesty are all three destroyed by love. 24

Without looking for a safe place, she finds nowhere to enter the river. Filled with desire for Sahar, she has one thought upon another. In the dark night and surrounded by whirlpools, she is distressed by fantastic thoughts. The pain caused by her beloved makes the river seem of no account to her. 25

She enters where she will; only insincere girls inspect the riverbank. Only in appearance is her body with Dam; her heart is joined with Mehar. In her desire for Sahar she thinks the river is a ditch. 26

Her route lies in whichever direction the river flows; only insincere girls inspect the riverbank. Those who are filled with desire for Sahar do not ask about entry points or landing places. Those who thirst for love think the river is a mere step. 27

كنهن جنهن گهيرَ گهڙي، جئن اَوَتَران تَڙُ ٽِيوسِ ٢٨
سالمُ ويئي سُهڻي، ڪُنَنِ ڪِينَ ڪَيوسِ
اُهِسُ اَڪَڙِئُنِ ۾، پِريان جو پِيوسِ
حَقَّان حَقُّ ٽِيوسِ، هُئِي طالِبِ حَقُّ جي

هُئِي طالِبَ حَقُّ جِي، توڏِي لاڪُون توڙَ ٢٩
نه مَلاحُ نه مَڪُڙي، نڪِي ٻَڌي نوڙَ
پاڻِي پِنِيءَ بوڙَ، سُهڻِيءَ ليکي سِيرَ ۾

توڏِي توڙائِين، نِينهَن لوازِي سُهڻي ٣٠
ڳِچِيءَ هارُ حَبِيبَ جو، لائِقُ لَڏائِين
سو تَڙُ سونائِين، جيڏانهن عالَمَ آسِرو

توڏِي ٿُهائِين جي، سي هِتي ڇَڏِ حِرصَ ٣١
ساهَڙَ ڏاران سُهڻي، کوتِيُون ڪَنِ ڪِرسَ
وَڏِي اِيَ وِرسَ، جِيئَن ڏَمَ وَتِ ڏِينهَن گُذارِئين

ساري سِڪَ سَبَقُ، شرِيعَتَ سَندو سُهڻي ٣٢
طرِيقَتان تِکو وَهي، حَقِيقَتَ جو حَقُّ
مَعرِفَتَ مَرَڪُ، اَصلُ عاشِقنِ کي

It does not matter where she enters from, difficult places become easy. Suhini crosses safely, unaffected by the whirlpools. Her eyes are filled with the brightness of her beloved. The true lord did right by her, because her search for him was true. 28

From the very first, Todi[5] was a seeker of the lord. She had no boat or boatman, nor had she tied herself a rope. The middle of the river seemed knee-deep to her. 29

From the beginning Todi was favored by love. Around her neck she wore her beloved's garland of honor. The landing place she found is the support of all the world.[6] 30

Abandon that love which makes you happy, Todi. Away from Sahar, insincere girls put on proud airs. Great is your error if you spend your days with Dam. 31

First learn the lesson of the Law, Suhini. The truth of Reality far surpasses the Way. It is Gnosis[7] that is the real task of lovers. 32

٣٣
صَبرُ شاڪِرَنِ، آهي اوطاقُنِ ۾
جي واصُل ٿِيا وِصال ۾، سي ذرو ظاهِرُ نه ڪَنِ
وِيئَتَ واهَرَ تَرَنِ، هِنئَڙا جَنِ هَجِي ويا

٣٤
سِياري سِهَ راتِ ۾، جا گهِڙِي وَسندي مِينهَن
هَلو ته پُڇُون سُهڻِي، جا ڪَرَ جاڻي نِينهَن
جنهن کي راتو ڏِينهَن، ميهارُ ئِي مَنَ ۾

٣٥
سانوَڻَ گهِڙِي سَيَڪا، هِيءَ سَرَهِي سِياري
تَنُ وِڌائِين تارِ ۾، اَرواحَ جي آري
مُحبَتِي ماري، ڪونهي دادُ دَرياهَ ۾

٣٦
واهُڙَ پَرِيُون مَ پاءِ، تو پِڻُ ليکو ڏيٺو
سدا سانوَڻَ ڏِينهَڙا، هِئَن نه هُونداءِ
وهاڻي ويندءِ، اوڀَرَ اُتاهان لَهِي

٣٧
مُحَبَّتِي ميهارَ جُون، دِلِ اَندرِ دُونهِيُون
آٽيو وِجهي آرَ ۾، لُهاٽو لُوهيُون
جي ساهڙ جُون سُونهيُون، سِير سِراڙو تن کي

Patience is found in the dwelling places of the grateful. Those who have been joined with him in union do not disclose anything about it. Those whose hearts have been destroyed swim across without any help. 33

She enters the water while the rain falls on the midwinter night. Let us go and ask Suhini what she knows of love. For twenty-four hours a day she bears only Mehar in her mind. 34

Everyone enters the water in Savan; she is happy in winter. In the torrent of her love she hurls her body into the deep water. There is no justice in the river, which kills lovers. 35

Oh river, do not wear away these overhanging banks, you too will be held to account. The days of Savan will not be here forever. By tomorrow your floods will subside. 36

The fires of my beloved Mehar burn in my heart. The burning power of love casts those whom it consumes into the torrent. For those who know about Sahar the river is as smooth as the desert. 37

٣٨

اَڊيُونَ سڀ اَندامَ، چَڙَنِ مُنهنجار چورِيا
لاڙِنِ جا لَنؤ لائِي، سا ڪِيئَن اُچِيان عامَ
لَڳِيس جنهن جي لامَ، سو دِلاسا دوست مُنجي

٣٩

ڪارا ڪُن ڪارِي ٽِڳي، جت ڪارِيهَرَ ڪَڙڪا
مَئِي مَتي مِهراڻَ ۾ ، اَچِنِ ڏُپارا دَڙڪا
وِيندي ساهَڙَ سامهان، جهولَ ڏِنسِ جَهڙڪا
ڪرِڪِنِ جا ڪَڙڪا، سُونهان ٽِيڙَسِ سِيرَ ۾

٤٠

جِيارِيَسِ سَنِيارَ، ڪُهُ ڪَرِيندَمِ ڳَڏِجي
ويروتارَ وُجُودَ ۾، پِرِيُنِءَ جي پَچارَ
سَجَڻَ هُونِ ڏارَ، جي هِنئين ۾ حَلُ ٿِيا

٤١

ٻيلي پارِ ٻرِي، مون ڪِي چَڙَنِ چورِيو
مُحَبَّتِي ميهارَ جِي، سُتِي شاخَ چُرِي
مَتي جهوڪَ جُهرِي، پَوَندِيَسِ پاريچَنِ جي

٤٢

هُنَ پَرِ سُيَمِ هُوءِ، سُتي سَنِيارَنِ جِي
چِٽُ چَڙَنِ چورِيو، جؤنڪَ ٽِيڙَمِ جُوءِ
مُحَبَّتِي ميهارَ جِي، بِاللهِ پِيِيَمِ ٻُوءِ
وِچِي رُوءِ بَرُوءِ، ديکيان دوستَ ميهارَ کِي

"Sisters, the bells stir my whole body. How can I disclose to all and sundry the love that their clappers have aroused? The beloved to whose branch I cling sends me his support." 38

Black are the eddies and black is the night, in which the black snakes hiss. Both banks of the wild Indus are threatening. The waves strike her as she goes across to Sahar. She is guided in midstream by the tinkling of the bells. 39

"Remembering my beloved is what keeps me alive. What will he do with me when I find him? My being overflows with thoughts of him. He cannot be separated from me, for he pervades my whole heart. 40

The sound of the bells in the river thickets arouses me. My dormant feelings for my beloved Mehar are stirred. I will collapse at his camp on the far bank. 41

I heard the sound of the bells on the far bank as I slept. They stirred my consciousness and filled me with the desire for his camp. I swear to God that the fragrance of my beloved Mehar has reached me. Let me go and see my dear one face to face. 42

٤٣

ڪِٿي ٿِيو ميهارُ، ڪِٿي ٿو ڳِهندُ ڳُڙي
ڪِٿي ڏُونهِي دوستَ جِي، ڪِٿي پَرِيون پارُ
جَنهن مُون سَڀِ جَمارَ، جَرَ ۾ جهونُون ڏِنِيُون

٤٤

ميهاران مِرِڪَ، پِيتائِين پِريمَ جِي
تنهن مُندَّ مَتوالِي ڪِي، سندِيءَ ساءَ سُرِڪَ
لَڳِيَس ڪامَ ڪِرِڪَ، لوهان ٽِڪِي لَطِيفُ چئي

٤٥

مَري تان مَ ميهارُ، وَٺانُ وِلَهو مَ ٿِئي
وَڃِنِ جي وَچارَ جو، وِنگو ٿِئي مَ وارُ
ساهَڙُ مُون سِينگارُ، ماڻُهنِ ليکو مِهڻو

٤٦

چاهَڪَ چَرِي تارِ تَرِي، آئُون مَٿي بيٺَ
لُڙَ لَنگِهينڊِيُون ليٽَ، لُطِفَ ساڻُ لَطِيفُ چئي

٤٧

چاهَڪَ چَرِي تارِ تَرِي، آئُون مَٿي ڪُنَ
ڪوڙِيين ڪَرَ ڳَٽنڊِيُون، ساهَڙَ جي سَمَنَ
مينهُون ساڻُ اَمَنَ، پَرِچِي پارِ لَنگِهينڊِيُون

Where is Mehar, and where are the bells tinkling? Where is my beloved's bonfire, and where is the far bank? I have spent my whole life thrashing through the water to reach it." 43

She drank a draught of love from Mehar.[8] The taste of that drink intoxicated her. She was struck by the arrow of love, which is sharper than steel, says Latif. 44

"May Mehar never die, and may his byre never be bare. May the hair of the heifers' herdsman never be twisted.[9] Sahar is my glory, though men taunt me because of him." 45

The herds grazed the pasture, then crossed the river and came to an island.[10] By God's grace, says Latif, they will pass over the flood. 46

The herds grazed the pasture and crossed the river, avoiding the whirlpools. Thousands will raise their heads in relief, as guaranteed by Sahar. Safe and happy, the buffaloes will get across. 47

٤٨

ساندَه سَپ دَرياهُ، پَري ڪَنڌِي پارَ جِي
ڇڪِي چولِيءَ ۾ گِهڙي، جِتي جِيَ وِڙاهُ
پَسيو ڏوهه ڏَکي هِنئون، آرِ مَٽِي اَرِواحَ
جي توهُ ٿِئِي توڏانهُن، ته وِيرَ وَهِيٺو ناهِ ڪي

٤٩

سِڪَڻَ وارَنِ سُٽِرو، جي دَهشَتَ سان دَرِياهُ
اوڙَڪِ اُنِين جو نه رهي، آرَ بِنا اَرِواحَ
ويندي ساهَرَ سامهون، صَدقو ڪنديون ساهُ
جن ڪِي حُبَّ اُنهِين جِي آهِ، ساهَرُ ساٺِي تن جو

٥٠

گِهڙيا سي چَڙهيا، اِئين اَٽيئِي
مئِي متي مَهراڻ ۾، پَؤ ٿپو ڏيئِي
ته ميهارُ مِليئِي، سَنيُوڙو سِيٽاهَ سين

٥١

اَڪيُون مُنهن ميهارَ ڏي، رَڪيُون جن جوڙي
رِءَ سَندَ سَيَّدُ چئِي، تارِ گِهڙَن توڙي
تنين ڪي بوڙي، سائِرُ سَگهي ڪِينَ ڪِي

٥٢

جيڏانهن چِتَ چاهُ گهڻو، آرُ به اوڏانهِين
وِڃِي وَهُ واڪا ڪيو، تِڪو تيڏانهِين
ميهارُ مِلائِين، لَهرُنِ منجِه لَطِيفُ چئِي

There is nothing but the river as far as the eye can see; the other bank is far away. The crazy woman enters the waves, where there is danger to her life. When creatures overwhelmed by the torrent see their faults, they are overwhelmed. If you grant them your mercy, no one is in the power of the current. 48

It is easy for lovers, even if the river rages. In the end their hearts cannot rest without the torrent. Going toward Sahar, they will sacrifice their lives. Sahar is the helper of those who love him. 49

Realize that those who enter the water will get across. If you leap into the wild Indus, Mehar will be with you as your float. 50

Shah says: Those whose eyes are fixed on Mehar's face may plunge into the deep water without a float, and the river cannot drown them. 51

"The torrent rages where my heart's desire is strongest. There the swift current roars. Bring me to Mehar in the waves, says Latif. 52

٥٣ پَلِيان پَلِيو نه رهي، نِرتُون نِينهُن نِبارُ
ڳِهڙان ڳهورِيو ڄِندڙُو، اُتَّلَ مُون اَپارُ
جِنِين مَنِ ميهارُ، هَلَڻُ تنِ حَقُ ٿِيو

٥٤ سَندو ڏَمَ ڏَهَڪارُ، هَڏَهِين ڪونهي هِنَ ڪي
هِيءَ پاڻِيءَ سين پانهنجو، پُسائي نه سِينگارُ
ڪارَڻِ مُندَّ ميهارُ، ڪارِيءَ راتِ ڪُنَ ٽَري

٥٥ جيهَرَ لوڪُ جَهپَ ڪَري، ڏَرو جاڳَ نه هوءِ
اوهيرَ اَچيو اَديُون، پَهُ پِريان جو پوءِ
جي ڪَچو چَوَنِمِ ڪوءِ، ته مَرڪُ پانيان مِهٽو

٥٦ تهَ ڪَرڪِينءَ سُئِي، جي سِيرَ نه ڳِهڙِي سُهٽِي
هِتِ حياتِيءَ ڏِينهَڙا، هَڏَهن تان نه هُئِي
چُلي تنهن چَرِي ڪئِي، جو ڏِنُسُ اُنَ ڏُهِي
سُهٽِي ڪي سَيَّدُ چئِي، وڏو قُربَ ڪُهي
هُنئِين هُوندَ مُئِي، پَرَ ٻُڏِيءَ جا ٻِيٽا ٿيا

٥٧ ڪا جا ڪُن ڪَرِينِ، ٻِنِيءَ ٻُڻِ جُهڻِ پاڻ ۾
اَڪيُون تنهن آبَ ڪي، آڏِيءَ اُڪِيرِينِ
توٽِي تِڪوُن ڏِينِ، ته به اُجَ اُنِين ڪي نه لَهي

٥٨ دائِمَ جا دَرِياهَ ۾، سا مَڇِي ڪِنِي ڪوهُ
آهس اِيُ اَندوهُ، پاڻِي ڪِتي پِيان

My pure love cannot be checked, however much I try. Overcome by the surge of passion, I enter the water and sacrifice my life. To go there is a duty for those who have Mehar in their hearts." 53

She has absolutely no fear of Dam. She does not let the water wet her clothes. For the sake of Mehar the woman crosses the eddies in the dark night. 54

"Sisters, come to me when people lie in unbroken sleep, for I am troubled by thoughts of my beloved. If anyone speaks against me, I take their taunts as a compliment." 55

If Suhini had not entered the river, how would she ever have been heard of? She would not have spent much time in this life. It was the drink of milk he gave her that made her crazy.[11] Shah says that it was love that killed her. She would have died anyway, but she was doubly rewarded through drowning. 56

The whirlpools whisper to one another at dawn, saying: "In the middle of the night her eyes long for the water. Although they are given draughts to drink, still their thirst is not quenched." 57

How can the fish that is always in the river stink? Its only worry is "Where can I drink water?" 58

لهرَ مِڙوئِي لالَ، وَهَنُ ڪَٿُورِيان وٽرو ٥٩
اوبهارا عَبيرَ جا، جَرَ مان اَچن جالَ
ڪُنَنِ ڳِهڙِي ڪالَ، سِڳ پِريان جي سُهڻِي

جيڪي ڏِٺُءِ تارِ ۾، ڪَنڊِي سو ڳَهيج ٦٠
جَرُ وڏو جهاجَه گهڻِي، پاندُ مَ پُسائيجِ
ساهَڙُ ساڳاهيجِ، ته ثابِتُ لَنگِهين سِيرَ مان

جا هَڙَ اَندَرِ جِيَّ، ساهَڙَ ڏِني ساهَ کي ٦١
سا هَڙَ ڇُڙِي نه ساهَ جِي، سا هَڙَ ساهَڙَ رِئَ
ساهَڙَ ميڙِ سَمِيعَ، ته سا هَڙَ ڇُڙِي ساهَ جِي

ساهَڙَ جا سِينگارَ، اَئَ لِکيا اَڳِي هُئا ٦٢
نڪا ڪُنْ فَيَڪُوْنُ هُئِي، نَڪا ٻِي پَچارَ
مَلَڪَنِئان مَهَندِ هُئِي، توڏِيءَ جِي تَنوَارَ
مُحَبَّتَ سانُ ميهارُ، لايائِين لَطِيفُ چئِي

گهيڙَ لَنگهيو گهاري، مِيثاقان ميهارَ ڏي ٦٣
اَلَسْتُ بِرَبِّڪُمْ قَالُوْا بَلىٰ، پَر اِها پاري
ڏِسيو ڏيکاري، پِرت پِريان جو پيچِرو

اَلَسْتُ اَرواحَنِ کي، جَڏهِن چَيائُون ٦٤
مِيثاقان ميهارَ سين، لَڏيُون مُون لائُون
سو موني ڪِيئَن پانهُون، جو مَحفُوظان مُعافُ ٿِيو

All the waves are rubies, and the current smells sweeter than musk. Many scents of ambergris come to her from the water. Yesterday, longing for her beloved, Suhini plunged into the eddies. 59

"Tell on the riverbank what you saw in the deep. There is a great abundance of water; do not let your hem get wet. If you keep thinking of Sahar, you will get across safely. 60

Only Sahar can undo the knot he tied in my heart. Oh God who listens to all, let me be joined to Sahar, so that this knot may be undone." 61

Sahar's beauty preceded the writing of fate. There was no *Be and it was*,[12] nor any other idea. Suhini's song came before the angels were created. It was then that she fell in love with Mehar, says Latif. 62

Suhini found her entry point and crossed over the river to Mehar before the time of the covenant. She was true to the mystery of *"Am I not your lord?" and they said, "Yes."*[13] She saw the path of the beloved's love and she showed it to others. 63

I have been married to Mehar from the time of the covenant, when God said, *"Am I not?"* to the souls. How can anyone turn back what has been ordained in the book of fate? 64

٦٥

اَلَسْتُ اَرواحَنِ کي، جَڏهِن اَمُرُ ڪيو اَحَدَ
هو مَنَ ڪاڏو ميهارَ ڏي، سُهڻِيءَ سِڪَڻَ سَڏَ
دِلو دَوُرَ دَرِياهَ جي، ڪيو اِرادي اَڏَ
جيڪِي آيسِ ڏانهن عَهدَ، سو پاري مُندَ پاتارَ ۾

٦٦

اَلَسْتَ اَرواحَنِ کي، جَڏهِن جاڳايو جَلِيلَ
سَنئِين راهَ سَيَّدُ چئِي، سوناڻُون سَبِيلَ
وَحدَتَ جِي وادِيءَ ۾، کوڙين کي قَلِيلَ
دَرِياهَ جي دَلِيلَ، لَکين لَهوارا ڪيا

٦٧

کامان پَچان ہجُران، لُڇان ۽ لوچان
تَنَ ۾ تَوُنسَ پِرِينءَ جِي، پِيان نه ڍاپان
جي سَمُندَ مُنهن ڪريان، توءِ سُرِڪيائِي نه ٿِئي

٦٨

ڪارِي راتِ ڪَچو گهڙو، اُٿِيَهَ اُونداهِي
چَنبَ نالو ناهِ ڪو، دَرِياهَ دَڙَ لائِي
ساهَڙَ ڪارَڻ سُهڻِي، آڏِيءَ ٿِي آئِي
اِي ڪَمُ اِلاهِي، ناتَ ڪُنَنِ ۾ ڪيرَ گِهڙي

٦٩

ڪارِي راتِ ڪَچو گهڙو، نڪا سِيڻَهَ ساڻُ
وِجهي وَيرَمَ نه ڪري، پِريان ڪارَڻِ پاڻُ
مُحَبَّتَ کي مهراڻُ، سُڪِي سَڀُ پَٽُ ٿِيو

From the time when God the One declared, *"Am I not?"* to the souls, her heart was drawn to Mehar and she desired to love him. Fate broke her pot in half in the current of the river. In its depths, the woman fulfilled what had been decreed for her by destiny. 65

From the time when almighty God aroused the souls with *"Am I not?"* she has been in search of the straight path, says Shah. Only a few among millions experience the valley of oneness. Many are swept away by the delusion of the river. 66

"I burn, I am grilled, I am roasted, I writhe, I yearn. My body's thirst for my beloved is not sated by drinking. If I were to swallow a whole ocean, it would not make a single mouthful." 67

The night is dark, her pot is unbaked, it is the twenty-ninth night of the lunar cycle. There is no trace of the moon, the river is in spate. Suhini has come for Sahar at midnight. This is divinely ordained; why else would anyone enter the whirlpools? 68

The night is dark, her pot is unfired, she has no float with her. For the sake of her beloved she dives in without delay. Love makes the Indus seem like a bare plain. 69

٧٠
اورارِ نه پَرارِ، ويچارِي وَهَ وِچَ ۾
سُڪِي ڏَنِيءَ سُپِرِين، ٻِيو مِڙوئِي تارِ
تُون گِهڙُ ڪِيمَ نِهارِ، ٻُڏندَنِ سين ٻاجُهون ڪري

٧١
هِنَ پارِ نه هُنَّ، ويچارِي وَهَ وِچَ ۾
نِيچُ نِهاري نه گِهڙِي، تنهن ۾ پيس تُنَّ
اَللهُ ساڻُ اَمُنَّ، آران ڪنهن اُڪارِئين

٧٢
سَهسين سائِرَ گَجَنِّ، توءِ سَهَجَ نه مَنِي شُهِڻِي
ته ڪي نِينهَن ڇِجَنِّ، پَرِتَّهِين پِريُنِ جي

٧٣
سُپيريان جي تُرَهي، ٻُڏِي هَٿُ مَ لاءِ
صُباحَ تو چَوَنداءِ، اَسان تو اُڪارِيو

٧٤
سُپيريان جي تُرَهي، ٻُڏِين، توءِ مَ لَڳُ
جي پانئِين پِرِينءَ مِڙان، ته پُور اُبتي وَڳُ
پاءِ تيڏاهِين پَڳُ، ناهِ جيڏاهِين نِجُهرو

٧٥
سُڪِيءَ ٻُڏَنِ جي، ساهَڙُ ساڻِي تن جو
لَهرنِ سِرِ لَطِيفُ چئِي، ڪُلهنِ چاڙهيو ني
جي ٻُڃَنِ پَندُ پَري، تِن اُماڻِي اورهُون

It was not on this bank or on that one, but in the middle of the river that the poor girl swam. Her beloved is on dry land by the river's edge, all the rest is deep water. Plunge in, do not look around you; he shows his mercies to those who drown. 70

It was not on this bank or on that one, but in the middle of the river that the poor girl swam. She plunges in without looking at the pot, which got a hole in it. Oh God, bring her to safety from the raging river. 71

Thousands of oceans roar, but still Suhini's constancy is unshaken. Is that how true love is broken? 72

Do not set your hand on the beloved's raft as you drown. In the morning he will say to you: "We delivered you across." 73

Even if you are drowning, do not touch the beloved's raft. If you think you will reach the beloved, then go with the current against you. Step in the direction where there is no safety hut. 74

Sahar is the savior of those who drown on dry land. He puts them on his shoulders, says Latif, and takes them through the waves. He delivers those who embark on lengthy quests as if the beloved were near. 75

٧٦

سُڪِيءَ جي سانباهَ ۾، ٻُڏِين، توءِ ٻُڏُ
ڪَکَ ڪانڊيرا ڪانئُون، ميڙِي، ٻَڌُ مَہ مَڏُ
نڪو ساهَڙُ سَڏُ، نڪا سُڄي سُهڻِي

٧٧

جي تو بيتَ ٻانيا، سي آيتُون آهِينِ
نِيو مَنُ لائِينِ، پِرِيان سَندي پارَ ڏي

٧٨

بوڙِئين چاڙِهئين ڦُون ڏَٿِي، ٻِئي جو دعوىٰ رَسي نه دَمُ
هِن مُنهِنجي حالَ جو، ميهَرَ تِي مَعْلَمُ
رَکُ ٻيلي جو ٻَرَمُ، جو اَچِي پِيو اَجهور ۾

٧٩

ڪانڊِي ڪَنگَ ٽِياسِ، وَهَڻُ جَنازو سُهڻِي
ٻَگها جي ٻيڻَنِ جا، ڪُلها تن ڏِناسِ
اَکئين مَلَڪَ ڏِناسِ، توءِ مَنَ ڪاڍو ميهارَ ڏي

٨٠

اُيو تَرِ ميهارُ، مَلاحنِ سَڏَ ڪري
آءٌ پِڻُ وِجهان هَٿَڙا، اَئِين پِڻُ وِجهو ڄارُ
گهوريُون ڪارُونيارُ، مانَ مِلَنِئُون سُپِرِين

٨١

ڪَنڌِي جَهليو ڪانهَن، عاشِقُ اُيو آهُون ڪري
تو ڪِيئَن بوڙِي سُهڻِي، ٻيلِي مُنهِنجِي بانهَن
دَرِياهَ تو تِي دانهَن، ڏِيندُسِ ڏِينهَن قِيامَ جي

If you drown in preparation for dry land, then go ahead and drown. Do not gather straw and thorn and sticks to make a raft. Otherwise there will be no call from Sahar, nor will Suhini be heard. 76

What you consider to be poems are divine verses.[14] They direct the mind toward the beloved. 77

Lord, it is you who drowns and you who saves, no one else has any power or claim. My condition is known to Mehar. Save the honor of this pot that is entering the whirlpool. 78

The herons are her pallbearers and the current is her bier. The cranes that live on the eyots offer their shoulders to carry her. When the recording angels[15] looked at her, her desire was fixed on Mehar. 79

Standing at the landing place, Mehar calls out to the boatmen: "I will lend a hand, if you will cast your nets. If we trawl the depths, we may find my beloved." 80

Seizing the reeds on the riverbank, the lover stands and sighs: "My friend, why did you drown my beloved Suhini? Oh river, I shall complain against you on the day of resurrection." 81

٨٢

جِتي ٻيرَ ٻِرَنِ، ٻُريوُن ٻَون ٻَواريوُن
تانگھ نه لَڏِي تارُئين، مَٻُ نه مانِيَڙَنِ
ڪَنڌِيءَ اُڀا ڪيتِرا، سِيٽاهِيا سَنڪَنِ
تُون ڪِيئن تن تَڙَنِ، اَچيو اَسارِي گِھڙِين

٨٣

سانيارا سَڏَ ڪيو، اُڀا چَوَنِمِ آءُ
هِڪ تِڪو ئِي تارِ وَهي، ٻِيو لُڙُ لَهريُون ۾ واءُ
ساٿِي جن اَللهُ، ٻُجهان سي نه ٻُڏنڌِيُون

٨٤

هارِي حَقُّ رَکيجِ، سانيارا ساهَڙَ جو
خوابَ خيالَ خَطرا، تن کي تَرڪُ ڏِئيجِ
اَندَرُ آئِينو ڪري، پَرِ ۾ سو پَسيجِ
اِنهِيءَ راهَ رَميجِ، ته مُشاهِدو مائِٽين

٨٥

سانيارا سيئِي، تَنُ جنِين جو طالِبُو
مَنُ پِريان نيئِي، پڳهِيو پاڻ ڳري

٨٦

ٻُڏَندي ٻُوڙَنِ کي، ڪي هاتِڪَ هَٿَ وِجَهنِ
پَسو لَجَ لَطِيفُ چَگِي، ڪيڏِي کي ڪَگَنِ
توٽِي ڪَنڌِيءَ ڪَنِ، ناتَ ساٿِن وِجن سِيرَ ۾

Where the eddies whirl, where the whirlpools churn, swimmers did not find their rope, sailors did not plumb the depth. Many who do have floats stand trembling on the bank. How did you come to the place to plunge in from, you foolish girl? 82

Standing on the far bank, he calls to me, saying: "Come!" Not only is the deep water flowing fast, but also the waves are turbulent and the wind is blowing. I realize that those who have God as their helper will not drown. 83

Foolish girl, recognize Sahar on the far bank. Get rid of fantasy, fancy, and fear. Make your heart a mirror, and behold him in your heart. Proceed along this path, to enjoy the experience of seeing him. 84

The one for whom I search stands on the far bank. My beloved has taken my heart, roping it to himself. 85

Those who are drowning cleverly grasp the bushes. See how well the reeds behave, says Latif. Either they take those who grasp them to the bank or they go with them in the current. 86

ڪَڇِي ڪانِي ڪانهَن، ٻُڌا ڪَڍِي بارِ مان ٨٧
يا لَنگهائي لَطِيفُ چئي، يا ڏُريان ڪري دانهَن
ڪَما حَقَهُ ڪَڳنِ ڄِي، آهي ڳاله اَڳانهَ
جيڪِي ڏي ٻُڏَنِ کي ٻانهَن، ناتَ ساڻِن وڃن سِيرَ ۾

آهِئين هُتِ اُماڻَ، ٻَڌُ ٿُرَهو تارِ جو ٨٨
لَهرِيُون لُڙَ لَطِيفُ چئي، جَهليا جُنگَ جُواڻَ
اُونهي تَڙِ آڳهِتِيا، آڏي پائي آڻَ
جي پِيا مُنهن مهراڻَ، تن ٻانڌِيُنِ ٻيٽُ نه اُجَهي

ڪَڇي ساڻُ ڪَهي، پَڪو پُڇي نه سُهِڻي ٨٩
لَنگهيو لُڙُ لَطِيفُ چئي، وَڃارَنِ وَهي
سا ڪِئَن نِينهَن نهَي، جنهنکي نِينهَن نَڏو ڪِٽي

ڪڍيا جي ڪُلالَ، سي پَسِي خالَ خُوشِ ٿِئي ٩٠
پاڻِيءَ چِتَ پُسائِيا، ڏاءَ نه جَهلي ڏَمالَ
سپَڪَ پانيا سُهِڻيءَ، جوبَنَ جي جَمالَ
آڪي جا اَحوالَ، مَعْلُمُ ٿِيا مهراڻَ ۾

The tender blades of the reed take those who are drowning out of the deep water. Either they take them across, says Latif, or they lament them from the start. Reeds are deservedly well known for saving people. Either they give support to those who are drowning or they go with them in the current. 87

You must depart to the other side; construct your raft for the deep water. These turbulent waves have held back the bravest of heroes, says Latif. They have been stopped in the middle of the river. But those who have experienced the Indus refuse to rest on its islands. 88

She goes with an unbaked pot and she does not ask for one that has been fired. She crosses the turbulent water, says Latif, and goes to her herdsman. How can she overcome the love by which she is herself overcome? 89

Suhini was happy when she saw the designs drawn by the potter. The water washed away the pattern and the glaze could not withstand the impact. In her thoughtless youthful pride, Suhini thought it was fully fired. In the Indus she came to know that it was unbaked. 90

٩١
ڪَچو تان ڪوهُ، پَڪو نَظَرُ پِرِيَنِ جو
ساهَڙُ مُنهِنجو سُپِرِين، ڏَمَ ڏِئيئِي ڏوهُ
جي ڇَنو جي ڇوهُ، ته پُورِيندِيَسِ پارِ مَٽِي

٩٢
ڪَچي ڪَتُ نه جَهليو، ٻيلو پِيو ٻُرِي
سارَ ڇَڏيائِين سِيرَ ۾، ٻانهُنِ ڪان ٻُرِي
لَٽِي لَهريُون ويئِيُون، چؤڏارِي چُرِي
هِنئَڙي مَنجه هُرِي، ماهِيَتَ مَلَڪَ الْمَوتَ جي

٩٣
ٻيلي ٻُلائِي، پَسِي ڇِتَ ڇَرِي ٿِئِي
ٻِرَ ٻِرَ ٻُڏِي سُهڻِي، وِيڙُنِ ۾ وائِي
ڪَچي ڪيرائِي، لال لَهرنِ وِچَ ۾

٩٤
پَڪو ڳَٿِجِ پاڻَ سين، ڇَڳو ڇِنائي
ڪَچو ڏيجِ ڪُلالَ کي، مُنهن تي موٽائي
سو سُڻُ هِنئين سين سُهڻِي، جيڪي فائِقُ فَرمائي
مؤجُون مُنجهائي، مارِينِئِي مَهرانَ جون

٩٥
پِڙُ ٻَلِيرا سُپِرِين، ٻَلا ۾ بيراهَ
تو رِءَ تارِي ناهِ ڪا، والِي تو رِءَ واهَ
ساهَڙَ جي صَلاحَ، تَنَ کي ڪَڍِي تارِ مان

"So what if it is unfired? The favor of my beloved is firm. Sahar is my beloved, it is wrong for me to look at Dam. Whether squalls or strong winds blow, I will go on to the far bank." 91

The unfired pot was quite unable to withstand the river and it crumbled into pieces. She lost her strength in the stream, her arms became exhausted. Pouring in from all sides, the waves buried her. Her heart was filled with the reality of the angel of death. 92

The pot deceived her, its designs drove her mad. "Alas, alas, Suhini is drowning," the waves lamented. The unfired pot killed the lovely girl in the waves. 93

Take with you a fired pot with fine designs. Return the unfired pot straight to the potter. Suhini, hear in your heart what the lord commands. Or else the waves of the Indus will deceive and destroy you. 94

"I am lost, my kind beloved, come back to me. Except for you, lord, I have no aid or support. It is up to Sahar if he gets people out of the deep river." 95

٩٦
تَنَ کي ڪَڍي تارِ مان، صُلحُ ساهَڙَ جو
اُتِ آڏو اَچي ڪِين ڪِي، ٻيلِيپَو ٻِئِي جو
ميهَرَ ڪَچ مُنهنجو، ڪو اوڳُرُ ڳَنهِين آرَ تان

٩٧
جَرِ ٿَرِ تِکَ تَنوارَ، وَڻ ٽِڻ وائِي هيڪڙِي
سيئِي شَئِ ٿِيا، سُورِئَ سَزاوارَ
هَمَهَ مَنصُورَ هَزارَ، ڳَهڙا چاڙهيو چاڙهئين

٩٨
سَيَتِ ٻَچار پِرِئُنِ جِي، سَيَتِ هوت حُضُورُ
مُلڪُ مِڙيو مَنصُورُ، ڪُهِي ڪُهَندين ڪيترا

٩٩
لَهرنِ لَکَ لِباسَ، پاڻِي پَسَڻُ هيڪِڙو
اُونهي تَنهِن عَمِيقَ جِي، واري ڇَڏِ وِماسَ
جِتِ ناهِ نِهايتَ نِينهَن جِي، کوءِ اُتِ پَنهنجِي کاسَ
تَرَنِ جِي تَلاسَ، لاهِ ته لاڻَنَ لَڳِ ٿِئين

١٠٠
وَجان ڪِينَ وَرِي، هُوندَ رِءَ ڇَئِي رَهِي رَهان
ڏُونهِينءَ پاسي دوسَ جي، ماڳُهِين ڀَئان مَرِي
صُورَتَ نه سُنهن ڪا، ڪَيسِ چِتَ چَرِي
وِصالانِ فِراقَ جِي، سُجي ڳاله ڳرِي
تيلاهِين تَرِي، مُنهن ڳِنِيو موڻيو وجان

١٠١
جي قِيامَ مِڙَنِ، ته ڪَرَ اوڏا سُپِرِين
تِهان ٻَري سُجَنِ، واڏائيون وِصالَ جُون

It is Sahar's favor that will get them out of the deep river. We will find support from no one else there. Mehar, grant me an escape from the torrent. 96

A single loud cry[16] is heard in the water and on dry land, and in the forests and plains. All things deserve the gallows. They all make thousands of Mansurs; which ones will you hang? 97

Thoughts of the beloved are everywhere, and Punhun is present everywhere. The whole land is Mansur; how many of him will you slaughter? 98

The waves have thousands of forms, although water is the same to look at. Abandon the idea of fathoming the deep. Where love has no limit, destroy your desire. If you stop searching for landing places, you will get near to the beloved. 99

If I do not return home and perhaps spend time with him without him telling me to, I shall surely die beside my beloved's bonfire. It is not his form or his beauty that has driven me crazy. It is said that separation outweighs being together. That is why I turn around and swim back. 100

If my beloved comes to me on the day of resurrection, that is quite near. The glad news of being together sounds more distant than that. 101

١٠٢
آئُون ڪِ نه ڄاڻان اِيئن، ته جَرَ ڳِهڙي جوکو ٿئي
قَضا جا ڪَرِيمَ ڄِي، تَنهن کان ڪَنڌُ ڪَڍِبو ڪِيئن
هِڪُ لِکِئي ٻِئي نِينهَن، آئي اولِيَسِ اول ۾

١٠٣
نه ڪاتِيءَ نه ڪانهَن، نڪو ڏوهُ قَلَمَ جو
اَنگُ اُتيئِي لِکيو، جِتِ نه رَسي ٻانهَن
ڪَنهِنکي ڏِيان دانهَن، قَضا قَلَمُ وَهائِيو

١٠٤
نَڪو سَنڌو سُورَ جو، نَڪو سَنڌو سِڪَ
عَدَدُ ناهِ عِشقَ، پُڄاڻِي پاڻَ لَهي

١٠٥
سِڪَ ٽُنهِنجِي سُپرِين، اَندر ٻِي اَجَهلَ
ٻَرڪِيو ٻاهر نِڪري، ڳُوري ڪانئِي ڳَلَ
رِءَ سِيراهِيءَ سَل، مُونکي ڏِنا سَڄَڻين

١٠٦
ڪِي تران ڪِي تارِ مُون، ڪِي سَگَهان ڪِي سَگُهه
آڏو ڏيجِ مَ لَگُ، مُون هيڪلِيءَ، وَلَها

١٠٧
ڏِئي ڏِينهَن ٻِيامَ، ڪوهُ ڄاڻان ڪهڙا پِرِين
سَهسين سِجَ اُلَهِي، واجهائِيندي وِيامِ
تنِين سالَ ٻِيامَ، جنِين ساعَتَ نه سَهان

How could I have known the danger of plunging into the water? How can anyone avoid the destiny decreed by God? Fate and love combined to thrust me into the waves. 102

It is not the reed or the pen that is to blame. Fate was written where no arm can reach. To whom should I complain when destiny moved the pen? 103

There is no limit to suffering, there is no limit to love. Love cannot be calculated, it knows its own limit. 104

The love I bear for you within me, my darling, cannot be grasped. My skin is burned in the oven of love and is set on fire. My beloved has pierced a hole in my heart without an awl. 105

Either let me swim myself or deliver me across. Either let me try myself or make an effort for me. Do not place a barrier in my way, oh my husband, for I am alone. 106

Many days have passed since I saw him; how can I know who he is? Many suns have set while I longed for him. Years have passed without him, away from whom I cannot stand a single moment. 107

١٠٨

ساهَڙَ ڏاران سُهڻي، نِسورِي ناپاڪَ
نَجاسَتَ ناهِ ڪري، اُنِين جِي اوطاقَ
هُوءِ جي ڪِيرَ پِياڪَ، پاسي تنِين پاڪَ ٿِئي

١٠٩

ساهَڙَ ڏاران سُهڻي، هِيءَ تان جُنبِي جوءِ
هِنَ پاڻِيءَ سين پانهنجو، مُورِ نه مَٽو ڌوءِ
جي پِرِينءَ پاسي هوءِ، ته ڪَر توڏِيءَ تَڙُ ڪيو

١١٠

ساهَڙَ ڏاران سُهڻي، هِي تان جُهڪِي زالَ
توڏِيءَ تَپُ شرُوع ٿِيو، هَئِ هِيڻِيءَ جي حالَ
جَڏِيءَ رِءَ جَمالَ، اَگِهي ٿِي آهُون ڪري

١١١

ساهَڙَ ڏاران سُهڻي، آهي مِ آزارَ
ڏَمَ پاسي مِ ڏُکندو، صِحَتَ وَٺِ سَنگهارَ
توڏِيءَ سَندي تَنَ جِي، دَوا مِ دِيدارَ
جي پَسي مُنهن ميهارَ، ته سِگهيائِي سَگِهي ٿئي

١١٢

ڏِيهائِي ڏَمَرُ ڪري، مَٽي مُحَبَتَ مُون
تنهِن کي اَچِي تُون، پِرِيَمِ ڪوهُ نه پَلِئِين

١١٣

جان جان هُئِي جِئَرِي، وِرِچِي نه وينِي
وچِي يُون پينِي، سِڪَندِي کي سَجَڻين

Away from Sahar, Suhini is utterly impure. In the place where he lives, her impurity is destroyed. She becomes pure when she is beside the milk drinker.[17] 108

Away from Sahar, Suhini is unclean. She never washes her face with this water. If she was with her beloved, Suhini would bathe herself. 109

Away from Sahar, Suhini is feeble. She has developed a fever; alas for the wretched woman's state. Weak and without beauty, she is sick and heaves bitter sighs. 110

Away from Sahar, Suhini is in pain. She is sick when with Dam, but healthy with the herdsman. The medicine for Suhini's body is to see him. If she sees Mehar's face, she immediately becomes well. 111

Love rages at me every day. Beloved, why do you not come and restrain it? 112

So long as she was alive, she was ill and never rested for a moment. She entered the earth, yearning for her beloved. 113

١١٤
جان جان هُئِي جِئَرِي، ويئِي نه ويساندِ
لُڙهِي لَهرِن پاندِ، مُيائِي ميهارَ ڏي

١١٥
وَرُ اُونداهِي راتَڙِي، كوءِ چانڊُوڻِيءَ چندان
اوري ميهاران، مُنهن مَ پَسان كو بيو

١١٦
سائِر بوڙِي سُهڻِي، نه ڊوري نه ڊنِدِ
اَكين مَنجهه اُڪَنڊَ، مُيائِي ميهار ڏي

١١٧
سانوڻَ لَهرِيُون، ٿَرَ وارِي، تِرَ وارَ
اِنهان نِي اَپارَ، مُون سين پَلي پالَ ڪيا

١١٨
وائي
ڪهڙِي مَنجهه حِساب، هُئِڻُ مُنهِنجو هوتَ ري لا
ڳولِي پَجُ ڳُناهَ كان، ڪونهي سُولُ ثَوابَ
نڪي تَفاوَتَ مِ، نڪِي مَنجِهه رَبابَ
خُدِيائِي خُوبُ تِئين، لائِين جي لُعابَ
پَلِيتُ نِي پاڪُ ٿِئي، جُنبِيو مَنجِهه جِنابَ
سو نه ڪنهن شَيءِ مِ، جيڪِي مَنجِهه تُرابَ
هُوءِ جي جَرڪِيا جَرَ تي، سي تان سَڀ حُبابَ
هادِيءَ سين هُنَ پارَ ڏي، رِڙهِين ساڻُ رِڪابَ
ڇَنبو وِجهي چورَ ڪي، آءُ جَڙَ عُقابَ

So long as she was alive, she never sat at ease. After she was dead, she was enfolded by the waves and taken to Mehar. 114

Blessed is the dark night, accursed is the moonlight. May I not see anyone else between me and Mehar. 115

It was not the river, or a pond, or a lake, that drowned Suhini. Even after death, she went to Mehar with longing in her eyes. 116

Far more abundant than the rains of Savan or the grains of sand in the desert are the countless favors he has shown me. 117

Without my beloved, of what account am I?[18] 118V
Oh slave, flee from sin, not that there is profit in virtue.
There is nothing in piety, nothing in the rebab.[19]
You will become good in yourself, if you get rid of impurity.
Even the impure become pure, if they are attached to the divine court.
What the dust contains you will not find in anything else.[20]
The sparkles on the water are all only bubbles.
On your way toward the other side, humbly cling to the guide's stirrup.
Swift eagle, use your talons to catch the thief.[21]

دِيدُ وِڃاءِ مَـ دوسَتَ جو، هَلِي مَنجِهه حِجابَ
ڪَسرَتَ آهي قُربَ ۾، اِدْغامَ ۾ اِعْرابَ
فَنا وجِهي فَمَـ ۾، ڪارَڻِ ٿِيُ ڪَبابَ
ڏي طَهُورا تن کي، جي سِڪَنِ لاءِ شَرابَ
مُنِيءَ ڪيا مرضَ ۾، جاوا سَبِ جَوابَ

By going along in a veil, do not lose sight of the
beloved.
The self is subdued in union, like the inflectional
vowels in assimilation.[22]
For the beloved's sake let yourself be roasted,
swallowing annihilation.
Give the nectar of paradise to those who yearn for
wine.
These are all the responses of one who is destroyed
by love.

٨ سُر سسئي آبري

١

جي سِجهائِي سڳَ، ته پِڻُ سِڪي سَسُئِي
پِيتائِين پُنهونءَ کي، هڏِ نه ڀَڳِيَسِ هڳَ
اِن تَڙَ منجهان تِڳَ، ڏِني پاڻَ اُجَ ٽئَي

٢

پَسِي جهاجهه جَمال جِي، جنِين پِيتِي پِڳَ
اَڀِرِ اَڳانجهو ٿيو، سُورُ اُنِين کي سِڳَ
هڏِ نه ڀَڳِيَنِ هڳَ، سَدا سائِرَ سِيرَ ۾

٣

مُحَبَّتَ جن جي مَنَ ۾، تن تِشْنَگِي تارِ
پِي پِيالو اُجَ جو، اُجَ سي اُجَ اُتِيارِ
پُنهون پاڻَ پِيارِ، ته اُجَ سِين اُجَ اُجهائِيان

٤

مَحَبَّتَ سَندو مَنَ ۾، پُرُ پِيالو جن
پِيَنَ پَرَچاءُ ناهِ ڪو، ڪنهن جنهن ڏاهِ ڏَيَن
تنهن نِهايَتِ ناهِ ڪا، جنهن سُجا سُجَ وِجن
تيلان اُجَ مَرَنِ، سَدا سائِرَ سِيرَ ۾

٥

سَدا سائِرَ سِيرَ ۾، اَندرِ لَهي نه اُجَ
پَسَڻُ جو پِرينءَ جو، سا سَيائِي سُجَ
تيلان مَرَنِ اُجَ، سَدا سائِرَ سِيرَ ۾

8 *Sasui Abiri*

Though love has consumed her, Sasui is still filled with love. The love she drank with Punhun is quite unbroken. Drinking from this spring itself increases her thirst. 1

Those who have drunk a drop from the ocean of his beauty are filled with boundless and unfathomed longing. Their desire is quite unaffected, although they are always in the deep water. 2

Those who bear love in their hearts are filled with profound thirst. Drink the cup of love, and arouse a greater thirst. Punhun, give me a drink, and quench my thirst with yet more thirst. 3

Those whose hearts are filled with love burn with a strange fire that brings them no joy. They wander in the wilderness, but their journey has no end. They die of thirst, though they are always in the deep water. 4

They are always in the deep water, but their inner thirst is not relieved. The sight of the beloved entails journeying through the wilderness. They die of thirst, though they are always in the deep water. 5

٦

ساجَنَ ڪارَڻِ سُجَ، مَرُ قَبُولي سَسُئِيِ
اَندَرُ جنِين اُجَ، پاڻِي اُجِيو اُنَ کي

٧

پاڻِيءَ مَتّي جهوپڙا، مُورکَ اُجَ مَرَنِ
ساهان اوڏو سُپَرِين، لوچي تان نه لَهنِ
دَمُ نه سُجاڻَنِ، دانهون ڪن مُنَنِ جئن

٨

سَسُئِيءَ ڪِينَ سَمجهيو، اوري آريءَ ساڻُ
ڪري پيڪ پُنهونءَ سين، پاڏارِيائِين پاڻُ
جَتِ وِڃايو جاڻُ، بانيَڻِ بَروچَنِ سين

٩

لَڳي ڪوسو واءُ، لوڪ مِڙوئِي لَهسِيو
اُيَنِ مَنجهان آيو، هيءِ هيءِ جو هڳاءُ
طُيورَنِ تَنوارِيو، پُنهونءَ پُڄاڻاءُ
رَسِيو سُورُ شَبانَ کي، وُحُوشَنِ وَڻاءُ
مِرُوئَنِ موتُ قَبُولِيو، اَپَرِ اَفسوساءُ
بَرَ پِٽُ ڪن بُڪاءُ، اُڪَندِيا آرِيءَ لَءِ گهڻو

١٠

مَهندِ مُحتاجِي ڪَري، پُٺِيءَ پيرُڳَٺيجِ
ڪُبيلِياڻِي ڪيچَ ڏي، حُجَ مَ هلائيجِ
پاڻا ڏارَ پرِيتَٽو، سَسُئِي ساڻُ ڳَڻيجِ
اوڏِي عَزازِيلَ کي، ويجهي تان مَ وَڃيجِ
نا اُميدِي نيجِ، ته اوڏِي ٿِئين اُميدَ کي

It is good that Sasui has accepted the wilderness for the sake of her beloved. Water itself is thirsty for those who thirst within.[1] 6

Their huts are beside the water, but the fools die of thirst. The beloved is closer than their breath, but they do not find the one they desire. They do not recognize their breath, but utter sad cries like travelers who are lost. 7

When she was near Punhun, Sasui did not understand. When she was close to Punhun, her true identity was revealed. The Brahman girl[2] lost her false sense of self among the Baloch.[3] 8

A hot wind blew and everyone was scorched. From the skies came the sweet scent of "Ah, ah!" The birds cried after the departure of Punhun. The pain reached the shepherd when he saw the state of the animals. In their great grief the beasts accepted death. The desert itself cried out in longing for Punhun. 9

Be led by helplessness, and follow in its footsteps. Friendless one, do not send reproaches to Kech. Put self aside, Sasui, and take love with you. Do not go near Azazil.[4] Take despair with you, then you may come near to hope. 10

١١
ويهُ مَ مُندَّ ٻَنيورَ ۾، هاڙهي هڏِ مَ هلُ
ڪُوڙِي ڪَجِ مَ ڪڏهين، سَچِي ڳاله مَ سَلُ
جانِبَ لءِ مَ جَلُ، سُورَ وِسارِ مَ سَسُئِي

١٢
سُڪين ٿِيُ مَ سَنڙِي، ڀَسِي ڏُکَ مَ ڏَرُ
ڀَٽِي ڪَرِ مَ پانهنجو، گهورِي اَڏِ مَ گهرُ
مارِي هڏِ مَ مَرُ، مَڃُڻِ جِيُ جِيارِئين

١٣
ڀَسِي ڏُونگَرَ، ڏاهِ جِمَ هلَڻَ ۾ هيٺِي وَهين
لانچِي لَکَ لَطِيفُ چئِي، ٻُنِيءَ ڪيچِيُنِ ڪاهه
پُڄِي پُورج سَسُئِي، بَلوچاڻِي باهه
اِنَ وَڙائِتي وَرَ جِي، آسَرَ هڏِ مَ لاهِ
جو اَڪِتَئُون اوڏو آهه، سو پِرين پَراهون مَ چئو

١٤
هتان ڳَٽِي هتِ، جن رَڪِيو سي رَسِيُون
ساجَنُ سُونهن سُرتِ، وِڪان ٿِي ويجهو گهٽو

١٥
جيڪُسِ يادِ ڪَياسِ، وَرُ وِڇِي وَٽِڪارِ ۾
جَلِدُ جَرِيدي پَندَّ ۾، اَدِيُون اَڄُ ٿِياسِ
وَڇِي ڪيچِ ٻُنِياسِ، باروچاڻِي باجهه سين

Do not sit in Bhambhor, oh girl, but do not go to the Harho.[5] Never tell a lie, but do not reveal the truth. Do not suffer for the beloved, but do not forget the pain, Sasui. 11

Do not be glad in happiness, or fear when you see sorrow. Do not destroy your house, oh girl, or have it fixed. You are destroyed, but do not die in case you bring yourself to life. 12

Oh slave girl, do not slow down when you see the rocks. Gird your loins, says Latif, and hurry after the Kechis.[6] Go forward, Sasui, in awareness of the love inspired by the Baloch. Never abandon your hopes of that gracious lord. The beloved is nearer to you than your eyes; do not call him distant. 13

Those who turned their attention from this world to the next reached their goal. The beloved who possesses perfect beauty and understanding is less than a step away. 14

As my beloved went, perhaps he remembered me in the Vankar.[7] Sisters, today I have set out on my journey quickly and alone, so as to reach Kech by the favor of the Baloch. 15

١٦
واقُفُ نه وَتِڪارَ جِي، پاڙِي گَنيُمِ نه پاءُ
جَبَلُ جَلدائِون ڪري، تِڪَ ڏيکاري تاءُ
لَڳِي لُڪَ لَطِيفُ چئِي، معذُورِنِ مَٿاءُ
اُتي اوڏو آءُ، جِتِ هوتَ هيڪِلِي آهيان

١٧
وَڏا وَڻَ وَتِڪارِ جا، جِتِ نانگَ شجَنِ نِيلا
اُتي عَبْدُاللَطِيفُ چئِي، ڪيا هيڪِلِيُنِ حِيلا
جِتِ ڪُڙِمَ نه قَبِيلا، اُتِ رَسجِ رَهبَرَ راهَ ۾

١٨
ويچارِيءَ وَتِڪارُ، اَڳُ نه ڏِٺو ڪڏهين
مَهرَ نه هئِي ماڙُهين، هو سَڀُ هندُوڪارُ
جَٺُ ڪيائِين يارُ، شورَنِ ڪارَڻِ سَرَتِيُون

١٩
پُنهونءَ چڏيو پوءِ، جانِبُ جَبَلُ ڳولئين
تيلاهين تَنگُون ڪَرئين، جيلانهين تون جوءِ
ساجَنُ شجَ نِهارِئين، ڏُکِي ڏوهُ ڪيوءِ
هاڙهي هوتُ نه هوءِ، وري پُڄُ وينِئُنِ کي

٢٠
ورِي پُڄُ وينِئُن کي، سَندا پُنهونءَ پارَ
ساجَنَ سَڀُ جَمارَ، ڏُکِي ڏورِجِ ڏِيلَ ۾

I did not know the Vankar and did not bring any water with me. The mountain is cruel and very hot. The hot wind blows on the helpless ones, says Latif. I am alone, my beloved, draw near to me. 16

The trees of the Vankar are tall, where dark blue snakes can be seen. There, says Abdul Latif, those who are left on their own must make great efforts. Oh guide, come to the path of those who have no family or tribe. 17

The poor girl had never seen the Vankar before. The people there had no kindness; all was darkness. Oh my girlfriends, she fell in love with the camel man for the sake of suffering. 18

You have left Punhun behind, but you search for your beloved in the mountains. You suffer hardships now that you are his wife. You have done wrong, poor woman, in looking for him in the wilderness. Your Hôt is not in the Harho; go back and ask those who sit there. Go back and ask them where Punhun is. Spend your whole life, poor woman, searching for him within yourself. 19

The man of the hills[8] is not where you thought, you foolish girl. Do not travel to the hills, the Vankar is inside you. Have nothing to do with strangers, but ask yourself where the beloved is. 20

٢١

ڪونهي اُتِ ڪوهيارُ، جِتِ تو ڀورِي ڀانئِيو
ٻَنڌُ مَ ڪَرِ ٻَهارَ ڏي، وُجُودُ ئِي وَٽِڪارُ
ڏارِيا ڀانئجِ ڏارَ، ڀُڄُ ڀِريان ڪَرَ پاڻُ تون

٢٢

سَپيئِي ساري سَسُئِي، گهرَ ڪُنڊُون تون گهورِ
وِڃِي ڏُورِ مَ ڏورِ، درا مَنجه دوسِتُ ٿيو

٢٣

سوئِي گٽيو ساڻُ، سوئِي ڏورِئِين، سَسُئِي
ڳَنڍهن ڳَنهين نه ڪيو، جُلَڻَ مَنجهان جاڻُ
ڀُڄُ ڀِريان ڪَرَ پاڻُ، ته تون تِئائِين لَهِين

٢٤

جو تُون ڏورِئِين ڏُورِ، سو سَدا آهي ساڻُ تو
لالَنَ لَءِ، لَطِيفُ چئي، مَنجهي ٿِي مَعذُورِ
منجهان ٻَنئُن ٻَرُوڙِ، تو مَنجه آهسِ تَڪِيو

٢٥

وَڃِين چو وَٽِڪارِ، هتِ نه ڳولئِين هوتَ ڪي
لِڪو ڪِينَ لَطِيفُ چئي، ٻاروچو ٻِئي پار
ٿِيءُ سَتِي ٻَڌُ سَندِرو، پِرتِ پُنهونءَ سين پارِ
نانئَي نينَ نِهارِ، تو ۾ ديرو دوستَ جو

٢٦

هلُ هنئين سين هوتَ ڏي، پيرين ڪَرِ مَ ٻَنڌُ
رائِي ڀُڄُ مَ رَنڌُ، رِڙهُ رُوحانِي سَسُئِي

Sasui, search all the corners of your house. Do not go far to look, the beloved is inside. 21

He is the one you have taken with you, Sasui, and he is the one whom you seek. Roaming about is not the way to gain awareness of him. Ask yourself about the beloved, so that you may find him there. 22

The one you seek far away is always with you. Oh helpless girl, says Latif, look for the beloved within yourself. Search within for a sign of him, for his resting place is inside you. 23

Why go to the Vankar, why not search for him here? The Baloch is not to be found anywhere else, says Latif. Be strong, gird your loins, and keep faith with Punhun. Look deep within yourself, the beloved's abode is inside you. 24

Go to your Hôt with your heart, do not travel on foot. Do not look for his tracks in the sand of the hills, Sasui, but proceed spiritually. 25

I ask you: "How should I travel to find the Kechis?" "Forget yourself and go into the desert," I say. "You wretched girl, do not stop longing for your beloved." 26

٢٧

ڪَجي پَنڌُ، پُڇان تو، ڪيچِيُنِ ڪارَڻِ ڪِيئَن
بيخود هلجِ ٻَرَ ۾، آئُون تو چَوَان اِيئَن
سِڪَڻ ساجَنَ سِيئَن، مَتان مُنِي ڇَڏِئين

٢٨

مَتان مُنِي ڇَڏِئين، پاٽان پِرِيَتِڻَو
ڳَٽُورِيءَ ڪَٽو، مَرّهي مَرّهجِ مُنهن ۾

٢٩

هيجُ نه هوندو جن، سي ڪِيئَن وِنڌُر وِينڌِيُون
وهو وِچِ رَهنِ، سَهسين سَڌُنِ وارِيُون

٣٠

سَڌائِتِي سَيَڪا، ٻُڪَ نه باسي ڪا
جيهيءَ تيهيءَ ذاتِ جِي، جُنبَشِ ڪانهي ڪا
مون سين هلي سا، جا جِيُّ مِنو نه ڪري

٣١

وَريتيُون وَرو، آئُون نه وَرَندِي وَرَ ري
جاڏي هنَ جَبَلَ جو، تانگهيندِيَسِ تَرو
جَتَنِ ساڻُ ذَرو، نِينهن نِبيرِڻُ نه ٿِئِي

٣٢

وچوسپ وَرِي، اَئِين جي وَرَن وارِيُون
ڦوڙائِي فِراقَ جِي، سُجي ڳاله ڳرِي
ٻُنيان جن ٻَرِي، ڏُونگر سي ڏوُرِينِڊِيُون

Do not let yourself forget your love, you wretched girl. 27
Be as close as twins when they are born.

Do not let yourself forget your love, you wretched girl. 28
Rub it on your face like a piece of musk.

How will girls who lack true passion get to the 29
Vindar?[9] Those who have thousands of different
desires remain stuck halfway.

"Everyone is full of desires, no one puts up with 30
hunger. No ordinary person can move along this
path. Any woman who does not hold her life dear
can travel with me."

Turn back, you married women, I will not return 31
without my husband. I will explore every inch of
this mighty mountain. Nothing can separate me
from my love for the camel man.

Go back, all of you who have husbands. The tale of 32
parting and separation is said to be a grievous one.
It is those who have a fire burning within them
who will cross the mountain.

٣٣

اُجَ ملنديَس ماءِ، ڏاجا ڳنديَسِ ڳپڙا
جِيجان جوڳِياڻِي ٽِيان، مون کي جهلَ مَ پاءِ
هوتَ ٻَروچِي لاءِ، ڳنين ڳُنِرَ پائِيان

٣٤

مُون کي ياڻئِي ياجَ، ڏيرَ ڏُوراڻا هليا
اڳِيان اُتِي اُنِ جي، خُوبُ نه ڀَڳمِ ڪاجَ
مَيڙي آپَ سَرَتِيُون، نَڪِي ڳائِمِ ڳاڄ
سا مُون هٽان نه ٿِي، جيڪا رَسَمَ راجَ
اَيَلِ آءٌ اَڪاجَ، ٻولُ ٻَروچِي وِتَرو

٣٥

ڀِهرِين ٽُون پاريڄِ، پارَڻُ پوءِ پُنهونءَ تيَ
ٻولُ مَ وِساريڄِ، هو جو ڳيُءِ هوتَ سين

٣٦

توسين ٻولَ ٻَهون، سَهسين ساڄَنُ جي ڪري
ڳنڊِينءَ توءِ ڳهون، جي نالو ڳِيَرُءِ نِينهن جو

٣٧

سُٺِي ٻولَ سَندانِ، جِمَ سُمهين سَسُئِي
ڳنڊِينءَ ڪوهُ ڪيٽانِ، جه سي اُنِ اورانگهيا

٣٨

سِجَ اُلَٿِي سَسُئِي، رَتَ وَرَٽو روءِ
ڀَهي نه پانڊِي ڪو، جنهن ڳَرَ پُڇي لوءِ
مُوڙِهي وِڃي توءِ، موڻَ جِي ڪانَ ڪري

Today, mother, I will wash my clothes and color them with ochre. I will become a yogi, mother, do not try to stop me. For the sake of my Hôt Baloch, I will wear large rings in my ears.[10] 33

Did my brothers-in-law go far away, thinking I was some kept woman?[11] I did not get up before them and prepare fine food. Nor did I assemble my companions to sing songs for them. I could not perform the customs of our realm. Mother, I am useless; the Baloch's promise is precious. 34

First you fulfill your promise, then it is up to Punhun to fulfill his. Do not forget the vow you made to the Hôt. 35

The beloved made you thousands of promises, Sasui, but still you will have to press on in order to be true to the name of love. 36

Having heard his promises, Sasui, do not sleep. What can you do to him, if he is untrue to what he said? 37

The sun sets, and Sasui weeps tears of blood. There is no messenger or traveler whom she can ask about his country. Even though she is confused, she does not think of going back. 38

ڇُلان مَنجهمِ نه ڇاڪَ، پُران پَوَنمِ پُرِڪٿا ۳۹
مَتان ڪا مُندَّ ڪَري، مونَّئَ ڇِي مَڙاڪَ
ڇِتُ سَندو مُون ڇاڪَ، هاڙهي هڏِ هٽِي ڪيو

موڻَئَ جا مَذڪُورَ، جان ڪِي ڇِيَسِ جيڏِئين ٤٠
پَرَيتِ پِهرئين پُورَ، نيئِي پهچائِي پُنهونءَ کي

موڻِي مَران مَـ ماءِ، مَوڻَئَ کان اَڳِي مَران ٤١
لُڇِي لالنَ لاءِ، شالَ پَونديَسِ پيرَتِي

يَجِي جان پَنيورَ کان، ڏُونگَرُ ڏُورِيو مُون ٤٢
ڪاهي رَسِيَس ڪيچَ کي، جِتي پاڻَ پُنهون
سَيَتِ آهئين تُون، قَضا ڪَندين ڪِنِ سين

پيهي جان پاڻَ ۾، ڪَيَمِ رُوحَ رِهاڻِ ٤٣
ته نَڪو ڏُونگَرُ ڏيهَ ۾، نَڪا ڪَيچِيُنِ ڪاڻِ
پُنهون ٿِيَسِ پاڻَ، سَسُئِي تان سُورَ هئا

پُنهون ٿِيَس پاڻَهين، ويو سَسُئِيءَ جو شَرَمُ ٤٤
هيڪِليُون هلَنِ جي، يَجي تن يَرَمُ
جو وِندُرِ ۾ وَرَمُ، سو سودو سَرِيَسِ هتَهين

"My feet are blistered, I do not have the strength to walk. Let no woman joke about my going back. My heart has been broken into pieces by the Harho." 39

Her friends talked a lot about going back, but the washergirl[12] planned to get to Punhun on her first attempt. 40

Do not let me die after I have returned, mother, let me die before I turn back. Oh, may I fall on his footprint and writhe in agony for my beloved. 41

When I fled from Bhambhor I searched the hills. I hurried on and reached Kech, where Punhun himself dwells. You are in everything, so who are those whom you condemn?[13] 42

When I entered into myself and talked with my soul, there was no mountain in the land and no desire for the Kechis. I myself became Punhun, while I suffered as Sasui. 43

I myself became Punhun, the veil of Sasui disappeared. The women who set out alone found their good name destroyed. The business they had by the Vindar was accomplished right here. 44

٤٥
ڀُنهون ٽِيَسِ پاڻهين، ويئِي سَسُئِيءَ جي سُونهن
خَلَقَ آدَمَ عَليٰ صُوْرَتِهٖ، اِئن وَٽَنِ مَنجهه وِرُونهَ
ڄَرِي مَنجهان ڄُونهَ، ڳَئِي هوتَ هنجِ ڪيو

٤٦
ويئِي سُونهن سَسُئِيءَ جِي، ڀُنهون ٽِيَس پاڻَ
سَئِنِ جِي سَيَّدُ چئِي، آهي اُتِ اُماڻَ
ٻَنيورَ جا ڀاڻَ، آڏا عَجِيبَنِ کي

٤٧
وَهمَ وِرساياسِ، ناتَ ڀُنهون آئُون پاڻَ هئِي
پاڻُ وِڃائِمِ پانهنجو، ٻَئِي پِريان جي پاسِ
رَتِي عِلِمَ نه راسِ، ڏاران ڀَسَڻَ پِرينءَ جي

٤٨
هيڪَرَ هئڻُ ڇَڏِ، ته اوڏِي ٿِئين عَجِيبَ کي
مَارَاَيْتُ شَيْئاً اِلاَّ وَرَاَيْتُ اللهَ، نيئِي اجها اوڏانهين اَڏ
ته هوتُ توهين کان هڏِ، پِرِين پاسي نه ٿِئي

٤٩
هوتُ تُنهنجي هنجَ ۾، ڀُڇين ڪوهُ ٻَهي
وَ فِي اَنْفُسْڪُمْ اَفَلا تُبْصِرُوْنَ، سُوجهي ڪَرِ سَهي
ڪڏهن ڪانه وَهي، هوتُ ڳولَڻَ هتَ تي

٥٠
هوتُ تُنهنجي هنجَ ۾، ڀُڇين ڪُوهُ ٻَرِياڻُ
وَنَحْنُ اَقْرَبُ اِلَيْهِ مِنْ حَبْلِ الْوَرِيْدِ، تُنهنجو توهين ساڻُ
پنهنجو آهي پاڻُ، آڏو عَجِيبَنِ کي

I myself became Punhun, Sasui's beauty disappeared. 45
He created man in his own image[14] was the talk of the trees. In her desire the mad girl took the Hôt in her embrace.

Sasui's beauty disappeared, she herself became 46
Punhun. Everybody's destination lies there, says Shah. Our connections with Bhambhor[15] block us from the beloved.

I was lost in delusion, otherwise I myself should have 47
become Punhun. I came to the beloved and lost my own identity. Without seeing the beloved, knowledge is not of the least use.

If you once give up your existence, you get near to the 48
beloved. *I saw nothing, all I saw was God.*[16] If you build your hut beside him, the Hôt will never be far from you.

The Hôt is in your embrace, why inquire of travelers? 49
Understand the truth that *He is inside yourselves, do you not see?*[17] No one goes to a shop to look for Punhun.

The Hôt is in your embrace, why do you look for a 50
messenger to tell you about him? *We are closer to him than his jugular vein;*[18] thus your beloved is with you. It is your self that blocks you from him.

٥١

ووڙِيَمِ سَڀ وَٽانَ، يارَ ڪارَڻِ جتَ جي
اَللهُ بِڪُلِّ شَيْءٍ مُحِيطُ، اِي آرِياڻيءَ اُهڃاڻَ
سَڀَ ۾ پُنهون پاڻَ، ڪِينهي ٻيو ٻَروچَ ري

٥٢

جُدائِيءَ جو جامُ، ڏِنائُون ڏُکِيءَ کي
مَنگُلُ مُنهنجي مَنَ ۾، بارِيو هوتَ حَمامُ
اَرکِ ڏِيو آرامُ، ڪاڪُلُ پَسِي ڪانڌَ جو

٥٣

دَردُ نه لَهي دارُوئين، زُلِفَ زورُ ڏِنومِ
ڪاڪُلُ ڪالَ ڏِنومِ، رُخساري ٿي رُوپَ سين

٥٤

ڪاڪُلَ ڪُنِي جا، ڪَفَنُ تنهن ڪِينَ ٿئي
مَنجه شهادَتَ سان، لُڏي ۾ لاڏَ ڪري

٥٥

ڏَکا ڏُونگَرَ جامَ، مَ ڪَرِ مَعذُورِنِ ٿي
توڙِي لَڄَ لَطِيفُ چئي، آهي سَندِي عامَ
مارِ مَ ڇَڙِي مَعذُورِ کي، وَنهيا ڪانڌَ ڪَلامَ
پَرِچِڄِ پِيادِنِ سين، اَللهَ لَڳِ عَلامَ
جا نَوازِي اَهنجي نامَ، سا هوتَ مَ ڇَڏِجِ هيڪِلِي

I searched everywhere for my beloved camel man. *God encompasses everything*[19] is the sign of Punhun. He himself is in everything, there is nothing besides the Baloch. 51

He gave this sad creature the cup of separation. The Hôt lit the blazing furnace of love in my heart. The sight of my beloved's hair has taken away my peace. 52

His hair had a violent effect upon me, the pain is not cured by any medicine. Yesterday I saw his beautiful ringlets on his cheeks. 53

She who is slain by his ringlets hardly needs a shroud. She rejoices in her robe of martyrdom. 54

Oh lord of the mountains, do not overwhelm these helpless creatures. The honor of us all is in your hands, says Latif. Do not say anything, my happy husband, to destroy this helpless creature. Oh you who know everything, for God's sake be content with those who travel on foot. Oh Hôt, do not abandon the one who is wedded to your name. 55

٥٦

پَير پَٽانئِي ڪُنئَرا، ڏُونگَرَ مَٿي ڏي
ڦَٽِيا ڦَٽَ فَقِيرِ جا، سيرُون ٿِيَڙا سي
جهڙي تهڙي حال سين، پُري پُنهونءَ ڏي
وَڃي، مانَ وَري، بانهِيءَ بَندَّنُ جنهن سين

٥٧

وِنڊُرِ جي وَڃَنِ، سي مَرُ ٻَڌَنِ سَندِرا
ٻِيُون ڪوهُ ٻَڌَنِ، چوڙي جي ڇَڏِينديُون

٥٨

ڏيهُ ڏيهان ٻِي ڏُورِ، پَرڏيهان پَري ٿِيا
سيٺَنِ ڪارَڻِ سَسُئِي، پيئِي پَرانهين پُورِ
تُون وَڃِين هوتَ حُضورِ، مُنهنجوجئُ جيلانهِين ٿِئي

٥٩

هيڪانڊِيءَ هوئِي، اُٿِي راتِ رَوان ٿيا
ساهُ سَڳِي ۾ سُورَ جي، پُنهون وِيو پوئِي
رَهُ قَضا دَمُ ڪوئِي، ته هيڪرَ هيڪانڊِي ٿِيان

٦٠

هَڏِ نه ساهُ سُڌِيرُ، دِلِ دَرماندِي دوسَ ري
ٻائِي وِيَڙا پِرتِ جو، زوراوَرَ زَنجِيرُ
جِيُ جُسو جاڳِيرُ، هاٿِي مِلڪَ هوتَ جي

She climbs the mountain with feet softer than silk. The soles of the poor girl's feet are wounded and gashed. Such is the sad state in which she makes her way toward Punhun, saying, "Oh, may he come back, the one to whom this slave girl is bound." 56

Those who would go to the Vindar should gird their loins. Others who intend to give up halfway have no need to start out. 57

His land is far from mine, he is even farther away than distant lands. Sasui has embarked on a long journey to find her beloved. Oh Hôt, you for whom I live have gone to the court of Ari Jam. 58

"We were together, then he got up and went away in the night. Punhun departed after threading my soul with pain. Oh fate, pause a moment so that I may once more be together with him. 59

My soul has no peace at all, my heart is grieved without my beloved. My mighty one has gone, enchaining me with love. My heart and body and all I own are now the property of the Hôt." 60

٦١

عُمرِ سَڀِ عِشقَ سين، پُنهون جي پُڄَڻِ
رِيسَ ريذالِيُون تن سين، ڪُجاڙي ڪي ڪَنِ
مارَڳِ جي مَرَنِ، وڏو طالعُ تن جو

٦٢

ويڻي وَرِ نه پَوَنِ، سُتي مِلَنِ نه سُپِرِين
جي مَٽي رَندَنِ رُئَنِ، ساجَنُ مِلي تن کي

٦٣

رائِي ڪِي رَنجُورَ، تَڪَرَ توءِ ٽاڪِيو چڙهي
لانچي لَڪ لَطِيفُ چئي، هلي ڏانهن حُضُورَ
رَهيا سَڀِ رُجُنِ ۾، سَسُئِيءَ جا سالُورَ
ساجَنُ ميڙيُسِ سُورَ، سُڪَ نه ميڙيُسِ سُپِرِين

٦٤

مَنجهان پَنءُ پَرُوڙِ، سَڀَ مَ پُڇِج سَسُئِي
ويهي وَڏي ڏِڳَ مان، ڏُٽِي وِجهِج ڏُوڙِ
ته تون ماڻِئين مُوڙِ، جي پَندِ اِهائِي پارِئين

٦٥

بَرِيائِي ته بارِ، ڦُوڪِ ته لَڳِي اَنبَرين
هِتي جي هُئَڻَ جُون، وَٺُون سَڀِ وِسارِ
سَمُوري سَرِڪارِ، نيئِي رَکِج ناهِ ۾

٦٦

قَدُ بَڌِي ٿُون ڪِينْ، پَهُچندِينءَ پُنهونءَ سين
جئَن سِينو ساهئين سَسُئِي، ٿِئين تَهوارون تِينْ
مُنِي تِيُ مِسڪِينْ، هِمَّتَ هوتُ وِجائِيو

Those who search for Punhun spend their whole life in love. Why should fickle women strive to imitate them? Great is the fortune of those who die on the way. 61

The beloved is not found by sitting or by sleeping. He comes to those who weep on the paths they travel. 62

The mountain sand has distressed her, but still she climbs on. She searches the mountain paths, says Latif, and goes toward her lord. All Sasui's finery is left upon the sands. Her beloved has brought her suffering, not joy. 63

Look for a clue from within, and search for him in everything, Sasui. Sift through this great heap, and rub the dust on your face. If you follow this advice, you will enjoy a rich reward. 64

If you catch fire, then go on burning. Blow on it until it reaches the sky. Forget all things that exist here. Consign all the world's substance to nonexistence. 65

How will you get to Punhun, you defiant creature? Sasui, the defiant were torn to pieces. You wretched girl, be humble and lose your pride before the Hôt. 66

٦٧

ٻِلَرِ لَڳو ٻاڻُ، پَسو جوءِ جَرا ٽِئي
سا مُنڌَ مَري نه جِئي، پيئِي پَچارڙي پاڻُ
سَسُئِي سُورَنِ ساڻُ، سَنيوڙِي سَيَّدُ چئي

٦٨

اَڏَرِ نِڌَرِ اَيَرِي، اَسُونهِين آهِيان
لُڙِڪَ لعْلَ لَطِيفُ چئَي، وَرَ لَءِ وَهايان
هيجان هَنجُون حَبَ ۾، هوتَنِ لَءِ هارِيان
جانِبُ ضَعِيفِيءَ سين، پُنهون پَهايان
پِيهان پَچايان، جي مان نِيو پاڻَ سين

٦٩

اَڏرِ نِڌرِ اَيَرِي، آهيان اَسُونهِين
پَرَ ڏيهي پِرِين ڪَيا، مَرَنَ لَءِ مُونهين
سَسُئِيءَ کِي سَيّدُ چئَي، تَنگُنِ ۾ ٽُونهين
هارِي ڪِئَن هونهين، رِءَ سَمَرَ سَڌُون ڪَرِين

٧٠

اَڏرِ نِڌرِ اَيَرِي، سَڌَرِ تِيُ سچي
سُپَڪِ تِيُ سَيَّدُ چئَي، پَهڻَنِ مَنجه پَچِي
مَعذُورِ تِي مارو ڪيو، اولاڪَنِ اَچِي
منجهان راهَ رَچِي، ٽِيَرِي لالُ لَطِيفُ چئَي

٧١

اَچِي عِزرائِيلَ، سُتِي جاڳائِي سَسُئِي
تِي ڊوڙائِي دَليلَ، ته پُنهون ماڙُهو موڪليو

The girl has been struck by the arrow of suffering; see how she lies there in pieces. She does not die or live, but dashes herself upon the ground. Sasui is always ready for pain, says Shah. 67

"I am helpless, without support, weak, and without a guide. I weep tears of blood for my lord, says Latif. I shed tears of longing for my Hôt in the Hab.[20] I will beguile my beloved Punhun with my helplessness. I will grind grain and cook it if you take me with you. 68

I am helpless, without support, weak, and without a guide. I have been brought to death by my beloved from another country." You are the only support that Sasui has in her distress, says Shah. Oh foolish girl, when you lack any provision, how can you yearn to be with him? 69

You are helpless, without support, and weak, but become strong and true. Be properly cooked, says Shah, as you roast upon the rocks. Anxieties beset the helpless girl. Through being dyed in the sufferings of her journey, she has become fully colored, says Latif. 70

Azrael[21] came and wakened Sasui as she slept. She thought that Punhun had sent his man to her. 71

٧٢

مُنْڪِرَ ۽ نَڪِيرَ کي، جڏهن ڏِنائِين
اَڳِيان اُٺِي اُنِ کي، پُنهون پُڇِيائِين
اَدا اِتائِين، ڪو ويوساٽُ سَڄَڻَ جو

٧٣

ڀاياٽِي ڀِي ڀورِ، ڀُنِيءَ ڪيچِيُنِ ڪَڪِرا
رائو مِڙيوئِي رَتَ، ڪارَڻِ ڪانڌَ ڪَڪورِ
لانچِي لَڪَ لَطِيفُ چئَي، اُٺِي ڏُونگرِ ڏورِ
جَتُ وَڃِي ٿو زورِ، اُپُڙُ تان اوڏِي ٿِئين

٧٤

جُهتَ پِٺِي پِهُ جَهنگِ، هاڙهي پُڄُ مَ هوتَ کي
سُورُ سُٻيلِي سَسُئِي، لَڪَ تَنهِين سين لَنگِهه
ته سُپيرِيان جي سَنگِ، مُندَ ميڙائو ٿو ٿِئَي

٧٥

ڪَرِڪو واڪو وَسُ، وِهُ مَ مُندَ پَنيورَ ۾
چَڙهي ڏاڍِين ڏُونگرين، پيرُ پُنهونءَ جو پَسُ
ڏورَڻَ مَنجهان ڏَسُ، پَوَنڌءِ هوتَ پُنهونءَ جو

٧٦

ويهُ مَ وِساري، پُڇا ڪَرِ مَ پَنڌَ جِي
نِرِمَلُ نِهاري، هلَندِنِ تان هٿِ ڪيو

٧٧

اَوَجهڙ اَسُونهَن، ڏيهُ گهٽو ئِي ڏورِيو
سَڳر رءَ سُونهَن، پهتِي ڪانه پَنڌُ ڪَري

When she saw Munkir and Nakir,[22] she arose before them and asked about Punhun: "Brothers, did my beloved's company pass by this spot?" 72

Keep close to the Kechi and break the stones on the path where his company passed. For your husband's sake, dye the whole of the sand red with your blood. Search the mountain paths, says Latif, get up and explore the mountains. The camel man moves quickly; hasten to catch up with him. 73

Suffer hardship, go into the jungle, and do not hunt for Punhun on the Harho. Pain is your good companion, Sasui, cross the mountain passes with it. Then, oh girl, you may meet the band of your beloved. 74

Woman, cry out, make an effort, do not just sit in Bhambhor. Climb the harsh mountains and look for Punhun's tracks. If you search, you will find a sign of Hôt Punhun. 75

Do not just sit and forget him, inquiring about the way he went. It is those who travel and whose gaze is pure who find him. 76

Unguided in the wilderness, she searched great areas of the country. She traveled without a guide and did not reach her goal. 77

واءَ وِڇاءِ مَ سو، ٻُنِيءَ جنهن پَنڌُ ڪريان ٧٨
ڇَنا ڇَپَرِ پِرينءَ جو، پيرُ پَرِنِيان تو
بَرِ بورائو جو، لَڳي متان لَڳَئين

ڏُورِ مَ تون ڏوريڄِ، صَبرُ ڪَرِ مَ سَسُئِي ٧٩
پُرَنُ ڇَڏِ پَيرنِ سين، وِهڻُ وِساريج
سُگَنِ جا سَيَّدُ چئي، لاڳا پا لاهيڄِ
هنئين ساڻُ هليڄِ، پَنڌُ پاسي پَرِ نِبِري

کُهِي جا کَنيائِين، وِکَ تَنهين ويجهي ڪئِي ٨٠
ڇِڪيءَ ڇِنائِين، پَنڌُ مِڙوئِي پَبَ جو

سَؤ ڪوهَ ڪري سَيَڪا، تُون کُهِي کَنڄِ وِکَ ٨١
تاڻڄِ مَنجهان تِکَ، ته پَنڌُ پاسي پرَ نِبِري

هيڪِليائِي هيلَ، پورِينديَسِ پُنهونءَ ڏي ٨٢
آڏا ڏُونگَرَ لَڪِيون، سُورِيُون سُجَنِ سيلَ
ته ڪَرَ ٻيلِي آهنِ ٻيلَ، جي سُور پِرِيان جا ساڻُ مُون

دوسِتُ ڏِنائِين دِلِ سين، وِرڇِي تان نه وِهي ٨٣
لانچِي لَڪَ لَطِيفُ چئي، پَهڻَنِ مَنجِهه پِهي
سَندي نِينهن نِهي، ڪِي سَرفِرازُ سَسُئِي

Oh wind, do not destroy the track I am following. 78
Oh storm, I entrust my beloved's trail over the mountains to you. Do not wipe out the guide I follow in the desert.

Do not search far, Sasui, and do not just sit patiently.[23] 79
Give up traveling on foot and forget about sitting.
Get rid of any connection with joy, says Shah.
Go with your heart, so that your journey may be completed.

The steps she took in weariness brought her near to 80
him. With one great effort she managed the whole journey across the Pab.

Everyone travels hundreds of leagues, but in 81
your weariness take just one step. Press on in eagerness, so that your journey may soon be completed.

Now I will travel alone to Punhun. My path is crossed 82
by mountain passes and lofty peaks. But the pains caused by my beloved are my friends and my companions.

She saw the beloved in her heart, and did not get tired 83
or rest. She searched the passes, says Latif, and entered the rocks. Sasui was exalted by the rich treasure of her love.

آءُ اوراهُون، سُپرِين پَري وَڃُ ۾ پِيءَ ٨٤
موتُ مَرَندِيَسِ ڇپَرين، تُون جِيارو جِيءَ
هوتَ مَ ڇَڏِجِ هِيءَ، پُنهون پِيادِي پَندَ ۾

آءُ اوراهُون سُپرِين، ڏُکِيءَ ڏيجِ مَ ڏاگُهه ٨٥
وَتِ ڇَڏي مُون واگُه، آرِي وِئين عِشقَ جو

هَٿان هَڏِ نه ڇَڏِيان، صَبرُ شُڪرانو ٨٦
ذَوقَ زَمانو، مُون وَرَ وِيو وِسرِي

ناهِ جَمِعيَتَ جانِ کي، هوتَ پُنجاٺا هاڻِ ٨٧
اَللهُ سيئِي آڻِ، جن ساءُ ڇَکائِمِ سِڪَ جو

ناهِ جَمِعيَتَ جانِ کي، هوتَ پُنجاٺا هتِ ٨٨
پُنهونءَ جي پِرتِ، ساءُ ڇَکائِمِ سِڪَ جو

ڪَنُ نِيُ ڪيچِيُنِ ڪُڇِيو، ڪُڇُ مَ تا ڪُڇَنِ ٨٩
اِشارَتُون اُنِ جون، سُڪُوتان سُڄَنِ
وَٺان ويهِي تَنِ، سُڻُ ته سوزُ پرائِيين

سُڻُ ته سوزُ پرائِيين، آءِ چيائُون اَڄُ ٩٠
بولِي پِي نه سِکِيا، پاٽا چوندءِ پَڄُ
واجي وَتِ مَ وَڄُ، بُڌُ ته بِيائِي لَهي

"Come near, beloved; do not go far from me, my love. Come back or I will die among the rocks, and it is you who give me life. Oh Hôt Punhun, do not abandon this foot traveler on her journey. 84

Come near, beloved, do not inflict burning pain upon this sufferer. You have gone, Punhun, and abandoned me to the tiger of love. 85

I will never give up patience and gratitude. Oh husband, that time of delight is forgotten. 86

Since my beloved went, I have no peace. Oh God, bring back the one who made me experience desire. 87

Since my beloved went, I have no peace here. My love for Punhun made me experience desire." 88

Become all ears, the Kechis are speaking. Do not say anything, they are talking. What they mean may be heard from their silence. Sit near to them, listen, and acquire passion. 89

"Come, listen and acquire passion," is what they said today. They have learned no other words, all they say is: "Flee from self." Do not make a sound like an instrument; listen and let duality slip away. 90

ڪَنارو ۽ ڪوسُ، |اَڳِٽِ آرِيءَ جامَ جي ٩١
دِيَتَ آهي دوسُ، مارَڳَ ۾ مُيِنِ جي

اَڪِيُون آرِيءَ جامَ جون، اَنڏِيءَ سين آهينِ ٩٢
هُو جي وَٽَ وِنڊُرَ جا، سي مُون سُونهائِينِ
ڏِسِيو ڏيکارِينِ، پيشانِي پُنهونءَ جِي

سَڏَ مَ ڪَرِ سَڏَنِ ري، هلَڻَ رِءَ مَ هلُ ٩٣
جَلَڻُ رِءَ مَ جَلُ، رُئَڻَ رِءَ مَتان رُئِين

اُٿِيو ۽ اُٿِياڪُ، ڪالهوڪو ڪاڏي گيو ٩٤
وِيو جاڳائي جيڏِيُون، بِرهُ هِيءُ بيباڪُ
چُرُ ڦُرُ ڪاري چاڪُ، سُورُ سُمهاري ڪِينَ ڪِي

جان ساماٽيئن سَسُئِي، تان ويسُ وِڙَنِ جو ڪَرِ ٩٥
لاهي لَجَ لَطِيفُ چئي، تِيءُ بيگارِياڻِي بَرِ
ته ويندِي پَوَئِي وَرِ، اَڳيان هوتَ حُضُورَ ۾

مُندَّ نه مَنجهان تن، پَسي لَڪَ لُڏَنِ جي ٩٦
جا پَرِ ڪاهوڙِينِ، سا پَرِ سِکِي سَسُئِي

The knife and the slaughter are what happen in the courtyard of Ari Jam. The beloved is the blood money for those who die on the way. 91

The eyes of Ari Jam are with this blind girl. They guide me to the trees of the Vindar. They see the face of Punhun and show it to me. 92

Do not call except for the calls to him, do not travel except for the travel toward him, do not burn except for the burning for him, do not weep except for the weeping for him. 93

Where did it go, that love which always wakes me and woke me yesterday? That careless love went away after it had roused me, friends. Its turmoil wounds me, and its pain does not let me sleep. 94

Now that you are an adult, Sasui, clothe yourself in immodesty. Abandon shame, says Latif, and wander in the desert like a vagabond. Then your husband the Hôt will appear before you in his majesty. 95

The girl is not one of those who is shaken by the sight of the mountain passes. Sasui has learned the ways of the foragers.[24] 96

٩٧

مُندَ مَـ مَنهِن ويهُ، اُپِي اوسِڙ اُسَ ۾
تو سيئِي سيئَ ڪيا، ڏُورِ جنِين جو ڏيهُ
پاڙي پاڙي پيهُ، وَٽُ پُڇَندِي پرِينءَ کي

٩٨

اولاڪَنِ اَچِي، مَعذُورِ تِي مارو ڪيو
مَتان وَرَ وِسارِئِين، مَنجهان ڪُرَ ڪَچِي
لاهي لاڳاپا لَنگهِ ٿُون، سيئَنِ ڏانهن سَچِي
مَنجهان راهَ رَچِي، ٿِيندينءَ لَعْلَ لَطِيفُ چئي

٩٩

وائي

هوءِ جي هليا هوتَ سُونهارا،
مُون نه وَهيٽا پنهونءَ سَگِيٽا
سَسُئِي پُڇي ساٿَ جا، اوطاقُون اوتارا
آن کي ويندا گڏيا، آرياڻِي اِهَ پارا
ٿَلِيُون ٿَؤنرَ هلَوِيُون، مَيَنِ سِرِ موچارا
مُون کي نِيندا پاڻَ سين، ڪامِلَ ڪُرَ اُجارا
اَدِيُون عَبْدُاللَطِيفُ چئي، دوسَ آيا دِلِدارا

Do not sit in a grass hut, girl, get up and go on in the heat. You have married a husband whose land is distant. Enter every area and go around asking for your beloved. 97

Troubles have come to assail this helpless creature. "Husband, do not dismiss this girl of humble birth from your heart." Forsaking other attachments, go on to your husband and be true. Dyed in the way, you will become a precious color, says Latif. 98

That beautiful Hôt has departed. I have no power over Punhun's kinsmen. 99V
Sasui searches for the homes and dwelling places of his company.
Did you meet any of Ari's tribesmen going this way?
Their camels were decorated with bells and tassels and ornaments.
He who is the glory of his clan will take me with him.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, my darling beloved has come.

٩ سُر معذوري

١

هَلندي هوتَ پُنهونءَ ڏي، کُهِجَنِ ڪي ڪونِئُون
پَهَڻُ تنِين پَٽُ ٿِئي، جي لءِ لالَنِ لُونِئُون
سَڀُ سَهيلِيُون سِڪَ کي، ڇُنجُهون ۾ ڇُونِئُون
بانيَڻِ ٿِيُ ٻُونِئُون، ته ڪُتا ڪِيَنِئِي ڪيچَ جا

٢

تن پيئِي جانارَنِ يادِ، جي پاريَلَ پُنهونءَ جامَ جا
سَندي لا لَنِ لاڏِ، مُئانِ پوءِ مَنڊُ ٿِئي

٣

جا ڳايَسِ جَنبُورَ، ڪُتي قَرِيبَنِ جي
ٻَهِي پؤنڪِي اُٿيو، ڳِهڊِي مَنجهان گُهورَ
سَڀِ لاهِيندو سُورَ، ڳِري هِنَ غَرِيب تان

٤

ڪُتو طالِبُ ڏُونڊَ جو، اسين ڪُتي ڪِيرَ
ڇُهِنِي آهي ڇِيرَ، ڪارايِي جي ڪَنَ ۾

٥

سَڳِبانَ سِينڊارِيا، ٻَڃِيا تي ٻَهَنِ
قِرِيا نه فَرمانَ ڪان، مُلهُ نه موتِيَرَنِ
ڪونهي ڏوهُ ڪُتَنِ، ڏاڪارِيا ڏاڙِهِينِ تا

9 *Ma'zuri*

As they travel toward Hôt Punhun, many false women become exhausted. Rocks become level ground for those who roam in search of the beloved. All friends on this journey of desire are purblind and confused. Oh Brahman girl,[1] turn into bits of meat for the dogs of Kech to feed upon. 1

She was remembered by the animals Prince Punhun kept. Woman, it was after you died that you got to be with the beloved. 2

My beloved's dog woke me like a wasp. It barked, got up, shook itself, and glared. With its growling it will remove all this poor creature's pains. 3

His dog desires dead meat. We are like the flea that clings to Peacock's[2] ear. 4

Their owners whistle to set them on us, and the dogs bark. They did not disobey the commands they were given, they are as precious as pearls. It is not the dogs' fault; they bark because they have been set upon us. 5

ڏَکا ڏُونگَرَ جا مِڙون، مَرُ ٿا مُون تي ڪَنِ ٦
پُڙَندا ڪِينَ پَرِيَتِ تي، هِنَ جا سَدَّرَ ٿا سُڃَنِ
سَڳائِيءَ جي سَيَّدُ چئي، آهي سُڌِ سَيَنِ
هُوندَ نه هِتِ نَرَنِ، پر قَرابَتَ ڪَمُ ڪيو

سَدَّرَ سين سَڱُ ڪري، پَرَگَندين پيياسِ ٧
ڪيرَ بِرهَمَڻِ ڪِن جي، ڪيرُ جاٽي ڪيٽاسِ
هُوندَ نه سِنڌُ سُياسِ، هِنَ پُرِيين ڪَيَسِ پَڌِري

اَدِيُون وَرُ اُگهارَ، وِهانءُ جنهن وِساريو ٨
جيڏِيون چڏي جارَ، سَبِ نَنگيُون ٿِي نِڪرو

سَبِ نَنگيُون ٿِي نِڪرو، لا لَڄِ چڏي لوٽُ ٩
سُپيرِيان سين سوبَ، نِندُون ڪندي نه ٿِئي

سَبِ نَنگيُون ٿِي نِڪرو، پَرَهَنَ چَڏي پوءِ ١٠
مَهَندِ مِڙَنِئان هوءِ، ڳَهي جا ڪِينَ ڪٿي

ڳَهي جا ڪِينَ ڪٿِي، پِرينءَ پَهُتِي سا ١١
وِهي ويڙهِجِي جا، وَصُلُ تنهن وِجائِيو

It is fine if the wild beasts of the mountain attack me. They are no match for the washergirl,[3] they are well aware who her beloved is. They know of her relationship, says Shah. They might not have held back, but they were affected by her ties to him. 6

Because of my relationship with the mighty one, I have become famous in foreign lands. Otherwise who would the Brahman girl be, and who would she belong to? Sindh would not have heard of her, but now she is famous in many other lands. 7

Sisters, blessed are those who are bare of ornaments and have forgotten their joy. Abandon your laziness, friends, and set out unadorned, all of you. 8

Set out unadorned, all of you, giving up greed and desire. The beloved cannot be gained by sleeping. 9

Set out unadorned, all of you, abandon dressing up. She who takes nothing with her goes in front of all the others. 10

She who took nothing with her reached the beloved. She who wore fine clothes lost the chance to be with him. 11

۱۲
وَصْلُ تنهن وِڃائِيو، سِينڌِ سُرمي سِيئَن
سا لُوڙِي لِيلان جِيئَن، مَٽِيو جنهن مِٽُ ڪَيو

۱۳
هُوندِيان هوتُ پَري، اوڏو آهه اَڻَ هُوندِ کي
ساڄَنُ تن سَري، لا سين لَڏِيِنِ جي

۱٤
لائِي خَنجَرُ لا جو، هَيِءِ خَڃَرَ کي هَڻُ
سَڏِنِ جُون سَيَّدُ چئِي، وَٽُون سَبِ وِڪَڻُ
پيرُ پَرُوڙِي گَڻُ، ته هَلَڻَ ۾ هورِي وَهِين

۱٥
هورِنِ هاڙهو لَنگِهيو، تِي جَرِيدِي جوءِ
هُوندِ جنِين سين هوءِ، هوتُ نه هُوندو تن سين

۱٦
هورِنِ هاڙهو لَنگِهيو، مُنِي مُوسَتُ ڄَڏِ
لا سين اُتِي لَڏِ، ڪِينَ رَساڻي ڪيڄَ کي

۱۷
نڪا هِتِ نه هُتِ، ڪا گُوريءَ سندِي گَالِ
ڪِينَ پَهُتِي مالِ، حالِ پَهُتِي هوتَ کي

With vermilion in the parting of her hair and kohl on her eyes, she lost the chance to be with him. She was robbed like Lila, who exchanged her lover for gems.[4] 12

The Hôt is remote from those tied to existence; he is close to nonexistence. The beloved is gained by those who are loaded with "not."[5] 13

Oh, take the dagger of denial and strike the mule of the lower self. Sell, says Shah, all the baggage of desires. If you step forward with understanding, you will find your journey light. 14

Those who traveled light got across the Harho, so journey alone, girl. The Hôt will never be with those who carry baggage. 15

Those who traveled light got across the Harho, so give up your finery, you wretched girl. Arise and take "not" with you, and be delivered to Kech with nothing. 16

The lovely girl's fate is to be nothing here and nothing there. She did not get there with goods, but reached the Hôt with ecstasy. 17

۱۸
هَلَندي هاڙهو مَٽِي، ڪَرَڻُ ڪوهَ پِيامِ
اَرڏا آريءَ جامَ ري، ڳُونڌَرَ ڳُنڌرِيامِ
لڪِيُون لَڪَ لَطِيفُ چئي، اورانگهڻَ آيامِ
پُرَڻُ پُنهونءَ پُٺِ ۾، اِئُ سَعادَتَ سَندِيامِ
مَتَّسِ ڪَمَ وِڏامِ، وِهان تان نه وَسِ پِيو

۱۹
وَڏو ڪِيمَ وَڻاهُ، اُونچا ڏُونگَرَ مَ ٽِيو
ٽِمو مَ نيٽاهُ، ته پيرُ نِهارِيان پِرينءَ جو

۲۰
وارو مُون وَٽَراهِ، ڪا سُڌِ سُونهَپَ جي نه ڏِيو
وِجِهي وَراڪَنِ ۾، مَعذُورِ ڪِي مَ مُنجهاءِ
مَنجهان پاڻَ پِيادِيُون، هادِي ٽِي هلاءِ
پِرِيان ڪِي پَهُچاءِ، ته لَڳِي لُونو نه ٽِئين

۲۱
ڳندا مون پيرَنِ ۾، توٽِي لَڪَ لَڳَنِ
آڳُرِ آڳُونِي نه مِڙي، چِپُون پيرَ چِڻَنِ
ويندي ڏانهن پِرِيَنِ، جُتِي جاتِ نه پائِيان

۲۲
جُتيون سي پائِينديُون، جنِين پيرَ پِرِين
لاٽيُون سَبِ پَرِين، سَسُئِي سُپيرِيُنِ ڪي

"On my journey to the Harho I must travel many leagues. Without Ari Jam I have endured cruel sufferings. I have had to travel, says Latif, through many passes large and small. To journey after Punhun is a piece of good luck for me. I have given up everything for him; it is beyond me just to sit here. 18

Oh trees, do not grow in my path. Oh mountains, do not rise so high. Do not shed tears, oh my eyes, so that I may see my beloved's track. 19

Oh trees, will you not give me some guidance? Do not let this helpless creature get lost on these twisting paths. Be our guide and let those who travel on foot advance. Get me to my beloved, to avoid getting shriveled up.[6] 20

Thousands of thorns may prick my feet, and they may be so cut to pieces by the rocks that my big toe is separated from the others. But as I make my way toward my beloved, I will not wear any kind of shoe." 21

Shoes are worn by those who love their feet. For the sake of her beloved, Sasui has given up all these conventions. 22

٢٣ مَرِي جِيُ ته ماڻِئين، جانِبَ جو جَمالُ
ڏِئين هُوندَ حَلالُ، جي پَندِ اِهائِي پارِئين

٢٤ مَرُ ته موچارِي ڏِئين، اَجَلان اَڳي اَڄُ
جان ڪِي هُئين جِئري، ته مُندَ ڀَنيوران ڀَڄُ
ڀُنهونءَ ساڻُ ڀَهَڄُ، ته مَلَڪَ اَلْمَوتُ ماڻِئين

٢٥ اَجَلان اَڳي سَسُئِي، مُندَ جِئَريائِي مَرُ
ڏوليان تنهن مَ ڏَرُ، جنهن رُوحُ وِڃايو راهَ ۾

٢٦ مَرَڻان اَڳي جي مُئا، سي مَرِي ڏِيَنِ نه ماتُ
هوندا سي حَياتُ، جِئَڻان اَڳي جي جِئا

٢٧ اُونچو اُتاهون گهٽو، جِئَڻَ ڪي جَبَلُ
مَرَڻَ مُون سين هَلُ، تهَ ڀُنِيءَ تو پَندُ ڪَرِيان

٢٨ تو سَڱُ ساهُ گهٽَن سين، جِئَڻَ گوشي جاءُ
مَرَڻَ مُون سين آءُ، ته ڀُنِيءَ تو پَندُ ڪَرِيان

٢٩ پَرِ ۾ پَڇِي پِرينءَ کي، مَرِي نه جاتوءِ
مُؤَنْوا مُندَ نه سوءِ، ڪَندُ ڪُجاڙِيان ڪانئِين

Live as if you were dead, so that you may enjoy the beloved's beauty. If you follow this advice, maybe your existence will be vindicated. 23

Die today before your death[7] in order to be exonerated. So long as you live, woman, keep away from Bhambhor. Be united with Punhun, and rejoice in the angel of death. 24

Die while you are still alive, Sasui, before the time appointed for your death. Do not shun the company of those who have sacrificed their souls on the path. 25

Those who die before their death never die at all. Those who live before their life in the world to come will live forever. 26

The mountain is high and steep for those who cling to life. Travel with me, oh death, so that I may follow you. 27

Existence, you are attached to many. Life, get into a corner. Death, come to me, so that I may follow you. 28

You did not learn to die for the beloved in secret. Woman, you have not heard of *Die,*[8] so why cut off your head? 29

٣٠

هَٽين پيرين مُونَڙِئين، هَلِج ساڻُ هِنئَين
عِشقُ آرِيءَ جامَ جو، نِباهي نِئين
جان جان تِي جِئين، تان پارِج ڪومَ پُنهونءَ سين

٣١

هَٽين پيرين مُونَڙِئين، ڳَهِج پَرِ ڳَپارَ
مَتان چوري ڇَڏِ ئين، پِرِيَتَڙي پَچارَ
توکي سَنَدَ سَسُئِي، سَندِي لَنؤ لَغارَ
جي هُونِئِي هوتَ هَزارَ، ته به پارِج ڪوم پُنهُونءَ سين

٣٢

ٺَڏيءَ ٺَڪي نه وِهي، تَتِيءَ ڪَري تانَ
وِڏائِين وَٽِڪارِ ۾، سَسُئِيءَ پاڻُ سُڪانَ
پُڄي پَهَ پَکيُنِ کي، پيئِي مُنڌَ پَرِيانَ
ڏِنَسِ ڏيهَ وَٽَنِ جا، تن اَللهَ لَڳُ اُهڃانَ
مانَ پَرچِي پانَ، اَچي آرِياڻِي وَرِي

٣٣

توڻِي وِلاڙُون ڪَرِين، توڻِي هَلِين وِکَ
لِکِئي مَنجهان لِکَ، ذَرو ضايعَ نه ٿِئي

٣٤

لِکِيو جو نِراڙِ، سو اَنگُ ڪِياڙِيءَ نه ٿِئي
پاڙِيو وينِي پاڙِ، جيڪي لالَنَ لِکِيو لوحَ ۾

٣٥

ڳَيائِين ڪيچِيُنِ لءِ، جُسو جَلاوَت
ڇَڏَي پيئِي ڇَپَرين، هارِي سَڀِ حُجَتَ
هُئِي نِماڻِي نِسَتَ، پَنڌُ وِڏائِين پانَ تي

Go on your hands and feet and knees, and especially go with your heart. Be true to your love of Ari Jam. So long as you live, do not consider anyone to be the equal of Punhun. 30

Go on your hands and feet and knees, and go at headlong speed. Oh woman, remain aware of your love. Let love be your support, Sasui. You may have thousands of Hôts, but do not consider any of them to be the equal of Punhun. 31

Although she is tired, she does not sit in the cool, but strides out in the heat. In the forest, Sasui has become exhausted. On the way, she keeps asking the birds for directions. They take pity on her and tell her about the trees that grow there. Perhaps Punhun may be pleased and return. 32

Whether you stride out or take small steps, the least thing that is written in your fate cannot be lost. 33

The fate written on the forehead can in no way be changed. Whatever the beloved has written on your tablet will assuredly come to pass. 34

For the Kechi she gave her body a roasting. Abandoning all arguments, the poor girl entered the mountains. Though weak and feeble, she pushed herself forward on her journey. 35

ماڙهُو ڏيئِي مِهڻا، مُون کي ڪَندا ڪوهُ ٣٦
جنهن ڇورِيءَ ۾ ڇوهُ، سا پٽُون ٽِيندِي پيرَ تي

فَردا مُندَّ ڦِٽِي ڪئِي، نَقدُ ڪنيو نارِ ٣٧
هِيَ جا واڳَ وِلَهيءَ جي، ويرَمَ ڏي مَ وارِ
جانڪِي مُئِيءَ مار، جانڪِي ميڙِ مُئيءَ کي

مُئِي ٿِي مُدَعا گُهري، موتُ ٿيو موجودُ ٣٨
اَچِين ته اَڄُ ڪَرِيان، صُباحَ جو سُجُودُ
جانڪِي ني وُجُودُ، جانڪِي ميڙِ مُئِيءَ کي

ڏُکِي ٿِي ڏَڏورَ، لَهسِي لَنؤ پُنهونءَ جي ٣٩
ڏيئِي آگِ اَتورَ، سَبَ نه سارِي سَسُئِي

ڏِسَڻُ ڏِکان اَگَرو، سَسُئِي آڻِ مَ شَڪُ ٤٠
ٿِيُ بانِهي يَرِ اوئِيُون، لُڏُ مَ پَسِي لَڪُ
وَرُ پُنهونءَ سين پَلَڪُ، ڪوءِ بارهَنَ ورهَ پِيَنِ سين

"What will people gain from taunting me?" The girl who is filled with love is broken into bits as she follows his trail. 36

She has thrown away tomorrow and drawn on her today.[9] This poor girl's reins are in your hands; in helping her let there be no delay. Either kill this poor wretch or let her come to you. 37

The wretched girl wants her hopes to be fulfilled, but death has come to stand before her. "If you come, I will perform tomorrow's prostration today. Either take this wretch's existence away or let her come to you." 38

Suffering and burned, she is scorched by her love for Punhun. Her peerless beloved set her on fire, but he did not burn Sasui completely. 39

Sasui, have no doubt that for him to see you is far better than your being finely dressed. Be his humble slave, fill his water bags, and do not tremble when you see the mountain pass. A moment with Punhun is wonderful; curses upon twelve years with others. 40

٤١
ڏُکِيءَ سَندِيُون ڏُونگرين، پَسو پِٺُون پَوَنِ
مُئِي پُڄاڻان مُندَ کِي، روجَھ رُڃُنِ ۾ رَئَنِ
پُوٺا اِيَهِين چَوَن، ته مُئِيءَ آسانکِي مارِيو

٤٢
ڏُکِيءَ سَندِيُون ڏُونگرين، اوچِنگارُون اَچن
هَٿِي سانگِ سَسُئِيءَ کِي، ڪِلو ڪَيو ڪيچِينِ
جي هَٿان هوتَ مَرَنِ، هوتُ تِنِين جي هَنجَ ۾

٤٣
ڏُکِيءَ سَندِيُون ڏُونگرين، وَڻَ نِڻَ وائِيُون ڪَنِ
وَٽان ويهِي جَنِ، وَڏِيءَ سي واڍوڙِيا

٤٤
وَڏِيءَ سي واڍوڙِيا، رَتُ نه ڏِنو جن
موتُ قَبوليو تن، ڏِنو جن ڏُکِيءَ کِي

٤٥
وَڏِيَلَ ٿِي وائِيُون ڪَري، ڪُنَلِ ڪُوڪاري
هُنَ پَنَ پنهنجا سارِيا، هِيَ هنجُون هَڏَنِ لءِ هاري

٤٦
آئُون نه گَڏِي پِرينءَ کِي، سَهَسين سِڄَ ويا
هَلَڻَ ويرَ هِئان، ديکي شالَ دَمُ ڏِيان

See, the mountains beat their breasts in mourning for the sad girl. The deer in the desert weep over her death, and as they wander they say, "The dead girl has brought us mortal suffering." 41

Bitter cries are heard in the mountains over the fate of the sad girl. When the Kechi struck her it was because of some quarrel. The Hôt lies in the lap of those die at his hand. 42

The trees and vegetation in the mountains utter loud cries over the sad girl. Cut off herself, she wounded those whom she had sat beside. 43

Cut off herself, she wounded those whose blood is never seen. Those who saw the sad girl accepted death. 44

The cut reed utters sad sounds,[10] the slain Sasui loudly laments. The one remembers its green shoots, the other sheds tears for her beloved. 45

Although so many suns have set, I have not been united with my beloved. When it is time for me to go from here, may I see him as I die. 46

٤٧
آئُون نه گَڏِي پِرينءَ کي، پوين ڀِيو پَساھُ
سِڪان ڀِي سَڪِراتَ ۾، رويو پُڇان راھُ
شالَ مَ وَڃيمِ ساھُ، ڏاران پَسَڻَ پِرينءَ جي

٤٨
آئُون نه گَڏِي پِرينءَ کي، آيو عِزرائِيلُ
جوراڻِي سين جيڏِيُون، نَڪو قالُ نه قِيلُ
آيو موتُ دَلِيلُ، مارِيندو مُرادَ کان

٤٩
وِلاڙِيو وَٽين چَڙھي، رَئِي پَسِيو روءِ
وِچان جو وِڄُ پوءِ، سو ڳَنهن پَرِ کَهِي لاھِيان

٥٠
وِلاڙِيو وَٽين چَڙھي، اُونچَنِ مَٿي اَڄُ
لالَنَ ڪارَڻِ لَڄُ، باسِيائِين بَردارَ جو

٥١
وِلاڙِيو وَٽين چَڙھي، ڏِيو پَٽولي لانگَ
ٽاريءَ ٽاريءَ چانگَ، سَسُئِيءَ مورَ بَچَنِ جِئَن

٥٢
وِلاڙِيو وَٽين چَڙھي، پَسو سَگھ سَندِياسِ
آڏِيءَ وَڃيو آڱُرِي، نَڪو پِيُ نه ماسِ
سوئِي سو سيٽاسِ، پَري پَڙاڏا ڪَري

I have not been united with my beloved, but my final breath has come. In my death agonies I long for him, in tears I ask the way. May my life not leave me without my seeing my beloved. 47

I have not been united with my beloved, but Azrael has come. Oh my friends, there can be no argument with that mighty one. Death has come to guide me, stopping me from my desire. 48

She strides along and climbs the trees;[11] in tears, she sees the clouds of dust, saying: "How can I move ahead and remove the distance between us?" 49

She strides along and climbs the lofty trees today, and begs them to assist her for the sake of her beloved. 50

She strides along and climbs the trees, wearing a skirt of silk. Sasui leaps from branch to branch like the young of a peacock. 51

She strides along and climbs the trees—see how strong she is. She stumbles along in the middle of the night, with no mother or father at her side. All she has with her is her voice, which echoes far and wide. 52

٥٣
رُڃُنِ ۾ رَڙِ ڀِي، ڪَر ڪووَلَ جي ڪُوڪَ
وَلَولو ۽ وُوڪَ، اِيَ تان آهِ عِشقَ جِي

٥٤
رُڃُنِ ۾ رَڙِ ڀِي، ڪَرَ ڪَرڪي ڪُونجَ
نَعرو منجِهه نِڪُونجَ، اِيَ تان آهَ عِشقَ جي

٥٥
رُڃُنِ ۾ رَڙِ ڀِي، ڪَرَ سارَنگِي سازُ
اِيُ عِشقَ جو آوازُ، ماڙهو رَڱنِ مُندَ تي

٥٦
وائي
خُوبِي مَنجِهه خِفَتَ، اي دوستَ دِقَتَ آهي عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ کي
مَدَحَ مون کان نه ٿِئي، سَندي سُورَ صِفَتَ
هِجي ڪريان هيجَ سين، مُطالعُ مَحَبَتَ
حُزنُ هوتَ پُنهونءَ جو، رَڳيا ڀِي راحَتَ
پِرِيان جي پِستانَ جو، فاقو ڀِي فَرحَتَ

A cry arose in the wilderness, like the cry of the *koil*.[12] 53
This cry and this lament were actually both the sigh of love.

A cry arose in the wilderness, like the cry of the crane. 54
This cry in the fertile glade was actually the sigh of love.

A cry arose in the wilderness, like the sound of the 55
fiddle. People thought it was made by a woman, but it was the sound of love.

Oh friend, Abdul Latif's well-being lies in trouble and 56V
humiliation.
I am unable to utter praises of what suffering is like.
I spell it out with passion, reading it with love.
The sadness caused by Hôt Punhun is all my joy.
My comfort lies in being starved of my beloved's
embrace.

١٠ سُر ديسي

ڏاگهنِ ڏيرَنِ ڏُونگرَنِ، ٽِنهِي ڏِنَمِ ڏُکَ ١
سي سَڀِ پانيَمِ سُکَ، هيڪاندِ ڪارَڻِ هوتَ جي

ڏاگهنِ ڏيرَنِ ڏُونگرَنِ، ڏُکَنِ آئُون ڏَڏِي ٢
پُجان پيرُ پُنهونءَ جو، وِجهان وِکَ وَڏِي
لِکِئي آئُون لَڏِي، ناتَ پَٽَنِ ڪيرَ پَندُ ڪَري

اَڳَڻَ مَٽي اوپِرا، جڏهن ڏاگها ڏِٺَاءِ ڏِينهَن ٣
وَڻِي سَرَّڪَ سَسُئِي، ويهُ وِهاڻِيءَ سِيئَن
چوڻِي سين چانگَنِ کي، جَرَ زَنجِيرُن جِيئَن
تہ هوتُ تُنهنجو هِيئَن، هوندِ پُنهون نياڻُون نہ پاڻَ سين

اَڳَڻَ مَٽي اوپِرا، جڏهن ڏاگها ڏِينهَن ڏِٺاءِ ٤
ڪُنجُون جي قُفِلَنِ جون، تان ڪنهن لَلِ لِڪاءِ
تہ سُيا ٿِي سَندِياءِ، ٿِئي سارُوِڻِي سَسُئِي

اِکِي اُٺَ رَڙَنِ، مُون پيري ماٺِ ٿِئِي ٥
پَلاڻِيندي، پاڻَ ۾، ڪُڇِيو ڪِينَ ڪُنَنِ
ڪا جا مامَ مُنَنِ، هِنِ پڻ هُئِي هُنَ سين

10 Desi

"The camels, his brothers, and the mountains, all three have given me grief. But I thought that all of them were joys, because they brought me close to my Hôt. 1

I am smitten by the sorrows brought by the camels, his brothers, and the mountains. I must walk on and trace Punhun's path. This is written in my fate; why else would anyone travel through the desert? 2

On the day you saw strange camels in your courtyard, Sasui, you should have sat till dawn and blocked their exit. You should have used your plaited hair like chains to bind the beasts tight. Then they would not have taken your Hôt away with them. 3

On the day you saw strange camels in your courtyard, if you had somehow hidden the keys to the locks, Sasui, you would have been looked after on the next day. 4

The camels used to make a noise, but when it came to my turn they were silent. When they were being saddled, the wretched creatures said nothing to one another. There was some secret pact between them and their riders. 5

٦
ڇا جي ڏِنگا ڏيرَ، مُنهنجو ڏِينهن ڏِنگو مَ ٿِئي
اُنَنِ ۽ اوئِيَرَّنِ جي، ڇا وَهِيٺو ويرُ
هِيَ ڪَمِيڻِي ڪيرَ، ڇا اَمُرَ ڪي آڏو ڦِري

٧
ديسِي سيڻَ ڪَجَنِ، پَرَديسِي ڪَهڙا پِرِين
لَڏِيو لاڏؤٺا ڪَيو، پَنهنجي ديسِ وَڃَنِ
پُڇاڻان پِرِيَنِ، ڪَجي بَسِ پَنيورَ ڪان

٨
اُٺَ مَ اوري آٺِ، ڏاگهنِ ڏَڏِي آهِيان
هَٿِي هَٿُ هَيَنِ ڪي، پَري نيئِي پَلاٺِ
هوٺُ مُنهنجو هاٺِ، پُنهون نِيائُون پاڻَ سين

٩
جَتَ هَڏهِين هُتِ، مُون هِتِ هِنئَرِي ۾ حَلُ ٿِيا
چَنگُلَ جنِين چوڦَرا، راحَتَ تن جِي رُتِ
گُنگَنِ جي گُپُتِ، چيرَي وِڌِيَسِ ڇَپَرين

١٠
گَهَ سِرِ ٿِئِي مَ گُسَ، پَٽِي پوءِ مَ پِرينءَ تي
جنهن سِرِ ساجَنُ سُپِرِين، تنهن اُٺَ مَ لَڳي اُسَ
پُنهون پاڪُ پُرِسَ، هوتَ نه ڪَجَنِ هيڏِيُون

What if his brothers were against me? If only my fate had not been against me. Is destiny in the hands of camels and camel riders? Who is this poor girl to act against what is ordained? 6

One should have a lover from one's homeland, what sort of a lover does a stranger make? Having loaded up their goods, they leave for their own land. Now that the beloved has departed, have done with Bhambhor. 7

Do not bring the camels near me, for I have been grieved by them. Beat the wretched creatures and ride them far away. It is just now that they took Punhun, my Hôt, away with them. 8

The camel men have all gone off there, but here they remain close to my heart. What pleasure I am given by the movement of those four-toed beasts. The silence of those dumb animals brought me grief and has brought me to these mountains. 9

May the dust not fly up from the path and fall on my darling. May the fierce sun not strike the camel that carries my beloved. Oh Punhun the pure, my Hôt, you should not be so cruel. 10

١١
لَڏِيندي لِباسُ، جَتَنِ جيڏوئِي ڪَيو
اَچِي آرِيءَ ڄامَ جو، وَٺَ وَٺَ مَنجهان واسُ
مِڙون ڪِيَنِمِ ماسُ، هَڏَ هَلندا هوتَ ڏي

١٢
اُٺَ ويرِي اُونارَ ويرِي، ويرِي ٽِيَرَمِ ڏيرَ
چوٿون ويرِي واءُ ٿِيو، جنهن لَٽِيا پُنهونءَ جا پَيرَ
پَنجون ويري سِجُ ٿِيو، جنهن اُلَهِي ڪِي اَويرَ
ڇَهون ويري ڇَپَرُ ٿِيو، جنهن سَنوان ڪَيا نه سيرَ
سَتون ويري چَندُ ٿِيو، ڪِڙِيو نه وَڏِيءَ ويرَ
واهيري ڄِي ويرَ، جُهلون ڪَرِيان ڇَپَرين

١٣
مِڙِي مُندَ ڏي آئِيُون، ساهيڙِيُون سَهَجان
اَلسَّفَرُ قِطْعَةٌ مِنَ النَّارِ، هارِي موٽُ هِتان
سَڱَ صِراطَ الْمُسْتَقِيْمَ جو، اَٿيئِي تان اڳيان
سي ڪيچِي نِيندَءِ ڪِيان، تُنهنجو نِينهُن نِفاقَ سين

١٤
جَڏان ڪُنْ فَيَڪُوْنَ چَئِي، نِيو آرِياڻِيءَ اَرِواحُ
اَنگُ اَڳَهِين لِکِيو، مُنهنجو مِيثاقاءَ
مَنْ طَلَبَ شَيْئاً وَّ جَدَّ وَ جَدَ، اُتو عَلِيءَ شاهَ
اَجا اِن حَدِيثَ جو، مُون آسِرو آهِ
پُنهونءَ جي پيغامَ تان، مُنهِنجو موٽُ مُباحُ
سَرَتِيُون دُعا ڪَجاهُ، ته ميڙائو مُون ٿِئي

As they departed, the camel men practiced great deceit. The fragrance of Ari Jam comes to me from every tree. The wild beasts may eat my flesh, but my bones will walk on toward my Hôt. 11

The camels are my enemies, the camel drivers are my enemies, so too are his brothers. My fourth enemy is the wind that has effaced his tracks, the fifth is the sun that set too late, the sixth is the rocky ground that does not let the path run straight, and the seventh is the moon that did not rise in time. I stride through the rocks at the end of the day when the birds come to their nests to rest." 12

Her friends joyfully gathered around the girl, saying: "*Journeying is a piece of hell fire,*[1] turn back, you fool. Ahead you will have to face *the straight path.*[2] Since your love is insincere, how will the Kechi take you with him?" 13

"When *Be and it was*[3] was uttered, Punhun took my soul. From the Day of the Covenant I have been destined to be his. Lord Ali said: *Whoever looks for a thing and makes an effort will find it.*[4] This Tradition is still my support. Because of Punhun's message, death is welcome to me. Pray, my friends, that I may be united with him. 14

١٥
سَبَهَ سِياهِي، آهي آرِيءَ جامَ ري
ڪڏهن پَسي ڪا نه ڪا، رِءَ لالَنَ لالائِي
ڏودُ دِلِ تان ڏورڪري، ڪَرِ ساجَنَ صَفائِي
مَنْ لاَ شَيْخُ لَهٗ فَشَيْخُهٗ الشَّيْطَانُ، اِنَ رِءَ اُونداهِي
هُوءَ جا هَلِي هيڪِلِي، سا گِيرَبَ گمائِي
بِلَا شَيْخِ مَنْ يَّمْشِيْ فِي الطَّرِيْقِ، اِهڙِي اَوائِي
تنهن رِءَ تَوائِي، ڪوڙين ٽِيَنِ ڪيتَريُون

١٦
ٻنِيءَ ٿا ٻَرِينِ، ساٿِيُنِ سَندَ هَٿَنِ ۾
ليڙَنِ جو لَطِيفُ چئي، مُون ڪي مَنجُه نه ڏِينِ
هوتُ پُنهون ٿا نِينِ، اَسُونهِينءَ جو اَچِڪو

١٧
پنڻ ٿا پَلاٽِينِ، اونِي اَڄُ اُباڳرا
پَهَ پاريسِيُون پاڻَ ۾، ڏيرَ ڏِهاڙِي ڏِين
هوتُ پُنهون ٿا نِينِ، ٻاروچِي ٻولِي ڪَيو

١٨
دوڪَ دَهِليا جِتِ، ڳَؤرا هَلَنِ نه ڳَسَ ۾
چَؤسالَ ٻِي نه چَلِٽا، ٽِي تَنگَ نِهاري تِتِ
سُودِي اُنِين سَيَّدُ چئي، پوءِ پانچارِيَنِ پِرتِ
اِنَ اَڙانگي پَندَ جِي، ڪا نيشَنِ پوءِ نِرتِ
سَسُئِي وَڏي سَتِ، جا اَهڙِيءَ پَرِ پَندُ ڪَري

Everything is darkness without Ari Jam. Without my beloved I can discern no brightness. Remove the dark smoke from my heart and make it clean, my dearest. *He who has no guide, has Satan for a guide*;[5] without him there is only gloom. She who travels alone is led astray by pride. *He who travels on the mystic path without a guide* [*is like one who sails on the sea without a boat*],[6] this is not a good saying. Without him, millions have gone astray. 15

At dawn my companions fill the water bags in their hands. They do not tell me the secret of the camels, says Latif. They are taking away Hôt Punhun, this foolish girl's support." 16

Today the camel men make haste to leave. His kinsmen take counsel with each other in their private language.[7] Speaking in Balochi, they are taking Hôt Punhun away. 17

She looks and goes along paths where a five-year-old camel is scared and cannot go, and passes where four-year-olds cannot proceed. Sasui proceeds with great fortitude along ways that are too much for five-year-olds, says Latif, and difficult routes that full-grown beasts find hard. 18

١٩
هَيءِ هَيءِ ڪَيو هاءِ، ٿِي پاڻ هٿي سِرِ پاهِٺين
لَڌائِين لَطِيفُ چَئِي، جُوءِ جَتَنِ جِي جاءِ
شُڪُرَ بارِ سَنداءِ، سُٺاڻي ساٿِ مڙِي

٢٠
اَللهَ ڪارَڻِ اونِيا، ليڙا نِيو مَ لُڙَ
نِيو نِماڻِي پاڻَ سين، بانِهِيءَ جَهلي ٻُرَ
مُون کِي ماري مَنجِهه ٿِي، سَندِي هوتَنِ هُرَ
ڪَچو لايان ڪُرَ، ڪيچان اوري جي وَران

٢١
ڪيچان اوري ڪيتِريُون، مَعذُورِيُون مُيُون
واٽُون وِيهَ ٿِيُون، ڪُهُ جاڻان ڪيهِي ويا

٢٢
ڪيچان آيو قافِلو، جُنگُ سُونهارِيءَ جوڙَ
تَلِيارا توڏَنِ کِي، ڳِچِيءَ سُونهَنِ موڙَ
دؤلَتَ چايان دوڙَ، جي مُون نِيو پاڻَ سين

٢٣
جهوُڙا جن جُهلُنِ ۾، هِيري لَکَ هَزارَ
لَڳا واٽَ وَٽَنِ جا، پُنهونءَ کي پالارَ
آن کي ويندا ڳَڏِيا، اَهِڙِيءَ سِٽَ سُوارَ
لَنگِهي ڪالَه قَطار، ٿُون اَئِي اَڄُ نِهارِئين

"Alas, alas," she cries, hitting herself against the stones. Then, says Latif, the girl finds the place of the camel men. Thanks be to you, oh God, that she caught up with them in a pleasant spot. 19

"For God's sake, you camel men, do not drive the camels so fast. Grab this wretched girl by the hair and take her with you. See how I suffer on account of my dear Hôt. I will disgrace my family if I turn back this side of Kech. 20

So many wretched women have died near Kech. Twenty paths lead there; how do I know the one they took? 21

A splendid caravan came in fair array from Kech. The camels wore bells and had beautiful aigrettes on their necks. I would call myself Daulat,[8] your humble maidservant, if you took me with you. 22

On their saddlecloths were decorations and thousands of diamonds. The branches of the trees beside the road touched Punhun. Did you meet a company of riders like this as they went by?" "A group did pass by yesterday, woman, but you are looking for them today." 23

٢٤

مِزمانَنِ مَهرِي، آئِي جهوڪِيا جهوڪَ ۾
چائِي چَنبَنِ ۾ وِيا، جِئن بازُ سَنِي بَحرِي
ڪوهِيارو ڦَهرِي، وِيو نِهوڙِي نِندَ ۾

٢٥

مُون پانيو مُون وَٽِ، هَميشَهَ هُوندا پِرِين
ويڙهو ڏيئِي ويڪِرو، پَهرِي وِيا پَٽِ
ساهُ جنِين جي سَٽِ، وِڪِيُمِ تِي وَٽِڪارِ ۾

٢٦

مُون پانيو مِزمانَ، هَميشَهَ هُوندا پِرِين
ڪُهِي ڪَمِيٽِي هَليا، ڪَهِلَ ڪَياڻُون ڪانَ
ڏيئِي وِيا ڏاهِ کِي، سُورَنِ جا سامانَ
جورو راتِ جُوانَ، جيڏيُون جَتَ ڪَرِي وِيا

٢٧

بِرِهَ مَٿائِسِ بَرُ، ناتَ شَڪِي ڪيرَ سَڏُون ڪَرِي
گهٽو ڏورِيائِين ڏُکَ سين، ڏيرَنِ لاءِ ڏُونگَرَ
ورِي آئِسِ وَرُ، سَفَرَ مُئِيءَ جا سابِ پِيا

٢٨

وَرَ ۾ ڪونهي وَرُ، ڏيرَنِ وَرُ وَڏو ڪَيو
نِهارِيندِيَسِ نِڪرِي، بوتَنِ ڪارَڻِ بَرُ
آڏو نَڪَرَ نَرُ، مَتان روهَ رَتِيُون ٿِئين

"The guests brought their riding camels and made them sit in the campground. Like a sea eagle they snatched him in their claws. The cruel man of the hills destroyed me when he left me while I slept. 24

I thought that my beloved would be with me forever. He was taken on a broad circuit across the plain. I have given my life in exchange for him in the wilderness." 25

I thought my beloved would be my guest forever. He went away and slew me, not showing the slightest mercy. He gave a load of grief to his maidservant. Last night, dear friends, the camel men did a cruel thing." 26

Love led her to the desert; otherwise, would a happy woman be filled with longing? In grief she searched fervently in the mountains for his brothers. At last her husband came back to her, and her journey turned out well.[9] 27

"There was no trickery in my husband, his kinsmen played a great trick. I will go out and search for their camels in the desert. Get out of my way, oh rock that stands before me, lest you break into pieces. 28

وَرَ وَراڪا وِڄَ ۾، لَڪين آڏا لَڪَ ٢٩
هُو جي آڏا حَقَ، سي ڪَندا ڪوهُ ڪَندِيُنِ کي

وارو وَرُ وَنِي وِيا، آرِيچا اَظْلامَ ٣٠
آنداڻون آريءَ جا، پُنهونءَ ڏي پَيغامَ
پَهُ ڪَياڻون پاڻَ ۾، مُنهان مَخِفِي مامَ
سَنيُورا ساٿُ ڳَئِي، ويساهي وَرِيامَ
ڪاڪِيُون راتِ قِيامَ، جيڏِيُون جَتَ ڪَري وِيا

وارو وَرُ وَنِي وِيا، ڪَري ڏيرَ ڏَمَرُ ٣١
هاٿي ٽِيو حَشَرُ، پُنا قَول قِيامَ جا

وارو وَرُ وَنِي وِيا، ڏاڙِهِيءَ ٻَنيا ڏيرَ ٣٢
ڏِيندِيَسِ ڏاڍين ڏُونگرين، اُنِين لَءِ اُليرَ
ڪيچِ پهچي ڪيرَ، وڃَنَ سين وَسُ ڪَرِيان

جَڏِيءَ وَتِ جالي، مانَ اَللهِ ڪارَڻِ لِڪَ سِيئَن ٣٣
آهي آريءَ جامَ جي، هِتِ هُتِ حوالي
عَيبَ مُون اَگِرا، مانَ نِرْمَلُ نِڪالي
پَرِنِياڻِي پالي، ڪامِلُ نِيندو ڪيچَ ڏي

Between us there are many twists and turns, and many mountain passes. What can they do to those women who suffer on their way to the divine beloved? 29

Alas, the cruel Arichos have taken my husband away. They brought messages from Ari for Punhun. They made plans among themselves, keeping them secret from me. Organizing their company, they fed me false hope. Sisters, the camel men wrought havoc as they departed in the night. 30

Alas, his kinsmen turned against me and took my husband away. Now it is the day of judgment, and all that is promised for doomsday has come true. 31

Alas, his handsome bearded brothers have taken my husband away. For his sake I will jump across the terrible mountains. Which road leads to Kech? I will do my utmost to go there. 32

May he, for God's sake, spend a little time with this sick creature. Whether here or there, I am in the power of Ari Jam. May the pure one drive out my grievous faults. May the perfect one take this washergirl into his care and bring her to Kech. 33

٣٤

پَرِنَّنِ جي پاڙي، جاڙَ گُڏارِيَمِ جيڏِيُون
جنِين مُون کي مارِيو، سُورَنِ سين ساڙي
اِرادي آٽي، سانگِيُنِ سين سَگُ ڪَيو

٣٥

آسِين پاڻَ پَرِتَ، پورهِيَتَ پُنهونءَ جامَ جا
هوتُ ڳُٺورِيءَ هيرَئون، مُون ۾ صابُڻَ ڇَٽَ
آتَڻَ مَنجِهه اُگَهتَ، ڪانڌُ ڪنهِين جي مَ ڪَري

٣٦

آئُون تان آهڙياءِ، جا بانهِيءَ کي بائِي چوان
مُون ڪَمِيڻِيءَ لاءِ، پُنهون ٿِي پَرِتُ ٿِيو

٣٧

ڳَڏِيو ڏوبِيُنِ ڏوءِ، پُنهُونءَ پارچو هَٿَ ۾
اُتي آرِيءَ جامَ جو، قاصِدُ آيُسِ ڪوءِ
اِيُ ڪامِلُ ڪَمُ نه سَندوءِ، جِئَن پَهَس پَڇاڙِئين پوتِئين

٣٨

نَڪو ڪيچُ ڀَنيورُ، نَڪو مائِٽُ مُندَّ جو
هورُ مِڙوئِي هِنَ کي، هوتَنِ ڪونهي هورُ
زارِيءَ ڏاران زورُ، هَلي ڪونَ حَبِيبَ سين

٣٩

جئن سو هَرَڻُ هُماءُ، سَرگَردان سَنسارَ ۾
هِيُ پَڳُ نه کوڙي پَنِئين، هُو ڏَڙَ سِرِ ڏَري نه ساهُ
جيڪُسِ تن مُلاءُ، سَسُئِيءَ سُورَ پِرائِيا

Friends, I suffered when I lived in the quarter of the washermen. They brought me troubles and torment. Now fate has brought me into the company of the travelers." 34

"We are washermen, the servants of Prince Punhun. The Hôt is used to musk; I smell of soap. May none of the girls in the spinning party expose my husband. 35

I am the sort of woman who calls her maid her mistress.[10] Wretched as I am, Punhun became a washerman for my sake." 36

Together with the washermen, Punhun holds clothes in his hand to wash them. Then there came a messenger from Ari Jam, saying: "Oh perfect one, it is not your task to pound the clothes." 37

This woman has no kin, either in Kech or in Bhambhor. She alone is anxious; the Hôt is free from care. With the beloved, the only thing that works is humble supplication. 38

The musk deer intoxicated with its scent and the phoenix in perpetual flight are both distracted in the world—perhaps it is from them that Sasui has learned to suffer. 39

٤٠ راتِ ڏِنائِين روجَھ، ٻانءِ ڪِ اوٺِي آئِيا
پِرِيَتَڻي پِرِيُنِ جي، سِڳَڻَ ڪِي سَبوجَھ
هُئِي گهٽو اَبوجَھ، سُورَنِ سُنهائِي سَسُئِي

٤١ سَمَرُ جنِين نه ساڻُ، هوتُ حِماتِي تن جو
ڳري ڇيجَ ڇَپَرَ ۾، پُنهون اِيندو پاڻَ
ٽِيندِي رِيجَھ رِهاڻِ، لَحظي مَنجِھ، لَطِيفُ چئِي

٤٢ سَسُئِيءَ لَنگِهيو سو، مَردَ جنهن ماتِ ڪَيا
جَبَلُ وڏو جو، نوُڻِ مِڙوئِي نِينهَن کي

٤٣ ڇَپَرُ ڇَمَرُ پانيان، ڪانيو ۾ ڪارو
ٻَپُ وِجَهندِيَسِ پُٺِ تِي، صُبُحَ سَوارو
وَڃَڻَ مُون وارو، ڪينَ وِهَندِيَسِ وِچَ ۾

٤٤ ڇَپَرَ ۾ ڇَمَرَ، تا لَڳَهَ لَڳَنِ پاڻَ ۾
ڏادا ڏُونگَرَ ڪَرڪَرا، ويڌَ وِنگائُون وَرَ
آئُون پِيادِي پَڻِئين، نِماڻِي نِڌَرَ
سُورِيُون جِتِ سَگَرَ، اُتِ ٻاتاڙِيءَ ٻِيلِي ٽِئين

Last night she saw the white-footed antelopes and thought that the camel men had come. Her love and desire has made her wise. She was quite ignorant, but her sufferings have made Sasui aware. 40

Those who have no provision with them are supported by the Hôt. Doing a round dance in the hills, Punhun himself will come. In an instant there will be delightful company, says Latif. 41

Sasui crossed the mountains that confounded heroes. The great peak was leveled flat by love. 42

"I think that the hills Kanbho and Karo are black clouds.[11] Early in the morning I will leave Mount Pab behind me. It is time for me to go, I will not take a break or rest. 43

The mountains and the black clouds merge into each other. The rocks are cruelly hard, full of difficulties and twists and turns. I am weak and helpless as I traverse the ground on foot. You are the helper of this confused creature on these paths that are full of torments. 44

آڏَ تِراچا آهُڙا، ڏُونگَرَ کي ڏاڪا
ڪَيَمِ آهَ عَجِيبَ کي، سِڪَ مَنجهان سا ڪا
پيئِي هيٺِڪِي هوَتَ کي، ڪُوڪَ وَڃِي ڪَنِ ڪا
مُنهنجو وَسُ واڪا، بُڌَڻُ ڪَمُ بَروچَ جو ٤٥

آڏَ تِراچا آهُڙا، ڏُونگَرَ کي ڏاڪا
وَڃِي وَرُ واٽَ ٿِيا، بَرِ چَڙهِي باڪا
ڦَٽِيا پيرَ فَقِيرِ جا، چَڙهندي چَڙهاڪا
هُيَنِ جِيءَ اَندَرِ جا ڪا، وِيا پُڄائي پانهِنجِي ٤٦

ڪَرِڙا ڏُونگَرَ ڪَهَ گَهٽِي، جِتِ بَرَپَٽَ سُڄَنِ بَيرانُ
ڏاهَنِ ڏاهَپَ وِسِرِي، ٿِيا حَرِيفَ بِي حَيرانُ
سَسُئِيءَ لَنگهيو سَيّدُ چئِي، مُحَبَّتَ سين مَيدانُ
جنهنجو آرِياڻِي اَڳِوانُ، تَنهن ڪانهي باڪَ بَهِيرَ ۾ ٤٧

ڪَرِڙا ڏُونگَرَ ڪَهَ گَهٽِي، جِتِ جَبَلَ گُوناگُونِ
ليڙَنِ جُون لَطِيفُ چئِي، تَنگِ تَنوارُون پُونِ
جنِ ڏِنو پيرُ پُنهونءَ جو، سي نه ڪي رُون نه چُونِ
هُوندَنِ مَٿِي هُونِ، لاڳاپا هِنَ لوڪَ جا ٤٨

The paths up the mountains are twisting and difficult. **45**
In my longing I have cried out to my beloved.
Surely my call will reach the ears of the Hôt. All I
can do is speak, it is the Baloch's job to listen.

The paths up to the mountains are twisting and **46**
difficult. Those tribesmen took my husband away
with them across the desert. This poor creature's
feet are wounded as she climbs the ascents. They
have accomplished the plan that was in their
hearts."

The hills are hard and the journey is long, where **47**
mountains and wilderness are seen. The clever
forget their cleverness, and experts are amazed.
Sasui, says Shah, traversed the plain with love.
She who has the son of Ari[12] for her guide is
unaccompanied by fear.

The hills are hard and the journey is long, through **48**
mountains of many kinds. The camels' cries, says
Latif, echo in the narrow defiles. Those who have
seen Punhun's footprint do not weep or speak.
Those who are alive[13] are attached to the world.

٤٩ کَرِڙا ڏُونگَرَ ڪَهَ گَهٽِي، جِتِ وِيا روڏا رِنگائي
ساڳاپِي سيڻَنِ جي، ٻِي وِندُرِ واجهائي
رَهيَسِ رَسُ لَطِيفُ چئي، تنهن ڪَمِيٽِيءَ ڪاهي
آرِياڻِي آهي، مَنَهِن مَعذُورِنِ جي

٥٠ کَرِڙا ڏُونگَرَ ڪَهَ گَهٽِي، جِتِ مِينهَن وَسَنِ ماڪُون
سُجَنِ ٽِيُون سَيَّدُ چئي، هاڙهي جُون هاڪُون
جِتِ اَنڌيُون اوطاقُون، تِتِ ڪاهي رَسِجِ ڪارَڻِي

٥١ ماڻِڪُ مِٺُ سَندومِ، اوندا هِيءَ ۾ سوجِهرو
حَشَرَ ويلَ حِسابَ ۾، ڇَڏي نه ويندومِ
سارِيو سَڏُ ڪَندومِ، ڪوهِيارو ڪيچَ ڌَڻِي

٥٢ پُنهونءَ سين پِرِيتِ جو، ڪو جو پيچُ پِيومِ
يَنِيي هِنَ يَنِيورَ ۾، وِهَٽُ وِهُ ٽِيومِ
مَتِيُون موٽَڻَ سَندِيُون، ڪاڪِيُون ڪِيمَ ڏِيومِ
سَرَتِيُون ساهُ سَندومِ، ٽِيو حَوالي هوتَ جي

٥٣ ڏانجَهنِ تي ڏانجها، ڏِناٺُون ڏُکِيءَ کي
لَڳِيَسِ نائُڪَ نِينهَن جِي، ڪُرَهِ اَندَرِ ڪا جا
ٽَرَنِ ۾ ٽاجا، ڪَري مُندَ مِرُنِ سين

The hills are hard and the journey is long, where the camels groan as they go. In her attachment to her beloved, she makes great efforts by the Vindar, saying: "I am left here, come to me, hurry to this wretch." The Ariyani is the support of the helpless. 49

The hills are hard and the journey is long, where the rain pours down. The difficulties of the Harho are renowned, says Shah. In its dark places, oh my protector, make haste to come to me. 50

The gem that gleams in the dark is my dear relative.[14] At the time of reckoning on the day of resurrection, he will not leave me. He will remember me and call me to him, my mountain lord of Kech. 51

"I have become entangled in my love for Punhun, and dwelling in ugly Bhambhor has become deadly for me. Sisters, do not keep advising me to come back. Dear friends, my life is handed over to the care of the Hôt. 52

This poor girl has been made to suffer torment upon torment. Her breast has been struck by the arrow of love, so that she keeps company with the wild beasts in the desert. 53

کو مُنهِن ڪُنَلِ آئِيو، وَسِ نه ويچارِي ٥٤
هوتَ تُنهنجي هَٿَ ري، پَهُچي نه پارِي
اَچِين جي آرِي، ته پاندَ پُڄِي لَڪُ لَنگهِيان

ڳَڌِهن تان ٻاجَهه پَئِي، ساڄَنَ مُنجُ سَلامُ ٥٥
سِڪَ تُنهنجِيءَ سُپِرِين، ڪَيو تَنُ تَمامُ
هَتّين هاجَ وِهُ ٿِي، نيٺين نِنبَ حَرامُ
دوسَ نه سَهان دامُ، تُون وِنڌُرِ تو ويلا ڪَرِين

ٻَرُ مِڙوئِي ٻُوءِ، ڇَپَرَ ڇاڻُون مُڪِيُون ٥٦
ٻَهِ ٻَهِ ٿِي ٻَنيورَ ۾، هَندَّ مِڙيئِي هُوءِ
راٿِيُنِ وَرِي روُءِ، ڳُوندَرَ لَٿا گولِئين

جَتَنِ سان جانڪُون، سَرَتِيُون مُون سَڳُ ٿِيو ٥٧
ڳَري ڪوهِيارو وِيو، تَنُ ڇِنِي تانڪُون
آئُون پڻ تَڏانڪُون، اَڏَ ڏُکوئِي آهِيان

مَتان ڪا ٻَڙِي، بولَ باروچي وِسَهي ٥٨
هُوندَ نه سُتِيَسِ سَرَتِيُون، ويهِي رَهِيَسِ وَڙِي
جَتَ پَنهنجي جُوءِ ۾، گهارِينِ مانَ گهڙِي
ڪيچِيُنِ آئُون نه ڪَڙِي، ڪنهن ڏُکِيءَ ڏاوَڻُ ڏائِيو

This sad, afflicted girl cannot bear what has befallen her. Oh my Hôt, your servant cannot get there without your help. Come, Ari, I will clutch your hem and get through the pass. 54

If you are ever moved by mercy, my beloved, send me greeting. My longing for you, my dear, has finished off my body. Working with my hands has become deadly for me, and sleep is banned from my eyes. Friend, I cannot endure a single moment while you spend your time by the Vindar." 55

The desert is all fragrance, the mountains have sent forth scent. Bhambhor is filled with delight; every place smells sweet. The faces of the queens are happy, and the sorrows of the maids have disappeared. 56

"Friends, since I became connected by marriage to the Jats,[15] the mountain prince has destroyed my body. Since then I have been half dead. 57

Oh, let no one trust the words of the Baloch. If only I had not slept, friends, and had stayed wrapped in Punhun's embrace. If only the Jats had stayed for a while in their camp. I am not displeasing to the Kechis, but was unluckily trapped into marriage. 58

٥٩

اَڊِيُون آئُون نه تِيئَن، جِيئَن پِرِيَتّو پِرِيُنِ سين
ٻَڏِي سُٽِيَسِ نه سوگهو، ڇَلُوَرُ ڇاتِيءَ سِيئَن
ڪيچِي ڪاهي ڪَرَها، مُونهان وَڃَنِ ڪِيئَن
ڏوهُ مُنهنجي ڏِينهَن، پُنهونءَ ڪي ڪا مَ ڇَئي

٦٠

وَرَ مَ وِساريجِ، آهِيان تُنهنجي آسِري
ڏادِو ڏُونگَرَ جو سُڄي، سو لُطفُون لَنگهائيجِ
اُسِرِي اُتَهِين وِيرَ تُون، آرِي جامَ اَچيجِ
نِماڻِيءَ کي نُورَ سين، لالَنَ لَڏائيجِ
ظُلِمَتَ جا زمين ڄِي، سا نِرمَلَ نُورُ ڪَريجِ
ڪامِلَ ڪَنِ ڪَريجِ، فَريادِيُون فَقِيرِ جون

٦١

وائي

ڇورِي ڇَڏِ مَ ڇپَرين، ٻاروچَلَ ٻانهِي
جانِبَ جَهرُو جَڳَ ۾، ناهي ڪو ثانِي
پُنَهَلَ نِيو پانَ سان، پورِهَيتِ پَرِنِياڻِي
پورِهيو ڪَندِيَسِ پِرَ جو، پَرِينديَسِ پاڻِي
هوتَ مَ ڇَڏِيو هيڪِلِي، هِيءَ جا وِندُرَ وِڪاڻِي
اَڊِيُون عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چئي، اِيندُمِ آرِياڻِي

Sisters, I did not behave as one should in love. I did not sleep with my curly-headed lover held tight to my breast. How would the Kechis have driven away with their camels? The fault lies in my fate, let no one speak against Punhun. 59

Do not forget me, oh my husband, my trust is placed in you. In your kindness, get me across this mountain, which is said to be so dreadful. Arise and come to me soon, Ari Jam. Beloved, let this poor wretch be delivered with your light. Oh pure one, fill this land of darkness with your light. Oh perfect one, hear this poor wretch's cry for help." 60

Oh my Baloch beloved, do not leave your wretched slave in the rocks. 61V
There is no one like him in the world.
Punhun, take your servant, this washergirl, with you.
I will labor for my beloved and bring him water from the well.
Oh Hôt, do not leave me alone, I have sacrificed myself for the Vindar.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, the son of Ari will come to me.

١١ سُر ڪوهياري

لَيلَ نه جاڳِينءَ لِکَ سِيئَن، ڪُلِّي نَوۡمُ ڪَياءِ ١
قُمۡ تِّي پَهُچُ قَرِيبَ کي، اِجۡلِسۡ تو نه جُڳاءِ
مُنِي مِهِمانَنِ سين، ويهِي راتِ وِهاءِ
جيلان نِندَ ڪَياءِ، تي روزُ رَهِين تِّي راهَ ۾

اِجۡلِسۡ ڪَري اُٿِيا، تَنواريِو توڏَنِ ٢
نَوۡمَ نوازِينءَ اُن جي، مَرۡحَبا موڏَنِ
رِڙِهِي رَسُ روڏَنِ، اَلۡيَوۡمَ سِيرُوۡا سَسُئِي

غافِلِ غَفِلَتَ چوڙِ، تُون ڪِيئَن آٿاسِي اوجِهرين ٣
ڇُپاتا چَڙهِي ويا، وِڃِي پَهُتا توڙِ
نيٺين نِندَ اُکوڙِ، جِمَ وَرَنِ ۾ واڪا ڪَرِين

آلوڙو اَکينِ، آيَمِ نِندَ اُياڳَ کي ٤
هاڻِي هِنَ ٻَنيورَ ۾، ڳهارِيان ڪارَڻِ ڪِن
اَديُون اونِيَرِّنِ، هِنئِين سان هاجو ڪَيو

سُتِينءَ پَير دِگها ڪَري، وَڏِي جاڙَ ڪَياءِ ٥
دَرَ ٻَرِ اُپِئين دوسِتَ جي، ته سُرِ پُرِ هُوندَ سُياءِ
اَصلِ آرِيءَ جامَ جِي، سَگِي تُون نه سِياءِ
پُنهُونءَ سين پِياءِ، تِّي نِياڳِي نِندُون ڪَرِين

11 Kohiyari

"You did not awake for an instant *in the night, but slept right through.*[1] *Get up* and reach the beloved, it is not right for you *to sit*. You wretch, sit up all night with your guests. Because you slept at night, you got left behind on the road by day. 1

After *sitting* they got up; the camels uttered a cry. Congratulations to them for being awake, while you were enjoying your sleep. Following the camels, *travel today*, Sasui." 2

Heedless one, abandon your heedlessness. How can you doze, you shameless girl? Silently they set out and got to their journey's end. Get rid of the sleepiness from your eyes, lest you have to cry out in the twisting mountain passes. 3

My eyes became drowsy and sleep overtook this wretched creature. For whom should I now I spend time in this Bhambhor? Sisters, the camel men have hurt my heart. 4

When you slept with legs stretched out, you did something very wrong. If you had only stood by your beloved's door you would have heard them whispering. You are not related by birth to Ari Jam. You were wed to Punhun, but you slept, you wretched girl." 5

اِيُ ڪَمُ ڪَمِيڻِيَنِ، جِئَن سُمَهَنِ پيرَ ڊِگها ڪَري ٦
لوچِين چو نه لَطِيفُ چئي، هارِي لَءِ هوتَنِ
نِندان نِياڳِينِ کي، اويالا اَچَنِ
سي پُنهُون ڪوهه پُڄَنَ، جي سَنجهي رَهَنِ سُمهِي

سُتِينءَ سَنجهيئِي، مُنهُن ويڙهي مُئَنِ جِئَن ٧
اوجاڳو اَکِيُنِ کي، جاتوءِ نه ڏيئِي
هَٿان تو پيئِي، نِي ڪَچو ڪيڇِيُنِ ڪَرِين

ڏُونگَرَ تُون ڏاڍو، ڏاڍا ڏاڍايُون ڪَرِين ٨
مُون تَنَ اَندَرِ تِيئَن وَهِين، جِئَن وَٺُ وَڍي واڍو
اِي ڪَرَمَ جو ڪاڍو، ناتَ پَٿَرِ ڪيرَ پَندَ ڪَري

ڏُونگَرَ ڏُکَ سَنداءِ، پِرِين گَڏِجان ته چوان ٩
پِنيءَ ٽِئين پَوارَئون، پِيا وِنگا وَرَ سَنداءِ
چِڳِي ڪانَ ڪَياءِ، پَيرُ وِڇايُءِ پِرِينءَ جو

ڏُونگَرَ ڏوراپو، پَهرِيون چَوندِيَسِ پِرِينءَ کي ١٠
پَهَڻَ پيرَ پِٽُون ڪَيا، تِرِيُون چِنيُون تو
رَحمُ نه پِيُءِ رُوحَ ۾، قَدُرُ مُنهِنجو ڪو
واڪو ڪَندِيَسِ وو، مُون سان جَبَلُ تو جاڙُون ڪَري

To sleep with legs stretched out is the action of the unworthy. You fool, why do you not search for your Hôt, says Latif? Taunts are directed at the luckless if they sleep. They remained asleep in the evening, so why do they search for Punhun? 6

You slept in the evening, with your face covered like the dead. You did not know how to keep your eyes awake. It was your fault, but you blame the Kechis. 7

"Oh mountain, you are harsh, and so is your behavior. You slice my body like a woodcutter cutting a tree. I am drawn by destiny; why else would anyone travel over the rocks? 8

Oh mountain, if I get to be with my beloved, I will describe the sufferings you have inflicted on me. At dawn you are frightening, and your paths are twisting. You have done me no good in erasing my beloved's tracks. 9

Oh mountain, the first complaint I shall utter to my beloved is this: 'The stones have cut my feet to pieces and pierced my soles. In your heart you had not the least pity on me.' I shall cry: 'The mountain has been very cruel to me.' 10

ڏُونگَرَ ڏُکوئِنِ کي، دِلاسا ڏِجَنِ ١١
گَهٽو پُڄِجي تِن کي، جِن وَٽان هوتَ وَڃَنِ
ٿُون کِئَن سَندا تن، پَهَڻَ پيرَ ڏُکوئِيين

ڏُونگَرَ ڏُکوئِنِ کي، ڳَلِ نه سُکا ڳوڙها ١٢
هُو جي پَهَڻَ پَبَ جا، سي پَڃِي ٿِيا پورا
ڳُوندَرَ جا گهوڙا، وَڃَنِ جانِ جُدا کَيو

کي جي کَڏِيا پارَ، ڏُکِيءَ ڏُونگَرَ پاڻَ ۾ ١٣
سُٺِي سا تَنوار، مِرُون پِيا مامري

ڏُونگَرَ پُونيِنِ کِيرَ، سَجَڻَ ميخُون ڏُونگَرين ١٤
هَهڙا سيڻ سُڌِيرَ، کِينَ لَهَندِينءَ کي بِيا

بَئِي وينا رُوَنِ، ڏُکِي ڏُونگَرَ پاڻَ ۾ ١٥
کنهنکي کِين چَوَنِ، مَنجِهنِ جو پِرِيَٽو

تَپِي کَندين کوهُ، ڏُونگَرَ ڏُکوئِنِ کي ١٦
ٿُون جي پَهَڻَ پَبَ جا، ته لِڳَ مُنهِنجا لوهُ
کَنهنجو کونهي ڏوهُ، اَمُرَ مُون سين اِئن کَيو

بَرَّيَ ته بيلِي گهڻا، ساڻِي پُڄي سُکُ ١٧
رَفاقَتَ رُڃُنِ ۾، ڏُونگَرَ کاري ڏُکُ
آرِيءَ جو اَهُکُ، مُون رَهَنُما راهه ٿِيو

Oh mountain, you should give cheer to those who are sad. You should take great care of those who have been abandoned by the one they love. Why, oh stone, do you hurt the feet of those who grieve? 11

Oh mountain, the tears on the cheeks of those who grieve do not dry up. They dissolve the stones of the Pab. Hosts of sufferings destroyed me when he abandoned me." 12

In her grief she lamented to the mountain. When they heard her story, the wild animals were grieved. 13

The mountains are the pegs of the earth,[2] the beloved is the one who fixes them. You will never find so patient a lover. 14

The two of them sit weeping together, the grieving girl and the mountain. They say nothing to anyone of the love between them. 15

"Oh rock, by making yourself hot, what will you do to those who grieve? If you are the stones of the Pab, my limbs are made of iron. No one is to blame, it is fate that has dealt with me like this. 16

Oh, many are the friends who seek comfort. Grief has made me familiar with the rocks. The distress Punhun has caused me is my guide on this path. 17

۱۸
مُون کِي ڄَڏِ مَ ڄِپِرين، هِت هوتاڻِي هاڻِ
اوڏِي مُنڌَ اُنَنِ کِي، اَللهُ ڪارَڻِ آڻِ
پورهيو ڳنڍِيسِ پاڻِ، اَڳِيان آرِيچَنِ جي

۱۹
مُون کِي ڄَڏِ مَ ڄِپِرين، پوءِ رَهايَسِ پاڻِ
جي ٻِلائِيُون ياڻِ، تن کِي رَسُ رَسِيلا راهَ ۾

۲۰
سُتي پَوَنِ چِرِڪَ، آيَلِ باروچَنِ جا
وَمَ وِهاڻِي وو رِڙِي، ڪوهِياري ڪِرِڪَ
ڏَرُ ڏُوٽِيو تنهن ڏَڪَ، جَلِڙِيءَ جِئَڻُ نه ٿِئِي

۲۱
سُتي پَوَنِ چِرِڪَ، آيَلِ بارَوچَنِ جا
ٻُنهونءَ جي پَيڪانَ جُون، راسِيُون مَنجهان رُڪَ
هَنيَمِ هوتَ ڪِرِڪَ، لوچان لوهُ نه نِڪري

۲۲
جيهِي جي تيهِي، ته به بانهِي باروچَنِ جِي
حُجَتَ هوتَ ٻُنهونءَ سين، مُون ڪَمِيڻِي ڪيهِي
اَصُلِ آرِيءَ جامَ جي، پَلِئِ آءُ پيئي
هُوءَ جا پائِينِ پيرَ ۾، تنهن جُتِي نه جيهِي
وِساري ويهِي، تن ڪيچِيُنِ کِي ڪِيئَن رَهان

۲۳
هُئِي جي نه هُئِي، ته به بانهِي باروچَنِ جِي
اِنَ سَڳَ مُقابِلِ سَسُئِي، سَندِيَنِ تِي سُئِي
هُنِ تان لَجَ لُئِي، هِنَ جو هَلَنَ هوتَ ڏي

Now do not leave me here in the rocks, my Hôt. For God's sake, take this woman near your camels. I will be the humble servant of the Arichos. 18

Do not leave me on the rocks, it was my pride that detained me. Come, beloved, to those who have been led astray by their false pride. 19

As I was sleeping, mother, thoughts of the Baloch suddenly made me start. Ah, the arrows of the mountain lord affected every part of me. The impact shook my whole frame, and now this poor wretch cannot live. 20

As I was sleeping, mother, thoughts of the Baloch suddenly made me start. Punhun's arrows are tipped with steel. I seized hold of them, but the metal does not come out, however hard I try. 21

Whatever I am, I am the Baloch's slave girl. In my lowliness, what objection can I raise with Hôt Punhun? I was from the beginning fated to belong to Ari Jam. I am less even than the slippers he wears. How can I forget the Kechi and be content? 22

No matter what, I am the Baloch's slave girl. It is because of my relationship with him that Sasui has become famous. He has severed his ties with me, but I must go to the Hôt. 23

٢٤

ڳائِي نه وائِي، اَدِيُون آرِيچَن جِي
ڪنهن پَرِ ڪَهِي لَنگِهيان، جَبَلَ جهاجهائِي
جيڪسِ واجهائِي، هاڻي مَرَندِيَسِ هوتَ لَءِ

٢٥

هَلَڻُ سَهان نه هوتَ جو، وَڃَڻُ مُون نه وَسِ
اَللهَ آرِيچَن جِي، گولِي ميڙِئين گَسِ
پِرِين پَنهوار تو پُڇان، ڏُونگَرِيا مُون ڏَسِ
اَکِينِ جِي آرَسِ، مُندَّ جيهائِي جوڙَ کِي

٢٦

مُون کِي جنِين مارِيو، آن کي گَڏِيا سي
تَنَ ۾ طاقَتَ ناهِ ڪا، اَدا اُنِين ري
سُورُ سَلِڻُمِ تي، جيلان ڳالهِ ڳرِي ٿِئِي

٢٧

مُون کِي جنِين مارِيو، سُڃاتِمَ سيئِي
پُنهون پَيڪانَ پَچَندِيا، بِلَنِ تان بيئِي
ويڃَنِئون ويئِي، لِي وَهِيئِي سَڄَنَين

٢٨

پَرتَوو پُنهونءَ جو، سَهائِي سِياهُ
مُنهُن ڏيئِي مُون آئِيو، رَنگارَنگِي راهُ
پَهرِين ڏِيندا پاهُ، پوءِ رَڱِيندا رَڱَ ۾

There is no sign or sound of the Arichos here, sisters. How can I press on and cross the vast range of the mountains? Perhaps now I will die as I search for the Hôt. 24

I cannot endure Punhun's departure, and it is beyond my power to go to him. Oh God, let this humble creature find the path of the Aricho. I ask you, shepherd,[3] about my beloved. Oh rock, show me where he is. It is my eyes' laziness that has brought such trouble to this woman. 25

Have you encountered the people who destroyed me? Without him, brother, there is no strength in my body. I have been pierced by sharp pains since things became too much for me. 26

I have recognized the one who has destroyed me. Punhun used his eyes to shower me with arrows. This creature has passed beyond the power of doctors and has come under the power of the beloved. 27

Punhun sometimes projects moonlight, sometimes darkness. His path appears before me in many colors. First he plunges me into alum,[4] then he colors me with dye. 28

پَرِتَوو پُنهونءَ جو، رَڳِياڻِي راحَتَ
ياڻِيان ڏِينهُن ڀوارئون، ساجَنَ لاءِ صِحَتَ
مِٺِي مُصِيبَتَ، آرِي جامَ جِي ٢٩

رِءَ قَرِيبَنِ قُوتُ ڪَيو، ويڻِي وِرهُ چَران
اِنَ عَذابان اَڳِهِين، مادَرِ چو نه مَران
اَدِيُون جو نه اَوهان، سو مان سُر سَرَتِيُون ٣٠

اَدِيُون اَڳِهِي آهِيان، پِرِيُنِ پُڄاڻا
سي ڪوهِيارا ڪِيڻِ وِيا، ساجَنَ سِياڻا
جي سَسُئِي سيباڻ، سي وِچِي ڪيچِ قَرارِيا ٣١

حَقِيقَتَ هِنَ حالَ جِي، جي ظاهِرُ ڪَرِيان ذَرِي
لَڳِي ماڻِ مِرُوئَنِ کِي، ڏُونگَرَ پَوَنِ ذَرِي
وَڃَنِ وَڻَ ٻَرِي، اوپَرِ اُپِري ڪِينَ ڪِي ٣٢

حَقِيقَتَ هِنَ حالَ جِي، جي ظاهِرُ ڪَرِيان زبانَ
لَڳِي ماڻِ مِرُوئَنِ کِي، رسي سُورُ شَبانَ
ٽاڪَرِ ٽِڪِي ڪانَ، جَبَلُ سَڀِ جَلِي وَڃِي ٣٣

سارِيان ٽِي سَبِيلَ، پُرِ تَقصِيرُون پاڻَ ڏي
مَتان مُون کِي ڇَڏِئِين، آرِي جامَ اَصِيلَ
وَرُ وِلَهِنِ جا وَسِيلَ، رَسُ رَهَبَرَ راهَ ۾ ٣٤

Punhun's appearance is pure joy. I think the most frightful day is a happy one because of him. Ari Jam's oppression is sweet to me. 29

Without the beloved, I sit and feed on the pain of separation. Mother, why did I not die before these torments? Sisters, you know nothing of the pains I suffer. 30

Sisters, I have fallen sick since my beloved left. That wise mountain dweller is the one I love; which way did he go? The one in whom Sasui delighted has gone to rest in Kech. 31

If I revealed only a little of my true condition, the wild animals would be struck dumb and the rocks would be split, the trees would be burned and no fresh vegetation would grow. 32

If I spoke openly of my true condition, the wild animals would be struck dumb and the shepherd would be shattered. No rocks would remain in place and the mountains would all be burned up. 33

When I consider myself, I find that I am full of faults. Noble Ari Jam, do not leave. Oh support of the helpless, be my guide on this path. 34

٣٥

سرَتِيون سُوراتِنِ جي، ڪوهُ ٽِيون پَٽَرِ پَوَنِ
گهاءُ نه لَڳُنِ گهٽَ جو، رِيا مان ٽِيُون رُوَنِ
چيتارِيو نه چَوَنِ، پارَ مُنهِجي پِرِينءَ تان

٣٦

ڪَنهِن پَر رُئان پِرِينءَ کي، اَندَرِ ناهِ اُساٽ
لوهُوڪا لَڪَنِ ۾، ويرِي مَٽي واٽَ
ڇَپَر ۾ ڇُونڇاٽَ، ڏِنَمِ ڏُکوئِنِ جا

٣٧

ڪَنهِن پَر رُئان پِرِينءَ کي، پَچَنَ ناهِ پَچارَ
اَندَرِ ٽِي آهُون ڪَريان، ڪاٽِي مَنجِه خُمارَ
گِريي جِي گُفتارَ، ٻِيءَ پَتِ باروچَنِ ۾

٣٨

سُجَ وَسَندِي تن کي، جوشَ جَلايا جي
طالِبَ جي تحَقَيقَ جا، نِينهُن تنِين وَٽِ ني
ٽيڏِي پَسي ٽِي، هُو تان آهي هيڪِڙو

٣٩

ٻِئُون ڏيئِي ٻَنِ کي، هَلِجِ پاسي هيڪَ
وَرُ نه سَهي ويڪَ، تُون ٽيڏِي ٽِئائُون ڪَرِين

٤٠

اَچا تُون اَواٽَ، واٽان پاسي ويسِرِي
سُونهِين ٽِي سُواٽَ، ته مَنجهان دِلِ دَڳُ لَهِين

Why do my friends mourn for those who are in pain? Their hearts have not been wounded, so their tears are hypocritical. They do not think of my beloved love as they utter their laments. 35

How should I weep for my beloved, when I feel no longing within me? In the passes there are bushes that draw blood, and there are enemies on my path. I have heard how those who are afflicted sizzle on the rocks. 36

How should I weep for my beloved, when I do not know how to be consumed? Inwardly I sigh, as I burn in the sickness of love. The discourse of distress is different among the Baloch." 37

Desolation dwells among those who are consumed by passion. Take your love to the seekers of true reality. Those who cannot see properly see triple, but he is one. 38

Get rid of the others and go toward the one. With your defective vision, you see triple, but he permits no distinction. 39

You are still off track and unaware of the path. Become aware, get on track, and discover the path in your heart. 40

٤١

پانهِين پسِي پَٻُ، مَتان ڪا مُندَّ ڏِئين
اَڳيان ڪَؤ مَ ڪَٻُ، اِيُ قالِي آڏو ڪيجَ ڪِي

٤٢

وائي

مؤن کي نِيندا ساڻُ، ٻاروچا ٻاجهَ پئِي اَلو اَلو
ڏِيندا مؤن ڏُکِيءَ کِي، اَللهُ لَڳِ اهُجاڻُ
لاَ تَقْنَطُواْ مِنْ رحمةِ اَللهِ، پرِيُنِ چَيو پاڻُ
اِنْ اَللهَ يَغْفِرُاَلّذنُوْبَ جميعاً، سَچو اِيُ پَرياڻُ
اَديؤن عَبدُاللّطيِفُ چَئِي، اَهِڙو اَهي اَڳواڻُ

Do not turn back, girl, when you see the Pab. Do not tremble as you go on, it is a carpet that is spread before Kech. 41

Oh, the Baloches will take me with them if they are merciful. 42V
In my pain they will give me a sign in the name of God.
Do not despair of the mercy of God[5] is what the beloved himself said.
Indeed God forgives all sins,[6] this is a true sign.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, such is the guide.

١٢ سُر حسيني

لَڙُ مَ لاڙائُو لِيو، هَلِي ڪَرِ هِمَٿَ ١
سِڄُ سامُهون مُنهَن ۾، مَتان ڪَرئين ڪَٿَ
سُپيرِيان جي سَٿَ، ڳاڙهي سِڄِ ڳالهہِ مِڙين

اُلَهي سِڄَ اَويرَ ڪِي، ڏِنائِين ڏونگرُ ٢
سَسُئِيءَ کي سَيَّدُ چئي، سُورَن جو سَمَرُ
کُنَلِ رَکِيو ڪَرُ، ويچاريءَ وَٽِڪارَ تي

ويني مُون وِيو، لَڙِي سِڄُ لَڪَنِ تان ٣
آئُون ڏُورِيندي ڪيترو، پَهَٽن پيرُ پِيو
سُورَنِ ساڻُ سِهو، اَڃِي تِيُمِ جيڏِيُون

سَرَتِيُون سُڄي سُڄَ، مَتان ڪا مُون سين هَلي ٤
پاڻِي ناهِ پَندُ گهڻو، اَڳِيان رائو رُڳِي رُڃَ
مَتان مَرِي اُڃَ، ڪا ڏِئِي پاراتو پِرِينءَ کي

پَنِيءَ نه پيرونِ، اوڏِيءَ جَڳَ نه جَمِيا ٥
پويون هِيُ پيرونِ، نِينهن نِباهي هَليا

12 *Husaini*

Do not hang back, it is sunset, go boldly on. The sun is in your face, but do not hesitate. If you go as the sun reddens, you will come to where the beloved is with his company. 1

The sun sets after a delay; she has seen the rocks. Sasui's provision consists of pain, says Shah. With head held high, the poor girl slain by grief enters the Vankar. 2

"As I sat, the sun went down over the mountain passes. How will I track him, when my path lies over stones? My connection is with sorrows, my friends. 3

No one should go with me, friends, a wilderness lies ahead. There is no water, the journey is long, in front of me are nothing but sand and wasteland. Maybe one of you might curse the beloved as they were dying of thirst. 4

On the open ground he has left no tracks, he did not wait nearby. He finally went, leaving his tracks as tokens that he had kept faith with me." 5

٦

شُيءِ ڪا تنوارَ، ڪِي هُنئِين ٻِي هَٿَ ڳٽِين
سَوين زُليُون سَٽِيُون، هوتائَنِ هزارَ
ٻاروچاڻا ٻارَ، توڙان تَرسُ نه سِڪيا

٧

ڪِي ڏَرَتِّي ماءِ، ڪِي جَرَ سَندِي سَجَٽِين
هَلي ۽ واجهاءِ، ٻِنِين جيرَنِ وِچَ ۾

٨

مَٽيان مَٽِي مَڄُ، ٻَرِيُمِ ٻاروچَنِ جو
مُون ڪي طَعنا تي ڏِئين، جئَن نه پَرُوڙِئين سَڄُ
اَمرَ اوري اَڄُ، ته سِٽَ سُٽايَنءِ سُورَ جِي

٩

مَٽِي مَنجهانِ مِينهُن، پَسو پاٽِيءَ جئَن وَهي
مُون پانيو نِينهُن، جِيِئُون جيري سَندِيُون

١٠

منجهان مُنهنجي رُوحَ، جي وَڃِي ساجَنُ وِسِرِي
ته مَرُ لَڳِي لُوهَ، تَرَ ٻاٻِيهو ٻِي مَران

١١

پَهِي ڪامَ پِڄاءِ، اَمَرُ مُنهنجي آسِري
ڏيئِي لَتَ چَرخي کي، پُوٽِيُون پاٽِيءَ پاءِ
ڳَتِيُمِ جنهِين لاءِ، سو ڪوهِيارو ڪيچِ وِيو

١٢

ڪوءِ هاڙهو ٻَنِ هوتُ، ڪوءِ پُنهون ٻَنِ پرِيَتَّو
مادَر مُون مَوتُ، پَسَٽان پرائيو

Did you hear the sweet sound of his voice, or did you lift your hands in vain? Hundreds and thousands of Sasuis roam in search of their Hôt beloveds. No child of the Baloch has ever learned pity. 6

It is partly that the earth is hot, mother, partly that she blazes for her beloved. She presses on and yearns for him, caught between both fires. 7

"The bonfire of the Baloch blazes over my head. You taunt me because you do not understand the truth of my condition. Come near me, mother, so that I may give you an idea of my suffering. 8

See how the tears rain like water from the eyes in my head. What I thought was love was really flames from the fire. 9

If my soul forgets my beloved, it would be a good thing if I were smitten by the hot wind and died like the desert lark. 10

Do not card a cotton ball for me, mother. Kick the spinning wheel and throw the rolls of yarn in the water. The mountain dweller for whom I spun has gone to Kech. 11

Curses on the Harho, on the Hôt, and on love. Mother, all that I have got from seeing him is death. 12

١٣
كوءِ ٻولِي ٻَنِ ٻَروچُ، گھورِي ذاتِ جَتَنِ جِي
مُون کي چَئِي لوچُ، پيهِي وِيا ڇپرين

١٤
جِئن جِئن تَپي ڏِينهُن، تِئن تِئن تاڻي پَنڌَ ۾
ڪو آڳانجهو نِينهُن، ٻانيَنِ ٻاروچَنِ سين

١٥
جان جِئَين تان جَلُ، ڪانهي جاءِ جَلَڻَ ري
تَتِيءَ ٿَڌِيءَ هَلُ، ڪانهي ويلَ وِهَڻَ جي

١٦
تَتِيءَ ٿَڌِيءَ ڪاهِ، ڪانهي ويلَ وِهَڻَ جي
مَتان ٿِئي اُونداهِ، پيرُ نه لَهين پِرينءَ جو

١٧
ڪو گُھمندي گھورُ، آئِيمِ ٻاروچَنِ جو
ڇَڏِينديَسِ ڇَنيورُ، هِنئون هِتِ نه وِنڌُري

١٨
ڇَنيورَجَنِ سُڱَنِ، مُون کي ساڻان ڪارِيو
هاڻي ساڻُ ڏُکَنِ، تان ڪِي ڏُونگرَ ڏورِيان

١٩
پيرُ ڇَنيوران، ڇَجو تان اُٻَهو
اَڳِي اِنَ ماڳان، سَرَتِيُنِ سُورَ پِرائِيا

Curses on their language,[1] on the Baloch, and on the whole tribe of camel men. He told me to search, then he went into the rocks." 13

The hotter the day becomes, the faster she presses on with her journey. The Brahman girl's[2] love for the Baloch began in pre-eternity. 14

So long as you live, keep burning, there is no alternative to burning. Go on through heat and cold, there is no time to sit and rest. 15

Press on through heat and cold, there is no time to sit and rest. Otherwise darkness may fall and you will not find the beloved's track. 16

"As I roamed, I thought of the Baloch. I decided that I will leave Bhambhor, where my heart finds no peace. 17

The delights of Bhambhor separated me from his group. With much suffering I will now search the mountains for him. 18

Sisters, flee Bhambhor and be saved. Many friends have already brought suffering on themselves in this place. 19

٢٠
ڀينَرُ هِنَ ڀَنڀورَ ۾، دوزَخَ جو ڏُونهون
سَوارو سُونهون، ڀُڄِي ڀُورِجِ سَسُئِي

٢١
ڀَنڀوران اُجاڙُ، سَرَتِيُون سَگرُ ڀانئِيان
مُون سين تنهن ڀَهاڙُ، ڏُکان هَڏِ نه ڏوريو

٢٢
اُجاڙان ڀَنڀورُ، سَرَتِيُون سَگرُ ڀانئِيان
آرِياڻِي اَتورُ، ڏِنُمِ جِتِ اکينِ سان

٢٣
ٻُلِيو سَڀُ ڀَنڀورُ، جو ڀُنڀِيءَ هوتَ نه هَليو
شَهرَ سُڃاتو ڪِينَ ڪِي، آرِياڻِي اَتورُ
ماڻِيو تنِين مورُ، ديکِيو جنِين دِلِ سين

٢٤
ٻُرو هو ڀَنڀورُ، جو آرِياڻِيءَ اُجارِيو
لاٿو سَڀَ لوڪَ تان، هاڙهي ڏَڻِيءَ هورُ
چورِيُون ڄُرَڻُ سِڪيُونِ، ڀُنهون ڳياڻُون پورُ
آيو سو اَتورُ، جنهن ڏُکيُون ڏِکَ وِهارِيُون

٢٥
لَڄايا مُونهان، ساڄُهرِ تي سينَ وِيا
ڀِيَنِ ڀَنڀوران، سُڌِ مُنهنجي ذاتِ جي

٢٦
آئُون جي هُيَسِ هَڏُ، اَدِيُون آرِيڃَنِ جو
ساتَ لَڏِيندي سَڏُ، هُوندَ ڪوهِيارا ڪَرِينِ مُون

Sisters, the smoke of hell arises from this Bhambhor. Find a guide and go forth in good time, Sasui. 20

Friends, I think the wilderness is better than Bhambhor. Otherwise my pain would not have led me to search the mountains. 21

Friends, I think Bhambhor is better than the wilderness. It was there that my eyes saw the peerless Ari. 22

The Bhambhor that did not go after the Hôt is utterly lost. The city completely failed to recognize the peerless Ari. Those who beheld him with their hearts enjoyed the beautiful lord. 23

Bhambhor was bad, Ari made it glorious. The lord of the Harho removed anxiety from the whole world. The girls learned to print on cloth, making Punhun their pattern. The peerless one came, the one who adorned them with sorrows. 24

My beloved left early because he was ashamed of me. It was in Bhambhor that he came to know about my caste.[3] 25

Sisters, if I had been related to the tribe of Ari, the mountain men would certainly have called me when they departed. 26

٢٧
هُيَسِ جي سِياءِ، ته ڪَيُمِ ڏُکُ ڏيرَنِ تي
آدَبَ وچان اُنِ سين، ڳالهِ نه ڪَيَمِ ڪاءِ
ذات مُنهنجِي ماءِ، ڳچو ٽِي ڪيچِيُن کي

٢٨
ساٽِي توءِ هَلَنِ، ٻَٽَرِ جي وارَ ڪَرِيان
جيڪُسِ ٻاروچَنِ، ڪو ڏِ نو عَيبُ اَکينِ سين

٢٩
ساٿِيُن سَئِين نه جاڳِين، پوءِ ڪُجاڙِيان روءِ
اِيَ پَرِ ڪُپَرِ هوءِ، جئَن هُو سانگِي ٿُون شمَهِين

٣٠
مُون سَڏِيندي سَڏڙا، ساٿِي سَڏُ نه ڏِينِ
وِلَهِيءَ جي وَٽانَ تي، توڏَ نه تنوارِينِ
هيڏا هاچا ٿِينِ، ٻُري هِنَ ٻَنيورَ ۾

٣١
ڳَهان تان ڪيچانَ پري، وِهان تان وَٽِ مُون
ٻُلي ڏورِيَمِ ٻُون، عَبَٿُ آرِيءَ جامَ کي

٣٢
ڳَهان ته ڪيچان پَري، شُمهان تان سِرَ هيٺ
ٻاروچِي سين ڏيٺِ، جيڏِيُون جيهِيءَ پَرِ ٿِي

If I was their kinswoman, I should have complained about my brothers-in-law. Out of respect I did not say a word to them. Mother, my caste is a disgrace to the people of Kech. 27

If I had spread my hair as a bed covering, your companions would still have gone. Perhaps the eyes of the Baloch noticed some fault in me. 28

You did not stay awake with his companions, so why do you weep afterward? It was a bad way to behave for you to sleep while they were setting out. 29

I keep calling out, but his companions do not cry out in answer. The camels make no sound in this wretched woman's courtyard. Such are the miseries that happen in this evil Bhambhor. 30

If I travel, he is far from Kech; if I stay, he is beside me. I wandered lost over the land in fruitless search of Ari Jam. 31

If I travel, he is far from Kech; if I sleep, he holds me close. What sort of a relationship do I have with the Baloch? 32

٣٣

ليڙَنِ لَنگِھ لَسَ، مانباڻِيان مَٽي وِيا
وَ لِي وَڙُ واٽَ ٽيا، پُنهون جامُ پَهَسَ
هُئا وَڏِي وَسَ، باروچا ٻَنيورَ ۾

٣٤

چِٻُون چَپَرَ گَنِّي، پَهَڻَ پَٽَراڻِيُون پانئِيان
جتي رَهان راتِڙِي، مِڙُون مُنهنجا مِٽَ
سيٽَنِ جِيءَ سَهَٽَ، ڏُونگرُ ڏولِي مُون ٽِيو

٣٥

مُسافِرِنَئُون ماءِ، وِرِھ وِھائِمِ وِتَرو
اَچِي ٽِيَمِ اوچِتِي، تن سانگِيُنِ سين ساڃاءِ
جِيجان جَهلَ مَ پاءِ، هِنئون هوتَ هَٿِي وِيا

٣٦

ڪِيئن اَڙايُءِ پانڌُ، پلؤ پَرَڏيهِيُنِ سين
مَتِيُون مُوڙهِيءِ سَسُئِي، ڪَيُءِ ڪوهِيارو ڪانڌُ
ڙُلِي پانئِيءِ راندِ، بانيَڻِ عِشقُ بَروچَ جو

٣٧

مُنهنجو پاڙِيچَنِ، ڪَچو ڪونه ڏِڪِيو
پاسي چَڙهِي پُنهونءَ جي، ذاتِ سَلِتِي جَنِ
تيلان باروچَنِ، نِڏَرِ چِڏِي نِنب ۾

Their camels passed into Las Bela, crossing over the Manban.[4] The Baloch took my husband Punhun Jam on a journey by force, although they had seemed so friendly in Bhambhor. 33

I think of the rocks as my bedstead and the stones as my mattress. Wherever I spend the night, the wild animals are my friends. My yearning for my beloved has made the rocks my bridal palanquin. 34

From those travelers, mother, I have gained much grief. My acquaintance with those voyagers happened suddenly upon me. Do not stop me, mother; my beloved went away, wounding my heart. 35

Why did you get tangled up with a foreigner? Your wits were confused, Sasui, when you made a mountain man your husband. Oh Brahman girl who is lost, did you think that loving the Baloch was a game? 36

My neighbors did not hide my disgrace. They revealed my caste to gain favor with Punhun. That is why the Baloch abandoned me as I lay helpless in sleep. 37

٣٨
حُسينِيءَ جِي هاڪَ، مادَرِ مارِي آهِيان
ڏِينهان ڏورَڻُ ڏُکَ سين، راتِيان چِڪَنِ چاڪَ
ڊِجان ٻَرِ فِراقَ، مَتان پوئِمِ پِرِينءَ سين

٣٩
جيڪِي فِراقان، سو وِصالان نه ٿِئي
اَچِي اوطاقان، مُون کي پِرِيُنِ پَري ڪَيو

٤٠
ڦِرِي آءُ فِراقَ، مُونکي وِصالان وِڃُ پِيو
جي ٿِي چِڪِيَمِ، سي پِرِينءَ گڏِجِي پُورِيا

٤١
آيا آسَ ٿِيامِ، ٻاروچا ٻَنيورَ ۾
ڀَسِي ڀَهَرَ ڀُنهونءَ جِي، نَنهَن سِيئُن نِيڻَ نَرِيامِ
ڳُوندَرَ وِسِريامِ، سُڳَنِ شاخُون مُڪِيُون

٤٢
ڏيکارِيُسِ ڏُکَنِ، ڳُوندَرَ ڳَسُ پِرِيُنِ جو
سُونهائِي سُورَنِ، ڪِي هيڪانڊِي هوتَ سين

٤٣
سَؤ سُڳَنِ سانِي ڏِيان، سِرُ پِڻ ڏِيان سَٽِ
جي مُون مِڙِي مَٽِ، ته وِرِهُ وِهايان هيڪِڙو

٤٤
سُورَنِ سانگهارو، ڪَڏهِن تان ڪونَ ڪَيو
آيَلِ اوِيارو، ٻارُوڏو بورَ وَهي

Mother, I have been slain by the sound of Husaini.[5] By day I search in pain for my beloved, at night my wounds fester. I fear that separation may come between us. 38

What happens in separation cannot be experienced in being together. When he came to my room the beloved was parted from me.[6] 39

Come back, oh separation, being together has come between me and my beloved. My festering wounds have been closed by being with him. 40

My hopes have been fulfilled, the Baloch have come to Bhambhor. The sight of Punhun filled me with perfect peace. My griefs were all forgotten, and joys sent me their congratulations." 41

Sufferings showed her the painful route to the beloved. Griefs guided her to joining her Hôt. 42

"I would exchange a hundred joys, I would even exchange my head. If I found love, I would give them all for it. 43

The level of my sorrows has never gone down. Mother, they have flooded so much that the waterwheel is submerged. 44

٤٥
لَکُمِ باڻُ بَروچَ جو، ڪَرَها ڏِيا قَضاڪَ
اَهُڪِي جا اُنَنِ ڪِي، سا مَيَنِ پوءِ مَ ماڪَ
اَڪَڙِينِ خوراڪَ، پَسَڻُ پَرڏيهِيُنِ جو

٤٦
ڏُکوئِيون ڏيهان، جيڪُسِ لَڏي ويئِيُون
هاڻي ڪِنِ مُلان، پُڇان پِرِيُنِ خَبَرُون

٤٧
مُٺِ مُٺِ سُورَنِ سِپڪنهِين، مُون وٽِ وَٿاٿانِ
پَرِيُون ڪيو پُٺانِ، وَيا وِهائُو نِڪري

٤٨
پِيڙي پِيڙي بَنڌُ، سُورائِتِي سَندِرو
ڪيچَ اَڳاهُون پَنڌُ، مَتان لَڪَنِ سين لِڳي مَرِين

٤٩
ڏُکَ سُگَنِ جي سُونهَن، گهورِيا سُکَ ڏُکَنِ ري
جنِين جِيءَ وِرُونهَن، سَجَڻُ آيو مان گَري

٥٠
پُڄَنِ سي پَسَنِ، جڏهن پِرِينءَ کي
ڏورِينديُون ڏِسَنِ، اَڱَڻَ عَجِيبَنِ جا

٥١
پُڇيو نِي تان پُورِ، ناتَ پُڄَڻُ هوءِ مَ پِرِينءَ کي
ڏورَڻَ وارِيُون ڏُورِ، هَلِ نه آهِينِ هوتَ کي

The Baloch's arrow has struck me, his camels have become highwaymen. May the dew they find difficult not fall upon the camels later. My eyes receive their nourishment from the sight of the foreigners. 45

Perhaps those grieved by love have departed from the land. Now who shall I ask for news of the beloved? 46

Everyone else gets handfuls of sorrows, while I get heaps. I carry loads of them as I wander, but those who would buy them have left. 47

Oh sufferer, tie your belt tight around your sorrows. The way to Kech lies ahead; do not get stuck in the passes and die there. 48

Griefs are the adornment of joys. Joys without griefs are to be sacrificed. Through these heart's delights,[7] my beloved came to me." 49

Those who seek him will always see the beloved. Those who look for him will behold the abode of the beloved. 50

If you have asked about him, then press on; otherwise abandon your search for the beloved. Those who search are never far from the Hôt. 51

٥٢ ڏورِيان ڏورِيان مَ لَهان، شالَ مَ مِلان هوتَ
مَنَ اَندَرِ جا لوچَ، مَچُڻِ مِلَڻَ سان مانِي ٿِئي

٥٣ آئون ڏورِيَنءَ، شالَ م لَهَنءَ پِرِين هُئين پَري
هَڏِ نه ساهَ سَري، تَنَ تَسَلِّي نه ٿِئي

٥٤ ڇَڏِيَمِ حُجَّ هَلَڻَ جِي، ڇَڪِيَمِ چاڙهِيڪا
اَدِيُون آڙِيڪا، هِنئڙي پِيَمِ هوتَ سين

٥٥ جيڪا ڳَندي سَنگُ، مُون جئن ٻاروچَنِ سين
اَنگُنِ چاڙهي اَنگُ، رُئندِي سا رَتَ ڦُڙا

٥٦ آتَڻُ اورانگهي وِيا، آئون ٿِي مَران، ماءِ
پِٽُون ٿِيندِيَس پيرَ تي، هَيءِ هَيءِ گري هاءِ
جِئڻُ مُون نه جڳاءِ، پِرِيُنِ تان پاسو ڪَيو

٥٧ جاڻِي جي جاتومِ، ته پوندو فلْق فِراقَ جو
اَڳڙ اِرادَتَ جو، ڏُريائين ڏوتومِ
پوءِ تان ڪونَ ڪَيومِ، هُوندَ ڳشالو ڪيچَ ڏي

٥٨ ڏُکائِيندِي ڏُونهَڙا، مُندَّ سيٽانِي وَڃُ
پِرِياڻُونِ مَ يَچُ، ساٿُ چَڙهَندو لَڪِيين

"I search and search, but may I never find the Hôt and be with him, in case the desire in my heart is diminished by finding him. 52

I search for you, may I never find you, beloved, may you remain far away. May I never find any comfort in anything besides you. 53

I have abandoned my resolve to go forward, having experienced the steepness of the mountains. Sisters, my heart is entangled with the Hôt. 54

She who is wedded to the Baloch will find her body up on the scaffold, as she weeps tears of blood. 55

They have crossed my courtyard and left. Mother, I am dying. I fall in pieces at his feet, crying 'Alas, alas!' It is not right for me to live, for my beloved has turned away from me. 56

If I had known that I was to suffer the misfortune of separation, I should from the beginning have erased the writing of fate. Then perhaps I should not later have undertaken the labor of traveling to Kech. 57

Light the smoke of pain, woman, and go with them. Do not break the tie of love, for the company is going to climb the mountain passes. 58

٥٩
چِج مَ قَطاران، ساٿُ چَڙهَندو لَڪِيين
مَڃُڻِ تِئين پُئان، وَڳَ واٽَ نِي نه لَهِين

٦٠
پُڇِيوئِي جان دوستُ، تان پاسي ڪر پَرِهيزَ کي
جنِين ڏِنو هوتُ، تن ڍِينَ سَپِيئي ڏُورِ ڪيا

٦١
ڪاتِيءَ تان نه ڪَنهِين، مَنُ وِڃُهلَنَ وَڍِيو
ماريَسِ سُورَ تَنهين، جو نه چِئاري جيڏِيُون

٦٢
ڃِئُ مُنهنجو جَنِ، اَنگڙِيارو وَڍِيو
پُڄاڻا پِريَنِ، سِبان سَجو نه ٿِئي

٦٣
رو وِسانئي راندِ، پَهَ پَرُوڙِجِ ساٿَ جا
هوتَنِ سين هيڪاندِ، هُيَمِ بانِي ڏِينهَڙا

٦٤
رُنَّئُ ءِ راڙو، مُون نِماڻِيءَ جي نِڃُهري
ڪُنَلِ کي قَلبَ ۾، قُرب جو ڪاڙهو
هوتَنِ لَءِ هاڙهو، رِجائِيندِيَسِ رَتَ سين

Do not become separated from the caravan, for the company is going to climb the mountain passes. Otherwise you will be left behind and be unable to find the way they have gone. 59

If you seek the beloved, turn your back on the practice of abstinence. Those who have seen the Baloch have distanced themselves from all religion. 60

My heart is not cut by any knife, but by distress. I have been killed by agonies that prevent me being restored to life, friends. 61

He inflicted jagged wounds upon my heart. Even though I try to sew them up, it cannot become whole since my beloved left. 62

Weep, abandon gaiety, and cling to the thought of his caravan. I had only two or three days to be with the Baloch. 63

I am wretched, and my hut is filled with weeping and wailing. I am slain, and the pain of love is burning in my heart. For the Baloch I will melt the Harho with my blood. 64

٦٥ روئِي ڪَندِينءَ ڪوهُ، هاڻِي ڪو هوتُ وَرِي
جيڏيُون جيڏوئِي ڪَيو، سائُسِ سينءَ سِتوهُ
ڏوهِي آئيان ڏوهُ، مَتان ڪا مُون سين ڪَري

٦٦ ڪاڻِيءَ مَ ڪانيو، مُنِيءَ مَنگُر مَ ڏِيو
هيڪَرَ اُجهايو، ڏيئِي ٻُرَ لُهارَ جِئَن

٦٧ ٹُون جي ڪالَه مئِي، ته ڪالَه ئِي گڏِينءَ پِرِينءَ ڪي
ڪَڏَهن ڪانَ شئِي، ته ڪا سَگِهي گڏِي سَجَڻين

٦٨ اَگِي پوءِ مَران، مَرُ مَران مارَڳَ ۾
مَٿِي پوءِ پِرِيان، خُونُ مُنهنجو جيڏِيُون

٦٩ مَرُ مَٿا ڏيئِي، پُنهونءَ ڪارَڻِ پَٻَ ۾
ته سَرَتِيون سيئِي، واڪاڻِينِئِي وينِيُون

٧٠ واڪِيو واڪِيو وِڪ، پابوهِيو پيرُ ڳٽِي
سي نه چَڙَهندِيون ڏِکَ، موڙِي پيرُ، مَرَن جي

٧١ وِڄُه وَڏَندِي وِکَ، مَڄُڻِ لِکَ لَڪائِيين
ڏُکُ تِنين کِي ڏِکَ، حُبُّ جنِين کِي هوتَ جو

What will you gain by weeping, is your Baloch coming back to you now? Friends, her beloved has done her great wrong. I swear to you that no one should deceive me. 65

Do not burn this wretch who is already burned up, do not set this miserable creature on fire. For once put out this fire with a shower of water, like the blacksmith does.[8] 66

If you had died yesterday, you would have joined your beloved then. No case was ever heard of a healthy woman being united with the one she loves. 67

I will die sooner or later anyway, so it would be good if I died on the way. Then, friends, my blood would afterward be on my beloved's head. 68

After suffering hardships, die in the Pab for Punhun, so that your friends may all gather and utter your praises." 69

She smiles as she strides along, crying out to him. No glory will be gained by those who turn back before they die. 70

Stride on ahead, do not reveal anything of how you are. Grief is the glory of those who love Punhun. 71

۷۲
واڪو هَڏِ مَ لاهِ، سَڏَنِ مَٽي سَڏَڙا
مانَ ٽُنهنجِي ڪاءِ، سَٻَر ۾ سارَ ٿِئي

۷۳
سُورَنِ سانديياسِ، پُورَنِ پالِي آهِيان
سُگَنِ جي سَيَّدُ چئي، ٺُڪي نه پِيياس
جيڪسِ آئُون هُياسِ، گُرِي گُوندَرَ وَلِ جي

۷٤
ڪِينهي طالِبَ تاتِ جا، نه ته آهي تاتِ تِيارُ
ڏورِيان پيو ڏُڪارُ، گهورِندَڙ گٽي وِيا

۷۵
ڪنهن جنهن نِينهَن نَنڌاهُ، جي مُون واجهائِيندي نه وَرو
جيڪِي مُئي ڪنداهُ، سو جانبَ ڪَرِيو جِئَري

۷٦
مَتان ٿِئين مَلُورُ، ڪِينَ اُڳاهون آهِيان
ڏِسَڻَ ۾ ڪَرَ ڏُورُ، حَدَ ٻِنِين جِي هيڪِڙِي

۷۷
جِئَن اُٺَنِ آرِيءَ جامَ، اُئَن تان اوٺِيَنِ نه ڪَيو
ٻڙِڪِي باهَرِ نِڪِتِي، گاڏَرِ مَنجهان گامَ
ساهُ ڏِنائِين سامَ، سُتِي سَگَرَ پَٽِيين

۷۸
لَڪِيُون آن لَڳا، ڪي پلَءَ پانڌِيَڙَنِ جا
توهان گهٽيرو ماءِ، رُوندا اُوءِ رَٿُ وِيا

Never give up your cries, let one call succeed another. 72
Perhaps you may thus be remembered on the way.

"I have been nourished by sorrows and reared by worries. I was granted no portion of joy, says Shah. Perhaps I was a part of the creeper of sorrow. 73

There are no seekers of divine reality, but reality stands ready for them. I look for them, but there is a shortage of seekers, and they have taken it away with them. 74

What love are you tied up in, to stop you coming back to me who pines for you? Behave toward me while I still live, beloved, as you will after I am dead. 75

Do not be downcast, I am not far away from you. Though it may appear I am far from you, we are actually together."[9] 76

The camel men did not do what Ari Jam had said. The washergirl left her village in a passion. She offered up her life, and now she sleeps beside his path in the plain. 77

"Oh mountain passes, did the hems of the travelers' garments touch you?" "Mother, he went weeping more tears of blood than you."[10] 78

ڏونٽِئِنِ ڇَپُسِ ڏُورِ، ڪيڄُ اَڳاهُون پَنڌُ ٿِيو ٧٩
پاٽا چَڙهِي پُورِ، وِڪَ وِڏائِين وِتَرِي

سَسُئِيءَ جِي سِرِيءَ سان، ڪيڄَ ڏَئِي ڪاندِي ٨٠
پَسَڻَ ڪارَڻِ پِرينءَ جي، مُندَّ هُئِي ماندِي
لَڳَنِ تان لَطِيفُ چئي، آرِياڻِيءَ آندِي
پُنهونءَ پيراندِي، نِماڻِيءَ نَصِيب ٿِي

هَيءِ ٿو وِجي هوتُ، آئُون ڪِ اَڳِيَرِي ٿِيان ٨١
مَتان چوءِ بَلوچُ، ڳَمِيٽِيءَ مان ڪِينَ ٿِيو

ڳَمِيٽِئُنِ هَتان، ٿِينِ مُورائِين مَدِيُون ٨٢
تُون ڳَر پائَ وَڙان، موتُ سَپاجها سُپِرِين

نَڪِي ٿِيان سَڱَ ۾، نَڪِي سڱِيٽِي ٨٣
آهِيان ڳَمِيٽِي، ذاتِ بَروچِيءَ نه جُڙان

ڪيڄِ مَ خَبَرَ هوءِ، هِنَ مُنهنجِي ذاتِ جِي ٨٤
مَتان پُنهونءَ پوءِ، لَڄَ مُنهنجِي لوءَ ۾

ڏِناں جي بَروچُ، مُون جَئَن هوتُ اَڪينِ سين ٨٥
مُون ڪِي ڇَيان لوچ، پاٽا پيئِيُون ڇِپَرِين

The foragers said: "Search for him, the way to Kech stretches far ahead." Plunged in thoughts of him, she strode swiftly on. 79

The lord of Kech acted as the pallbearer of Sasui's corpse. The girl had become exhausted by her desire to see her beloved. The son of Ari brought her from the mountain passes, says Latif. The wretched girl was granted a place at his feet.[11] 80

Alas, Punhun is going ahead; let me go forward too. Otherwise the Baloch may say: "The base-born girl was incapable of doing anything." 81

"The base-born can only do bad things. Behave well, my merciful beloved, and come back. 82

I am not related to him, nor am I his kinswoman. I am base-born and unworthy of the Baloch tribe. 83

Let news of my caste not reach Kech. Otherwise Punhun may be ashamed of me before his people. 84

If, like me, your eyes had seen the Baloch, you would have told me to search for him, and gone into the mountains yourselves. 85

٨٦

ووءِ ووءِ ڪَندِي وَٿُ، مَڄُڻِ ووءِ وِسارِئِين
پاڻِي هار مَ پَڏِرو، روءُ مَنجهان لُي رَٿُ
صَبُرُ وڏو سَٿُ، سِگها ميڙي سُپِرِين

٨٧

ماٺِ مارينديَءِ پِرِينءَ جِي، مَڄُڻِ رُئِين رَت
چورِي چَڏِ مَ سَٿُ، هِمَتَ هوتُ وِجائِيو

٨٨

جَرَ جِئري جن سين، مُئي پڻ سين تَنِ
جي هِتِ نه هوتُ پَسَنِ، سي ڪَنهن پَرِ ڪيچِ پَسنديُون

٨٩

اَوجَهڙِ وَتان آنءُ، پِئُون سَبِ سَگَرِ ساٿَ جي
جا نِينهَن گِنهَندِي نانءُ، سا مُون جِئَن پَوندِي مامِري

٩٠

ٻَڌو ڪَنهن ٻَنڌاڻِ، هِنئڙو هوتاڻِيءَ سين
ڪا جا پِييَسِ ڪاڻِ، نِبيرِيانسِ نه نِبري

٩١

ڏُونگرُ ڏَنا نُوڻِ، مُون پارِکُو پُڇِيا
هيڪِلِيُون هَلَنِ جِي، سي تاڪُنِ سَندِي ٽُوڻِ
اِي آهُکِي پُوڻِ، سُونهَن رِءَ نه سُٽِرِي

٩٢

لَکين لوڙائُو، سَهَسين آهِنِ سُجَ ۾
بَرَ ۾ بورائُو، گَڻُ پِيادِي پاڻَ سين

As you wander, keep crying 'Alas, alas!' in case you forget that 'alas.' Do not shed tears that can be seen, but weep tears of blood within. Patience is a powerful force; may it quickly bring me to my beloved. 86

The silence of the beloved will slay you, do not shed tears of blood. Do not abandon your humble devotion, girl, pride will lose you your Punhun. 87

In death you will stay fixed on whatever you are fixed upon in life. How will those who do not see Punhun here see him in Kech? 88

I alone wander in the wilderness, all the others travel in his company. Anyone who invokes the name of love will suffer misfortune like me. 89

My heart is tied to Punhun with a knot so tangled that I cannot undo it, however hard I try. 90

I asked the experts about the rocks and the path's ups and downs. Those who go alone fall prey to bandits. Without a guide, this difficult land does not become easy." 91

There are hundreds and thousands of robbers in the wilderness. Oh you who travel on foot, take a guide with you in the desert. 92

٩٣

نِينهَن مَـ نالو ڳِنُّ، پِرِيَتَڻي پيرَ ٻِيا
سُورَن ساڻُ مَـ ڇِنُّ، وِرهُ وِهائِجِ وِتَرو

٩٤

سَڄَڻُ ڏِنو جَنِّ، تن ڳِچِيءَ سِرِ ڳَهُ ڪَيو
ٻِئُون ڪوهُ ٻُڃَهنِّ، قَدُرُ ڪِيمِيا اِنَ جو

٩٥

هارِي هِنئُون مَـ لوڏِ، سُڳَنِ پَوَندِينءَ سَسُئِي
ڪوهِيارو تو ڪوڏِ، اَچِي ڪَرَهَ قَطارِيو

٩٦

حُسينِي حُسينَ لَءِ، ٻِيبِيءَ پاڻَ چِئِي
تهان پوءِ ٿِئِي، خَبَرَ ٻِي خلقَ کي

٩٧

وائِي

هوتَ هوتَ اي هوتا، ڏِيَندِيس ماهُ مِرُنِ کي
آئُون جَرا جِيُ ڪَري
ڏيئِي باهِ ٻَنيورَ کي، آئُون آيَسِ تو ڳري
آرياڻِي پُنهونءَ ري مُون کي، سَرِتِيُون تان نه سَري
جَندِي پايو جانِ ۾، ڏُکِي ڏُکَ ڏَري
آءُ اوراهُون سَپِرِين، وَڃُ مَـ پِيُ پري
مُون ڏِنِي مُون وِسَهو، وِرڇِي تان نه وري
ڏُکِيءَ جي ڏيکارِئِين، ڏاران مُنهَن مَري

Do not just talk about love, the ways of love are quite different. Do not break your connection with suffering, deal actively with the pain of separation. 93

Those who saw the beloved made him the ornament around their neck. How can others realize the worth of his alchemy? 94

"Foolish girl, do not let your heart waver; you will experience joy, Sasui. The mountain man is coming to you in joy, leading a train of camels." 95

It was the lady[12] who first mourned in Husaini for Husain. Afterward the world came to learn about it. 96

Oh my Hôt, I will give my flesh to the wild beasts after tearing my body to pieces. 97V
I have set fire to Bhambhor and have come to you.
I cannot manage without Ari Punhun, friends.
In my grief, I put a grindstone on my heart and grind my griefs.
Draw near, my beloved, and do not go far away.
I have seen him; believe me, the vexations of the journey do not turn me back.
Show yourself to this grieving girl, who dies without seeing your face.

پيالي پِرِيُنِ جي، موهِيَسِ ميٺَ ڪَري
آرِيءَ جي عِشقَ جِي، مُون کي اَندَرِ آگِ ٻَري
توکي توءِ نه ڇَڏِيان، جي وَڃان ڀُونءِ تَري
ڏَڙُ وِجهنديَس ڏُوڙ ۾، مَٿو ڏارَ ڏَري
هَلَڻُ سُٽِي هوتَ جو، ڏُکِي پَسُ ڏَري
پِرِين گَٺِجِ پانهِنجِيُون، اَڪِيُون ٻاجَه ڀَري
اَڊِيُون عَبْدُاللَطِيفُ چئي، مَنَ ڪا مَهرَ ڪَري

My beloved's cup, which he has made sweet, has
intoxicated me.
The fire of love for Ari Punhun burns within me.
If I am laid beneath the earth, still I will not leave you.
I will hurl my body into the dust, after severing my
head.
See how this grieving creature is broken on hearing of
Punhun's departure.
Beloved, cast your eyes that are full of kindness upon
me.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, may my beloved show mercy
to me.

سُر ليلا چنيسر ۱۳

داغُ ٿُنهنجو دائِما، ماري مَعذُورين ۱
سائينءَ ڪارَڻِ سُپرين، وَڃِج مَ ڏُورين
آءٌ تو حُضُورين، مَٽِيو وِجهان مَڄَ ۾

مَٽِيو وِجهان مَڄَ ۾، هائِيءَ هٽِي هارُ ۲
سوڀِي سُڪُ سَيَّدُ چئي، ڪَرِئين ڪوهُ قَرارُ
راجا رِيساٽو گهٽو، سَٽاٽو سردارُ
چوُڏِسِ چَنيسَرَ جامَ جو، ڏيهان ڏيهِ ڏَهڪارُ
ٽاڪُرُ اڪِيين ٽارُ، مَٽِئِي تي تِّي مَنِئين

چَنيسَرُ چَوُرَنگُ، ٻِرَنگو لوڪُ ٻِيو ۳
تنهن سين چِنيو سَنگُ، وَچِيو هارَ هَٿُ ڇُهِين

مَٽِئي تي موهِجِي، مُوڙِهِي ڪَيُءِ مَرَڪُ ٤
چئِي چَنيسَرَ جامَ سين، وِڌو تو فَرَقُ
وَرِي ويو وَرَقُ، آيُءِ ڏَنءُ ڏُهاڳَ جو

مَٽِئي مَٽِي جي هُٺا، تِن چِٽَنِ ڦِيرِئِمِ چِٽُ ٥
هارُ ڪَنَندِيَسِ هوڏَ ۾، نيبَهُ ٽِيندُمِ نِٽُ
ڪؤنرُوءَ جو ڪِرِٽُ، مُونهان مَٽاهُون ٿِيو

13 Lila Chanesar

"The pain you inflicted makes your helpless lovers suffer forever. For God's sake, beloved, do not go far away. In your presence I am throwing the jewels into the blazing fire. 1

I am throwing the jewels into the blazing fire, and putting the necklace in the flames." Shah says: Oh beautiful woman, how can you rest at ease? The king is a mighty ruler and very jealous. The lands that lie in every direction are in awe of Prince Chanesar. You exchanged for the jewels the lord who is the delight of your eyes." 2

Chanesar is twice as hard to grasp as the rest of the world.[1] You broke your ties with him, so that you might feel the jewels in your hand. 3

Beguiled by the jewels, you foolishly thought much of yourself. With your words you separated yourself from Prince Chanesar. The page has turned, and you have experienced the burning pain of being rejected. 4

"The glitter of the gems turned my head. I thought I would win the necklace as a bet, and that it would be mine forever. Kaunru's trickery beat me." 5

٦

مَٽِيو ناهِ مَٽِيُون، جو تُون پَسِي هارُ هِرڪِئين
اَصْلِ آهي اَڳُهين، سَندِيُون ڪُوڙَ ڪَٿِيُون
اِنَ گهوڙَنِ هَنئي گهٽِيُون، دوسَنِئان ڏُورِ ڪَيون

٧

تو جو ٻانيو هارُ، سو سُورَنِ جو سَگُرو
چنيسَرُ چِٽُ ڪٿي، ٽِيو پورِهِيَتِ جو پارُ
اَوَٽت جو آچارُ، ڪانڌ ڪَنهِين سين مَ ڪَري

٨

نه ڪِي هو ٻانهَڙِيُنِ ۾، نه ڪِي ڳِرِ هُئومِ
نه مُون سِيندِ نه سُرمو، نه سِينگارُ ڪَيومِ
تيلانه ڪانڌُ سَندومِ، رُڪوئِي رَءِ ڳِڙي

٩

سونا ڪُرَ ڪَنَنِ ۾، ڳِچِيءَ ڳاڙها هارَ
ٻانهُوٽا ٻانهُنِ ۾، سِيندِ سَٽِيا وارَ
تيلانهَ پِيءَ پَچارَ، ڪانڌَ مُنهِنجي ڇَڏِئي

١٠

اُو ڏَمِرِيو ڏِسُ، ڇِيلو هُنهَنِين هارَ جو
سُٿو سَڀ سَرَتِيُون، وَرُ نه ڪَنهِين وَسِ
دَعوىٰ پَهرِئين دَسِ، پَڇِيو ٿو پورا ڪَري

The gems you saw and were beguiled by are not precious. In fact, they were always beads of glass. Cursed be the gems that have separated many from those they love. 6

What you thought was a necklace was a string of sorrows. Chanesar withdrew his affections and turned to the maidservant. May no husband behave with such hostility to anyone. 7

"I wore nothing on my wrists and nothing around my neck. I had no decoration in my hair parting or makeup around my eyes, nor any other adornment. It was because I was unadorned that my husband chose me. 8

I wore golden earrings in my ears, deep-colored necklaces around my throat, and bracelets around my wrists, and my hair was oiled and parted with vermilion. That is why my beloved husband ceased to think of me. 9

Look, he was already angry with me, the necklace was a pretext. Friends, listen to me, all of you, my husband is not in anyone's power. At the very first chance he crushes any attempt to control him. 10

١١

ڀُوچا ڏِنَمِ پيرَ، ڏَڪَڻَ مٿي ڊولَ جا
مون ڀانيو ٽَنهِن ويرَ، ڪوجِهي ڪَندو ڀَرِيئَڙي

١٢

سَوَڙِيين سُٽَڙِياءِ، ڀَڪو سَهُو وِلارِيو
ڇَنيسَرَ ڪانڊاءِ، تان مُون هِئَن نه ڀانئيو

١٣

ٽِڙِڪي ڀَسِي ٽوڪُ، تِرِڪِي تَڪَبُرَ ۾ پئي
اَچِيو اَچِيو اَڳِلي، ڇَئي لِيلا کي لوڪُ
اندَرُ اوڀالَن سين، سا ڙي ڪَيائُونس سوڪُ
ٻالاپَڻَ جو ٻوڪُ، وِيو ويچاريءَ وِسرِي

١٤

هُئِينءَ ته گهڻو هُوشِيارُ، ڪَلَ به هُيَءِ ڪانڌَ جِي
تو ڀانيو موچارِي ٽِيانِ، ڳِچيءَ پائي هارُ
ڪانڌَ ڪُوڙيءَ جو نه وَٽِي، سَئين ٿِيَن سِينگارُ
وَهَمَ لَهي وِينجهارُ، دِليُون ڀَرکي داسَڙو

١٥

وڏيرِي هُياسِ، ميڙو مُون گهرِ سَرَتِيين
هَٿَ جُهَڻَ هارَ جِي، ڪَڙِي ڪانڌَ ٽِياسِ
ڊولي ڊيلِياسِ، آئِمِ ڏَنءُ ڏُهاڳَ جو

I saw that the groom's feet were crooked at the time of the covering.[2] I realized at the time that he would treat his bride badly. 11

Kaunru sleeps in the same quilts, occupying that fair abode. Oh Chanesar my husband, I did not think this of you. 12

When Lila saw the treasure, she slipped into selfish thoughts. People kept coming and condemning her. With their taunts, they have burned her inside to a crisp. The poor woman has forgotten the high spirits of her childhood. 13

Were you so clever then, and did you know about your husband? Did you think you would be beautiful with the necklace around your neck? A husband does not like a false wife, no matter how many ornaments she wears. Chanesar is a skilled appraiser who discovers secret thoughts and examines hearts. 14

"I was the leading lady, my friends gathered at my house. When my hand touched the necklace, I became unpleasing to my husband. My beloved pushed me away, and I suffered the bitter pain of rejection. 15

١٦

وَڏيرِي هُياسِ، ڇَنيسَرَ جي راڄَ ۾
ڍُهِلين ڏَمامين نَقرين، تِي پَلپَلِ پُڇِياسِ
ڍولِي ڏيلِياسِ، ٽِيَسِ ڏُهاڳِڻِ ڏيهَ ۾

١٧

وَڏيرِي هُياسِ، ڇَنيسَرَ جي راڄَ ۾
دائِيين ٻائِيين، ڏَرِبانَنِ، پَرِ ۾ تِي پُڇِياسِ
ڍُهلين ڏَمامين نَقرين، تِي وِڄَ ۾ وِهارِياسِ
هُيَسِ داڏِلِي دوسَنِ جي، کَٽِي هَلڪِي هارَ ڪَياسِ
ٽِنهان پوءِ ٽِياسِ، ڪانيارِي ڪانڌَ جِي

١٨

هُيَسِ هِندورَنِ ۾، پِييَمِ ڪانَه پَرُوڙَ
مَٽِئِي سنَدي مامِري، ڪوجهي وِڏَيَسِ ڪُوڙَ
سامُهان ٽِيَمِ سُورَ، وِيو وِلَٽِي وَلَهو

١٩

لِيلا جِمَ لَڪائِيين، ڇَڄِي ڇَنيسَرَ سانُ
وَرَ سين وِڙِهيو اُٺِئين، مُوڙِهي مُٺُءِ پانُ
پوري ڪَيُءِ پانُ، تي آيُءِ ڏَنءُ ڏُهاڳَ جو

٢٠

لِيلا پُورِي نه پَئِين، ڇَڄِي ڇَنيسَرَ سانُ
تو جو پانيو پانهِنجو، سو رِيساٺو راڄانُ
پاٺان ڏارَ پِرياڻُ، ڪانڌَ ڳنهنجو نه وَٽِي

I was the leading lady in Chanesar's kingdom. Drums and tabors and pipes would welcome me. My beloved pushed me away; I became disgraced in the land as a rejected woman. 16

I was the leading lady in Chanesar's kingdom. I was greeted in the inner apartments by maids, slaves, and attendants. I was seated in the midst of the company with drums and tabors and pipes. I was my darling's beloved, but then the necklace made me of no account. After that I was disgraced in the eyes of my husband. 17

When I sat on swings[3] I had no awareness. The business of the jewel made me ugly and brought disgrace upon me. Sorrows came to confront me, my husband turned away from me. 18

Lila, mind you do not make yourself conspicuous by talking to Chanesar. You brought ruin upon yourself, you foolish woman, when you quarreled with your husband. You fool, you acted with pride and brought upon yourself the pain of being rejected. 19

Lila, you cannot match up to him by talking to Chanesar. The one you thought was your own is a king jealous of his honor. Love for anyone else does not please your husband. 20

٢١

چَئِي چَنيسَرَ جامَ سين، لِيلا تُون مَ لِکاءِ
دوسُ ٽُنهِنجو داسڙو، کانڊِ وَڏيائِي کاءِ
ته ڍولو ڍَڪ سَندِياءِ، عَيبَنِ کي آڏو پَئِي

٢٢

چَئِي چَنيسَرَ جامَ سين، لِيلا تُون مَ لِکاءِ
اِئِي ڪانڌُ ڳَنهِجو نه ٿِئِي، نه ڪا مُون نه تُون
رُئَندِيُون ڏِنيون مُون، اِنَ دَرَ مَٿي دادلِيُون

٢٣

لِيلا حِيلا چَلِ، جي تُون سوٖيِ سِکِئين
پائي پاندُ ڳِچيءَ ۾، پاڻُ غَرِيبيءَ گَلِ
هَڏِ نه چَوَندُءِ لَڏِ، جي ڪارُون آئِيَن ڪانڌَ کي

٢٤

چَنيسَرَ سين چاڳُ، مَتان ڪا مُندَ ڪَري
جان مُون پوءِ پَرُوڙِيو، ته هِيءُ نه ماڻي ماڳُ
ڏَمِرِيو ڏُهاڳُ، سِگهو ڏِئِي سُهاڳِڻِين

٢٥

چَنيسَرَ سين چاءُ، مَتان ڪا مُندَ ڪَري
ڪانڌَ ڳَنهِين جو نه وَٽِي، ڳِيرَبُ ۾ گاءُ
جي ٿِڙي ٿورَڙِياءُ، ته دوسَ دَسائِي داسَڙو

Do not reveal yourself, Lila, by talking to Prince Chanesar. Your beloved Dasaro is exceedingly patient. Your beloved is your protection, a cover over your faults. 21

Do not reveal yourself, Lila, by talking to Prince Chanesar. This husband does not belong to anyone, not to me and not to you. I have seen many of his darlings weeping at his door. 22

Oh lovely Lila, give up the clever ways you have learned. Wrap the hem of your garment humbly around your neck and embrace poverty. He will never tell you to go away if you entreat him with humility. 23

No woman should play the coquette with Chanesar. I realized afterward that this was not the place for flirting. In his fury he swiftly sentenced his happy brides to rejection. 24

No woman should be flirtatious with Chanesar. The groom does not like pride or arrogance in anyone. If he turns away from them over a small thing, he causes suffering to those who love him. 25

٢٦

سَيِيئِي سُهاڳڻيُون، سَيِنِي مُنهَن جَرّاءُ
سَبَ ڪَنهِين پانيو پاڻَ کي، ته اِيندو مُون گهرِ راءُ
پينو تَنِ دَراءُ، جي پَسي پاڻُ لَجائِيُون

٢٧

اَوَڳُڻ ڪَري اَپارَ، تو دَرِ آيَسِ داسَڙا
جِئَن تو رُسَڻَ سنديون رُوحَ ۾، تِئَن مون پيٽِي ناهِ پَتار
سائِينءَ لڳِ سَتارَ، ميٽِ مَدائُون مُنهِنجيُون

٢٨

جي مُون مُوڙهِي مَتَّ، ته تُون پاڻُ سُڃاڻِج سُپِرِين
اصُلِ آواِنِ جا، عَيبَ ڍَڪِئين تُون اَتَّ
اِيَ پِرَ تُنهنجي پَتَّ، جِئَن وِلِهيُون ڍَڪِئين وَلَها

٢٩

ڪوڙين تُنهنجُون ڪامِڻِيُون،
تون ڪوڙِيَنِ سَندو ڪانڌُ
مُون کي ڇَڏِ مَ داسَڙا، ته وَڃان نه وِٽوانڌُ
مون ڳِچيءَ ۾ پانڌُ، تو چنيسَرَ هَٿَ ۾

They were all happily married women, and they all had their faces decorated. Each of them thought that the king would come to her. He entered by the door of the one who was ashamed to look at herself. 26

Dasaro, I have come to your door after committing countless faults. If there are things that make you angry in your heart, my husband, then I have no place of support. For the sake of the lord, remove my defects, oh you who conceal all faults. 27

If my awareness is inadequate, then you must recognize who you are. From the beginning you have concealed the faults of the lost to an extraordinary degree. Your glory is such, oh beloved husband, that you cover their faults. 28

You have thousands of beautiful partners, you are the partner of thousands. Dasaro, do not leave me, so that I may not be disgraced. You, Chanesar, are the one who holds the hem of the shawl that is humbly wrapped around my neck." 29

٣٠

وائي

جيئري زِيارَتَ، جي مان هوءِ پرِيُنِ سين
سَڏَرَ مُنهنجا سُپرِين، موُن تان لاهِ مَ هَٿَ
مَوُلا موُن کي ميڙِئين، سُپيرِيان جي سَٿَ
چَنديان کِهَ اَکِيُنِ سين، پيرين وِجهان هَٿَ
ڏوُران ڏِئَمِ سُپرِين، سَچي جن صِفَتَ
مِلَئَ ۾ مُشتاقِ سين، ڪانه ڪَيائون ڪَٿَ
اَڍِيون عَبدُاللطِيفُ چئي، مَحيائوُن مِنَتَ

Come, beloved, enter my house, Lord Chanesar. I have given up the necklace. 30V
Asking for Lila and devising their plans, the pair of them[4] came from outside.
Winning my husband's trust, she found a place in the palace.
I am full of defects, faults, and vices. Beloved, overlook them all.
Coming to your door, Dasaro, what displays of love can I make?
I have come, beloved, says Abdul Latif, and entered your door.

١٤ سُر مومل راڻو

١

ڪالَه گَڏِيوسُون ڪاپَڙِي، بابُو بيڪاري
سامِيءَ سيلو سِرَ تي، مالا موچارِي
ڏيئِي ڏيڪارِي، فَنِي دِلِ فَقِيرُ وِيو

٢

ڪالَه گَڏِيوسُون ڪاپَڙِي، جَهِڙو ماهُ مُنِيرُ
فَيضُ فِراقُ فَقِيرُ، جوڳِي جاڳائي وِيو

٣

ڪالَه گَڏِيوسُون ڪاپَڙِي، پَهَرَ سِجَ کان پوءِ
پَسو سُونهَن سامِيءَ جي، رَتَ وَرنو روءِ
جو مُنهِن مُومَلَ جي پوءِ، مونَٿُ تَنهِن مَسَ نِئي

٤

ڪالَه گَڏِيوسُون ڪاپَڙِي، بابُو بانَ بَرِي
سائِي سالَ ڪُلَهِن ۾، سامِي سونَ سَرِي
خَبرَ ڏي ڪرِي، ڪا مُومَلَ جي مَجازَ جي

٥

بيڪارِيءَ کي بَرَ ۾، وِيو ڪيفُ چَڙهِي
ڳالِهيُون ڪَندي ڪاڪِ جُون، گهوڙها پِيَسِ گَڙِي
ڪا جا اَنگُ اَڙِي، جِئَن جُتا ڦَٽَ جُڙِي پِيا

٦

سِجُ شِياڻِي جا ڪَري، سامِيءَ سائِي رُوءِ
اَچِي لِي عَطرَ جي، مَنجهان مُگَٽَ بُوءِ
سا ڏيڪارِيَهُون جُوءِ، جِئان لاهُوتِي لَعلُ نِيو

14 Mumal Rano

Yesterday we met a yogi,[1] a wandering beggar. The master had a ring of cloth on his head and a fine necklace around his neck. Our heart was wounded by the fakir when he appeared before us. 1

Yesterday we met a yogi, shining like the moon. The fakir aroused passion and pain in us.[2] 2

Yesterday we met a yogi, one watch after sunrise. See the beauty of the master, who wept tears of blood, saying: "Once he has seen Mumal's face, it is hard for anyone to return." 3

Yesterday we met a yogi whose body was covered with clay. Wearing a green shawl around his shoulders, the master had a necklace of gold. "Tell us truly," we asked him, "something of Mumal's beauty." 4

The ascetic went into the desert in a state of ecstasy. Great tears fell from him as he spoke of Kak. There was something fixed in his body that opened up wounds that had closed. 5

The yogi's face was filled with a light like that of the sun at dawn. A fragrance like that of attar came from his forehead. The ascetic showed us the place where he had been dyed red. 6

۷

جوڳِيءَ تي جَڙاءُ، نِسوروئِي نِينهَن جو
پَتَنگَ جِئَن پيدا ٿِيو، سامِي سِجَّ وَڙاءُ
آيو ڪاڪِ تَڙاءُ، ڪُنوارِنِ ڪَڪورِيو

۸

آءُ لانگوٽِيا لالَ، ڪَنهِن پَرِ ڏِٺِيُءِ ڳُجَرِيُون
آبُ اَرتو اکِيين، لُڙڪَ وَهائِيين لال
ڏِٺَءِ جي جَمالَ، سامِي ڪُڇُ نه سَلائِيين

۹

ڳُجَرِ کي ڳجميلَ جُون، تارَنِ ۾ تَبَرُون
هٿي حاڪِمِيَنِ کي، زورَ پَريُون زَبَرُون
ڪاڪِ ڪَنڌِيءَ قَبَرُون، پسو پَرَڏيهِئُنِ جُون

۱۰

ڳُجَرِ گاروڙِيُنِ، اَچيو آڏِي اُپِي
مَٽان پيئِي تِنِ، بَڌا باڻَ هَٿَنِ جي

۱۱

مُومَلَ ماري مِيرَ، آهيڙِيُنِ کي آڪَري
سوڍِيءَ گهٽا سَڪائِيا، پَڙهِيا پَٽِ پِيرَ
هَٿي تِنِ کي تِيرَ، مَٿِيو جن مَٿَنِ ۾

۱۲

جوڳِيءَ جاڳائي، ماري وِڌو مامِري
لَنؤ لُڏُوٽِي ڪَنڌِيين، اَمَيو آهي
وَجو جي ڪاهي، ته نِڪُون پَسو نِينهَن جُون

The yogi was completely covered with the jewelry of love. The sunlike master seemed like a moth. He had come from the landing place of Kak, dyed red by the princesses. 7

"Come, dear yogi who wears a loincloth, how did you see the Gujar girls? Your eyes shed tears of blood. Why do you not tell us, master, about the beauty you beheld?" 8

"There are steel axes in the pupils of the Gujar's eyes. With them she deals princes heavy blows. Go and see the foreigners' graves on the banks by Kak. 9

The Gujar comes and stands confronting the yogis who charm snakes. She faces those who fire their arrows on target. 10

Wanton Mumal slays the hunting princes. She has made many learned pandits and *pīrs* tremble. She shoots her arrows at those who wear royal diadems on their foreheads." 11

The yogi aroused us and plunged us into suffering, saying: "There is untold passion on the banks of the Ludano. Go there quickly and see the canals of love. 12

١٣
هَلو هَلو ڪاڪِ تَڙين، جتي نِينهَن اُجَلَ
نه ڪا جَهلَ نه پَلَ، سَيُڪو پَسي پِرِينءَ کي

١٤
هَلو هَلو ڪاڪِ تَڙين، جتي گهڙِجي نِينهُن
نه ڪا راتِ نه ڏِينهُن، سيڪو پَسي پِرِينءَ کي

١٥
هَلو هَلو ڪاڪِ تَڙين، چَڙُو جِتِ چَڙَهنِ
ڪوڙين رَنگَ رَچَنِ، پانوڙِيءَ پِڳ سين

١٦
آڪُون ڍاڪُون سِرَڳَندَ شاخُون، جِتِ چَوڪا چَندَنَ ڳؤنرَ
مَي سيئِي ماڙيا، جِتِ نه پِرَنِ پَؤنرَ
ڪُنوارِيُون ءِ ڳؤنرَ، ڪاهِ تہ پَسُون ڪاڪِ جا

١٧
چَڙهِيا چارَئِي يارَ، سُودا شِڪارِي
فِڪِرَ سانُ قِبِي ڪِي، سودِي سوپارِي
وِيا ڪاهِيندا ڪاڪِ ڏي، جِتِ مُومَلِ موچارِي
مونِيا نه مارِي، ڳؤنرَ لَتاڙِي ڪاڪِ جا

١٨
جَهِڙا گُلَ گُلابَ جا، تَهِڙا مَتِنِ ويسَ
چوتا تيلَ چَنبيلِيا، هاها هُو هَميشَ
پَسيو سُونهَن سَيَّدُ چئي، نِينهَن اچَنِ نيشَ
لالَنَ جي لِبيسَ، آتَڻِ اَکَرُ نه اُجَهي

Come, go to the landing places of Kak, where love wells up. There is no let or hindrance, everyone may see the beloved. 13

Come, go to the landing places of Kak, where love is fashioned. There is no day or night there, everyone may see the beloved. 14

Come, go to the landing places of Kak, where love's cauldrons boil. Millions are dyed as red as betel juice with love for Mumal. 15

There are walnuts, grapes, fine sandal trees, and lotus flowers there. The camel enjoyed the garden where no bees buzz about. Let us go there quickly and see the princesses and lotuses of Kak." 16

The four friends, the Sodho huntsmen,[3] all mounted their camels. The Sodho prince cleverly threw down a betel nut.[4] They rode swiftly on toward Kak, where lovely Mumal lives. The hunters did not return, trampling the lotuses of Kak. 17

The dresses they wore were like the petals of the rose. Ah, their braided hair is always perfumed with jasmine oil. The sight of their beauty, says Shah, provokes stabbing pains of love. Their lovely appearance stops anything being said in the spinning party. 18

۱۹

جَهِڙا پانَنِ پَنَّ، تَهِڙِيون سالُون مَٽِنِ سائِيون
عَطُرَ ۽ عَبِيرَ سين، تازا ڳيائُون تَنَّ
مَڙهيا گهٽو مُشڪَ سين، چوٽا ساڻُ چَندَنَّ
سُنهَنِ رُپِي سونَ سين، سَندا ڪامَڻِ ڪَنَّ
ڳيائِين لال لَطِيفُ چئي، وڏا ويسَ وَرَنَّ
مَنجِهه مَرڪِيَسِ مَنَّ، سودِي سين سَڱُ ٿِيو

۲۰

سونَ وَرنِيُون سودِيُون، رُپِي رانديُون ڪَنَّ
|ڳَرَ اوطاقُنِ ۾، ڪَٿُوريون ڳَنُّ
|وتِيائُون عَبِيرَ جا، مٽِي طاقَ تَرَنُّ
بانَنِ بيلون بَڌِيون، پَسِيو سُونهَن سَرَنُّ
ٿِيا لاهُوتِي لَطِيفُ چئي، پَسَڻَ لَءِ پِرِيَنُّ
اِجهي ٿا اچَنُّ، ڪاڪِ ڳَڪورِيا ڪاپَڙِي

۲۱

ڳُجَرِ ڳَهٽا ڳهائِيا، پاٽا لَڳُسِ ڳهاءُ
مينڌَري مُلاءُ، لڳِسِ ڪانُ ڳَپارَ ۾

۲۲

رُوءِ راڻِي جي ناهِ ڪو، سودِو سَپِنِ سُونهَن
لاٿائِين لَطِيفُ چئي، مٽان دِلِيُنِ ڏُونهَن
ڪانهي ٻِي وِرُونهَن، ٿِيو مِڙوئِي مينڌِرو

The green shawls they wore were like betel leaves. They had made their bodies fresh with attar and ambergris. Their braided hair was impregnated with musk and sandal. The lovely woman's ears were decorated with silver and gold. She was wonderfully dressed and adorned, says Latif. She was happy in heart, thinking: "I am married to the Sodho." 19

The golden-colored Sodho women play with silver. Incense sticks burn in their reception rooms; their divans are scented with musk. Ewers of perfumed water are poured out in their bathrooms. Their traveling lovers are lined up and consumed by the sight of their beauty. To see them, says Latif, they have become ascetics. The yogis come to Kak, dyed red by love. 20

The Gujar girl has wounded many; now she is wounded herself. The arrow fired by Mendhiro has struck her in the head. 21

No one is as beautiful in appearance as Rano, the Sodho is fairer than all. He has removed the black deposit from everyone's heart, says Latif. There is no idea of anyone else, everyone has become Mendhiro. 22

٢٣
كاڪِ نه جَهلِيا ڪاپَڙِي، موهِيا نه مَحلَنِّ
بائِنِ ۽ بانِهِيُنِ جي، ٻَنڌَنِ ڪِينَ ٻَجَهنِّ
لڪين لاهُوتِينِ، اَهِڙِيُون اورِيان ڇَڏِيُون

٢٤
كاڪِ نه جَهلِيا ڪاپَڙِي، موهِيا ڳَنهِن نه مالَ
سوڍِيُون سِجهائِي وِيا، هَهِڙا جَنِين حالَ
جي جورِيُنِ ڏِنا ڄالَ، تَپِ لاهُوتِي لَنگهي وِيا

٢٥
شَمَعَ بارِيندي شَبَّ، پِرهَ باڪُون ڳَڍِيُون
موٽُ مَران ٽِي مينڌِرا، راٺا ڪارڻِ رَبَّ
تُنهِنجِيءَ تاتِ طَلَبَّ، ڪانگَ اُڏايَمِ ڪاڪِ جا

٢٦
اُبِي اُبارِيامِ، نگَتَ سَبِ نَئِي وِيا
هِڪُ مَيو ٻِيو مينڌِرو، سَڄِي راتِ سارِيامِ
ڳوڙها ڳَلِ ڳارِيامِ، سُورَجَ شاخُون ڳَڍِيُون

٢٧
ڪَتنِ ڪَرَ موڙِيا، نيڙُو اُبا نيئِي
راٺو راتِ نه آئِيو، ويلَ نَري ويئِي
کوءِ سا ڪاٽِي راتڙِي، پِريُن ري پيئِي
مُون کي ڏَنءُ ڏيئِي، وڃِي ڍولو ڍَٽِ قرارِيو

Kak did not detain the ascetics, its palaces did not beguile them. They were not trapped by the snares of the ladies or their maidservants. The yogis paid no attention to the lovely women. 23

Kak did not detain the ascetics, its riches did not beguile them. Being in a lofty spiritual state, they caused suffering to the lovely women. The girls frolicked about, but the ascetics passed by their charms. 24

"I burned a candle through the night, until the rays of dawn appeared. For God's sake come back, Mendhiro Rano, I am dying. In search of you I have flown many crows from Kak. 25

As I stood I saw the stars rise; they have all now set. All night long I thought of Mendhiro and his camel. Tears poured down my cheeks when the sun put forth its rays. 26

The Pleiades have set, the triple stars of Orion have risen. Rano has not come tonight; the time that he was due has passed. Curses on this wretched night, which I have spent without my love. Inflicting grief upon me, my groom has gone to stay in the Dhat. 27

۲۸

راڻو ڪا راتِ ويو، ڳُجهي ڳاله ڪَري
سوڍِي رِءَ سَرتيُون، هَنڌ نه ساهَ سَري
وَڃِي مانَ وَري، آسائِتِي آهِيان

۲۹

سوڍِي سُتي لوءِ، ڪا جا مون سين ڳاله ڪَئِي
سا جي پَڌَرِ پوءِ، ته سَرتِيوُن ڪانه سُمهي

۳۰

راڻا تُنهِنجي راهَ تي، ڏيهاڙِي ڏيکان
راڻي جِيءَ رِهاڻِ جُون، رُوحَ اندَرِ ريکان
مُحَبَتَ جُون ميکان، تو سين لالَ لَپيٽِيُون

۳۱

آءُ، راڻا راحَتَ، ڏاجَ ڏَرتِيءَ جا ڏَٽِي
سِڪَنِ ٽِيُون سُهاڳِڻيُون، سوڍا تُنهِنجي سَٽَ
مون تان لاهِ مَ هَٽَ، ڪامِلَ ڏَٽِي ڪاڪِ جا

۳۲

سَڱُ ڪري سين سِينهَنِ، ڳَنڍُ مَ ڦيرِجِ ڪيڏَهِين
رَمِج راڻي ٻُپِ ۾، نِرتُون مَنجهان نِينهَن
اِنءَ مَ وَسِجِ عامَ تي، جِئَن مُومَلَ وَسَنِ مِينهَن
سندي حَشَرَ ڏينهَن، سوڍو سارِيندِينءَ گهٽو

۳۳

جا پُون پيرين مُون، سا پُون متي سَجڻين
ڏِگَ لَنِبا ڏُوڙِ ۾، اُپِي ڏِٺا سُون
ڏِينهَن مَڙيئِي ڏُون، اُتي لوچِ لَطِيفُ چئِي

Rano went at night, leaving some secret hint. Without the Sodho, friends, I cannot live at peace. I am hopeful, though, that having gone he may return. 28

The Sodho talked to me while the world slept. If it was revealed, friends, none of you would sleep. 29

Rano, I watch your path every day. Within my soul lie threads of Rano's sweet talk. I am bound to you, beloved, by nails of love. 30

Rano, my comfort, come, oh lord of food and the earth. Happy brides desire your company, oh Sodho. Oh perfect lord of Kak, do not remove your hand from me. 31

When you have formed a relationship with a man who is noble as a lion, never turn your back on him. Pursue Rano keenly with love. Do not shower your favors on everyone, like the pouring rain. You will think a great deal about the Sodho on the day of resurrection. 32

The same earth that lies under my feet lies above many beloveds. We have stood and seen mighty ones covered in the dust. Everyone is given only a couple of days, get up and search for him, says Latif. 33

راتو پانيو راندِ، ڪِئَن وِڙُ رائِيين ٣٤
وَرُ وِڏوٽو اِيَهين، جِئَن پَرُ پُڄتوءِ پاندِ
هَيءِ پَڳِيءِ هيڪاندِ، سودو سارِينديِنءَ گهٽو

ڪاڪ ڪَڙهي وَڻَ وِيا، جلِي مُنهِنجِي جانِ ٣٥
رَکِي ڪامَ ڪِٽِڪِيو، مارِيَس تَنهِن گُمانَ
هَڏِ نه جِيان هاڻ، سِگهو موٽِجِ سُپِرِين

ڪاڪ ڪَڙهي وَڻَ وِيا، بَرِيا رَنگَ رَتولَ ٣٦
تو پُڄاڻا سُپِرِين، هِنئَڙي اَچَنِ هولَ
جي مون سين ڪَيَءِ قولَ، سي سِگها پارِجِ سُپِرِين

حال قُربانُ مالُ قُربانُ، گهورِيان لُڏاٽو ٣٧
فِدا ٿِئَ فَقيرِ جو، شَلَ رُسي مَ راٽو
مُيَنِ سين ماٽُو، مُناسِبُ نه ميندِرا

نه وارِثُ نه وَلَهو، نه سَڱُ نه سِياڪو ٣٨
تو پُڄاڻا، سُپِرِين آيُمِ اولاڪو
پانڌِيا پارايو، ڏِجانءِ ڏِاِنِيءَ ڏولَ کي

You thought Rano was a joke, you went and gave pleasure to some base wretch. Your husband was angry with you, thinking a stranger had come into your embrace.[5] Alas, you broke your compact; you will think a great deal about the Sodho. 34

Kak is consumed, the trees have gone, my heart burns. He slipped off leaving his staff behind,[6] this is the thought that has struck me. Now I cannot live at all; come back quickly, beloved. 35

Kak is consumed, the trees have gone, and the red-painted palace is burned down. Now you have left, beloved, my heart is overwhelmed with terrors. Oh my beloved, fulfill quickly the promises you made to me. 36

My being and my property are sacrificed to you, I sacrifice the Ludano. May Rano not be angry with this poor creature who is devoted to him. It is not right to put on airs with the dead, oh Mendhiro. 37

I have no children, no partner, no in-laws, no kinsfolk. Since you left, beloved, I have been overcome by grief. Traveler, give this message to my beloved from the Dhat. 38

٣٩
ڪَرَهو ڪَمِيڻيءَ ٽِي، سوڏا وارِ سُڄاڻَ
ڪُهُ ڪَرِيان ڪاڪِ ڪي، تَنَ توهِين ڏي تاڻَ
لاهي غيرَ گُماڻَ، اَڱَڻِ آءُ اُڪنڊِيين

٤٠
اَڱَڻِ آءُ اُڪنڊِيين، پرڀِي پِيارا
ٻَلَڪَ ٻَراهُون نه سَهَنءِ، جِيءَ جا جِيارا
نِينهان نيزارا، سَچِ ته مانَ سُورُ لَهي

٤١
ٻَسُ توشَڪُون تَڪِيا، سيئِي وِهاڻا
ٻَسِيو هَندَّ ٻَچِي هِنئُون، جي حَبِيبَنِ هاڻا
هِڪُ ڏُنگا ڏاڏاڻا، ٻِيو موٽِيو تان نه مينڌِرو

٤٢
سوڏا سُورَ سُڪائِيُون، اَڪِيُون آبُ نه ڪَنِّ
راڻي جِيءَ رِهاڻِ ڪي، وِرُوٽِيُون وَڃَنِّ
سي ڪِئَن مينڌِرا مَڃَنِّ، جي تو سُورِيءَ چاڙِهيُون

٤٣
مُون گهرِ اچِي جي ٽِئي، مينڌِرو مِهماڻُ
آٽي جهوڪِيان آڳِ ۾، جيري وِجهان جاڻُ
تاٽي تَنُورَنِ ۾، ٻيري هَٽان ٻاڻُ
ٻيڪَنِ سُوڏو ٻاڻُ، گهرُ تَڙُ گهورِيان ٻِرَ تان

Oh my Sodho, wise beloved, turn your camel back toward this poor creature. What do I care for Kak? It is to you that my being is drawn. Abandon your suspicions and go to the courtyard of the one who desires you. 39

Be happy with me, my love, and come to the courtyard of the one who desires you. I cannot bear a moment without you, who make me come alive. Strike me with the spears of love and remove my sufferings. 40

Look at my bedclothes, bolsters, and pillows. My heart burned when I saw the bedding that had been slept in by my beloved. I have to face not only the displeasure of my family but also Mendhiro's failure to return. 41

Oh Sodho, my grief has dried up my eyes, which no longer water. They are dry with longing for Rano's company. How can they feel full, Mendhiro, when you have crucified them? 42

If you come to my house, Mendhiro, and be my guest, I will bring my ego and thrust it into the flames. I will thrust my selfhood into the oven and destroy it. Oh Sodho, I will sacrifice my family and my household to my beloved. 43

٤٤
کوڙَ قناتوُن ڪاڪِ ۾، راڻا ويهُ رَهِي
ماڙهُو جِي مَحلاتِ جا، سوڍا ڪَجِ سَهِي
وِينديَءِ ڳالِه وَهِي، وِڪرِ پَوَندين وَلها

٤٥
ڏَٻِ مَ وَڇِ ڍولَ، ڪاڪِياري ڪاڪِ ڪَري
آءٌ اَکِيهين آهيان، ٻَڌِي تُنهِنجي ٻولَ
توکي ساري سُپِرِين، رُنُمِ مَنجِهه رَتولَ
نِڪاڻا ءِ نولَ، وِسَهُ مُون وِهُ ٿِيا

٤٦
سوڍي سِرُ نِيو، هِتِ ڪَرَنگهرُ سَکٿو
راڻي جي رِهاڻِ کي، سِڪي ساهُ پِيو
پَسان ڪِينَ پِيو، تو رِءِ اَکَرُئِنِ سين

٤٧
راڻي رِڻُ ڪَيو، جيڏِيُون مُنهِجي جِيءَ سين
مَنُ مينڌِري وَڍِيو، ڏُٻِي ڏَرُ پِيو
ٻُجهان ٻَهَرِ وِيو، هِنئون هَنڌِ نه هيڪِڙي

٤٨
رُئان لِي راڻا، هَنڌَ نِهاريو حُجِرا
پيئِي کِهَ کَٿُنِ تي، ٿِيا پَلَنگ پُراڻا
ڏَرِيائِي ڏُوڙا ٿِيا، وَرَ رِءَ وِهاڻا
جائُون گُلَ جَباتَ وَڻَ، تو رِءَ ڪُوماڻا
مينڌِرا ماڻا، تو رِءَ ڪَندِيَسِ ڪِنِ سين

Pitch your tent in Kak, Rano, and stay here. Check on the men of the palace.[7] Otherwise you are sorry, my husband, you may be sorry when it is too late to do anything. 44

Beloved, do not go to the Dhat, leaving this miserable woman in Kak. I am bound by the promise I gave you in the beginning. Thinking of you, my love, I have wept in my red-painted palace. Believe me, its buildings and its furnishings have become like poison to me. 45

The Sodho took my head, my empty skeleton remains here. My soul is longing for Rano's company. With my eyes I see no one besides you. 46

Friends, Rano has treated my heart cruelly. Mendhiro has cut my heart, and my body trembles. I think my heart has gone off, and cannot stay in one spot. 47

Rano, I weep when I see the bedding and the rooms. Dust gathers on the beds and the bedsteads are in disrepair. The pillows placed upon them have become covered with dust without my husband. The buildings, flowers, perfumes, and trees have all faded without you. Oh Mendhiro, who besides you can I put on airs with? 48

٤٩ جِئَن ايندي ڀِي موٽِئين، ميندِرا وَڏِي جارَّ ڪِياءِ
وَرُ نه هُئين وَلَها، هُوندَ جنِّي مون جاڳاءِ
ته سُتي جي ساجاءِ، سوڍا سِگِهيائي ٿِيَءِ

٥٠ جگ جِئَن تِي چوءِ، سوڍو تِئَن نه سِکِيو
راٺو تِئَن نه رُوءِ، ڳوڙهو جِئَن ڳِلِ گِرِي

٥١ تِنِ باغنِئُون بَسَّ، جي ڳَنڍِيءَ ڪاڪِ ڳَڪورِيا
سوڍي رِءَ سَرتيُون، ڪاڪِ نه اچي ڪَسُّ
راٺِي پائي رَسَّ، تَنُ بيڙِيءَ جِئَن تاڙِيو

٥٢ ڪِينَ ساڳاهِئِمِ، شِپِرين جارُون ڪَيُمِ جالَ
سوڍا مون کي ڪالَ، موٽِي مُنهَن ۾ آئِيُون

٥٣ خاموشِي خَبرَ جِي، مُومَلِ ٿِي مَتُّ
صَبرُ ڏِيو سُپَتُّ، مُنهِنجي حَقُّ، ميندِرا

٥٤ ڍولي ڍَڪِي آهِيان، هُيَسِ اُڳهاڙِي
ڏيئي لِکَ لاڙِي، ڪَڪَرُ ڪَيائِينمِ ڪاڪِ جو

٥٥ سوڍا صَبرُ تُنهنجو، مَرَڪُ لَجائِنُّ
چُپ سين جي چَوَنُّ، اَدَبُ ڪجي اُنِ جو

You were very cruel, Mendhiro, when you came and then went back. Were you not my partner, husband, if only you had stayed and woke me up. Then, oh Sodho, you would quickly have become aware of who it was that slept. 49

The Sodho has not learned to speak out like the rest of the world. Rano does not shed heavy tears down his cheeks. 50

I have had enough of the gardens that bloom on the banks of the Kak. Without my Sodho, friends, I get no pleasure from the Kak. Rano has cast his rope and tied my body like a boat. 51

I did not realize, my love, and I made many grievous errors. Yesterday, oh Sodho, they came back to me. 52

If only I had realized that your silence was a message for Mumal. Your patience, Mendhiro, was the right path for me. 53

My beloved covered me, otherwise I was naked. Having given me some protection, he made the Kak my cloud. 54

Oh Sodho, your forbearance gives pride to those who should be ashamed. Those who speak through their silence command respect. 55

٥٦
سوڍا صَبرُ ٽُنهنجو، سيڪاري سَهَسَ
پُڄي تِئان پَهَسَ، مون کي نَصِيبَ نيئِي جَهليو

٥٧
سوڍا صَبرُ ٽُنهنجو، بي عَقُلَ آئي بازِ
سندي صَبرُ سازِ، توبَهَ ڪارِيَمِ تَڪڙِي

٥٨
جنين سندي مُنهَن ۾، نِهائِيُون نَڪَنُ
تِئان وَڍِيو هيڪِڙو، ته ڳهڙو نُورو تَنُ
سي مَرُ سُڃا لِي سُونهَنُ، جن لِلِي لِينگَ پَرَمَ جِي

٥٩
راڻي جي رِهاڻِ مان، ڪو آديسِي آيو
چوڏِهينءَ ماهَ چَندَ جِئَن، ڳيو سامِيءَ سَهائو
لَٿو اُونداهو، جوڳِيءَ سَندِيءَ جوتِ سان

٦٠
راڻي جي رِهاڻِ مان، ڪو آيو آديسِي
ڳٿُورِيءَ خوشِبُوءِ سين، وِلاتَ سَبِ واسي
سُوڌو سَناسِي، اُتانهِين ٿِي آيو

٦١
نَئون نِياپو آيو، راڻي مُلان راتِ
لَڌِيسُون لَطِيفُ چئي، ڳنان ذاتَرَ ذاتِ
ڳهڙِي پُڇين ذاتِ، جي آيا، سي اَڳهِيا

Oh Sodho, thousands are taught by your forbearance. 56
My destiny once guided me, but then it led me to a fall.

Oh Sodho, your forbearance brings the foolish back. 57
The instrument of patience made me repent quickly.

What does it matter to the shameless, who have whole 58
kilns of noses on their faces,[8] if one nose is cut?
Those who keep their honor, however wretched they may be, retain their beauty even in their destitution.

From Rano's company there came a yogi. The master 59
shed a light like that of the full moon. Darkness was removed by the yogi's light.

From Rano's company a yogi came. The whole land 60
was made fragrant by the scent of musk. It was from there that the perfect master came.

A new message came from Rano last night. We 61
received, says Latif, a gift from the bounteous one.
Why ask about caste or tribe? Anyone who has come is acceptable.

٦٢

کيڏانهُن ڪاهِيان ڳَرَهو، چَؤِڏِسِ چِٽاٽو
مَنجِهين ڪاڪِ ڳَڪورِي، مَنجِهين لُڏاٽو
راٽو ۽ راٽو، رِءَ راٽي ٻيو ناهِ ڪو

٦٣

کيڏانهن ڪاهِيان ڳَرَهو، چِٽاٽو چؤڌارَ
مَنجِهين ڪاڪِ ڪڪوري، مَنجِهين باغَ بَهارَ
ڪانهي ٻي تَنوارَ، ٻِيو مِڙوئي مينڌِرو

٦٤

وائي

راڻا جي رَجپوُت، موُمَلِ سَهي پَسندا
پَڙهِيا پَنڊَتَ پِيرَ، توڙي مِيرَ هَمِيرَ مَرَندا
مَڃِي رَضا ربَّ جي، هِتان سَڀِ هَلَندا
ڳَلِمي ساڻُ لَڏائِين، هادي هِنَ هَنڌا
سَهُڪِي سَڪراتِ ڪَرِين، والِي ويرِ وِداعَ
اَهُڪِيءَ ويرِ اَچِيجِ توُن، اُتي اَحمَدا
مَتان ڇَڏِئين مَڱڻو، مَهَدان مُرشِدا
ڪُل نَفسِ ذائِقَتهُ اَلمَوتِ، سَچِي اِيَ صَدا
اَصُلِ لِکيو اَنگَ ۾، ٿِيندو تان پِ اَدا
اَدِيون عَبدُاَللطِيفُ چئي، فائِقَ فَضَلَ ڪَندا

In which direction should I drive my camel? All around there is light. The reddish Kak is within, the Ludano is within. There is Rano and Rano, there is no one else besides Rano. 62

In which direction should I drive my camel? All around there is light. The reddish Kak is within, verdant gardens are within. There is no other sound, it is entirely Rano." 63

Ranas, Rajputs, and Mumals will clearly see. 64V
The learned, pundits and *pīrs*, even lords and Hamirs[9]
will die.
Obeying the will of the lord, all will depart from this
place.
They will leave, oh guide, according to the word.
He makes the agonies of death easy at the time of
farewell.
Oh Ahmad, come there at the time of difficulty.
In the future do no leave this beggar, oh guide.
It is truly said that *All living creatures must taste*
death.[10]
Whatever is written in one's fate will assuredly come
to pass.
Sisters, Abdul Latif says that the supreme lord will
show his grace.

١٥ سُر مارئي

١
اَلَستُ بِرَبِّڪُمۡ، جَڏهِن ڪَنِ پِيومِ
قَالُوا بَلَيٰ قَلبَ سِين، تَڏهِن تِتُّ چَيومِ
تَنهِين وير ڳيومِ، وَچَنُ ويڙهيچَن سِين

٢
جَڏهِن ڪُن فَيَڪُونُ، مَنُ تَڏهانڪُون مارُئِين
تُون ڪِئَن وِجهين تن کي، سُومِرا شَڪُون
هَمِيرَنِ هَڪُون، جاڙَ جُسي کي پاتِئُون

٣
نَڪا ڪُنْ فَيَڪُون هُئي، نَڪا مُورَتَ ماهَ
نَڪا سُڌِ ثَوابَ جِي، نَڪو غَرضُ گُناهَ
هيڪائي هيڪ هُئي، وَحْدانِيتَ واهَ
لَکِيائِين لَطِيفُ چَئي، اُتِ ڳجهاندَرَ ڳاهَ
اکِيُن ۾ اَرْواحَ، اِها ساڃاءِ سُپِرِين

٤
قَيدُالْماءِ ڏيومِ، هِتِ اَڙانگي ڳهارِيان
هِناڪَ جِسمِيَ وَالْفُؤَادُ لَدَيْڪُمْ، هِنئون هُتِّ سَندومِ
قادِرُ شالَ ڳندومِ، ميڙاڪو سِين مارُئِين

٥
جَهڙو قَيدُالْماءِ، تَهڙو بَندُ نه ڪو بِيو
جَفَّ الْقَلَمُ بِمَا هُوَ ڪائِنٌ، لَهي نه ڏِرُ ڏِئاءِ
عُمَرَ تو هَتاءِ، اَجائي ڏِئي اَجِڙين

15 Marui

"When *Am I not your lord?* fell on my ears, then and there I said with my heart, *They said 'Yes.'*[1] At that time I made a promise to my tribespeople. 1

My heart has been given to the Marus ever since the time of *Be and it was.*[2] Oh Sumiro, why did you put my body in chains? Lord Hamir has acted cruelly in chaining my body. 2

There was no *Be and it was,* the moon had not yet been formed. There was no awareness of virtue, there was no connection with sin. There was oneness alone, there was nothing but divine unity. There, says Latif, she understood a complex mystery. Beloved, with my eyes and my heart I have recognized you. 3

I am confined in *the prison of water;*[3] here I suffer difficulties. *My body is here and my heart is with you*[4]—that is where my heart is. May the almighty reunite me with the Marus. 4

There is no captivity like *the prison of water. The pen dried after writing what was to happen,*[5] and no alteration to that is possible. Umar, may your hands grant freedom to the shepherds.[6] 5

رِءَ اِعرابِيُنِ هِتَّ، گھنگھرُ گھارَڻُ مون ٽِيو ٦
بَڪَتِ الْعَيْنَانِ فِيْ هَوَاڪَ دَماً، پُجان ساڻُ پِرِتَّ
مَنُ اَکِيُون تَنُ تِتَّ، جِتي جَنَبُ جيڏِيين

هي هَندَّ ييٽِيُون هاڻِ، سارِّيان سبِ ڏيهِيُن ري ٧
ڪُلُّ شَيءٍ يَرجِعُ اِلىٰ اَصلِهٖ، تي جِھجان جھانگِيُنِ ڪاڻِ
پِرِي پَنهنجي ياڻِ، پَسان مُلڪُ مَلِيرَ جو

نَڪو ايرُ نه ييرُ، نَڪو اوٺِي آيو ٨
مون وَٽِ آيو ڪونَ ڪو، ياڻِران پَري پيرَ
ڪِتابَتُون ڪيرُ، آڻي ڏِيندُمِ اُنِ جُون

اوٺِي گوٺِي آئِئين، ڪو هُتي جو هِتِ هيرَ ٩
ته ڪِنا جي ڪوٺَنِ جا، ٽِيَنِ سَرها سيرَ
آءُ ته اڪِيين اُگھان، جي پاڻُرِ ڏِنَءِ پيرَ
اللهُ لَگِ لَطِيفُ چئِي، لاءِ مَہ تُون اَويرَ
ڪوٺِيين گھاري ڪير، مَحَلين مُنجھي مُون هِنئون

جي اَمُرُ هَنيو اَدَّ ڪري، سي ڪاغَذَ لِکان ڪِيئَن ١٠
واڳِيُون جي وِصالَ سين، تنِين چارڙهي چِيهَن
رُئان راتون ڏِينهَن، جِئَن اُن جي واڳِيءَ ۾ وَرَ گھٽا

Without the Bedouin I have to suffer troubles here. *Both eyes shed blood in my love for you,*[7] may I keep faith with this love to the end. My heart, eyes, and body are there, where my friends were born. 6

Without my countrymen, sisters, I will now burn this place entirely. *All things will return to their origin;*[8] I pine for the nomads. I would return to my native place and see the land of Malir. 7

No messenger from there has reached me. No one at all has come to me, traveling from my brethren. Who will bring me letters from them? 8

Oh camel rider, if now you bring me a fellow villager from that land, the foul streets of the fort are made fragrant. Come, let me use my eyes to wipe your feet that have traveled in the desert. For God's sake, says Latif, do not delay. Who can live in these rooms? My heart is melancholy in the palace. 9

How can I write letters that fate seizes and rips in half? Those tied to love are sacrificed on a pyre. I weep night and day, for in his words there are many mysteries. 10

١١

ٿَرَ ٿَرَ اَندَرِ ٽاڪَ، عُمَرَ مارُوئَڙَنِ جا
لاٽائون لَطِيفُ چئي، مَٽان لوئِيءَ لاڪَ
عُمَرَ ڪَرِيو آڪَ، پَهرِيو ٿِي پَنَ چَران

١٢

سَهَسين سيبا ڪَنجرِي، لوئِي لِيڙَ ٽِيامِ
اَباڻَنِ جي آسِري، ڪَتِي ڪانَ ڪيامِ
جا ڏَٽَ ڏِڪِيامِ، تَنهنجو پَرِوَرَ پَنَ رَهائِيين

١٣

سَهَسين سيبا ڪَنجُرِي، لوئِي لِيڙُون لِيڙَ
واسي وارَ نه ويڙِهيان، مَرُ چَڳُون رَهَنِ چيڙَ
مارُوءَ جي مُهاڙِ رِءَ، اَندَرِ ناهِ اُڪِيرَ
هَهِڙو حالُ هَميرَ، وِني شالَ ويڙهِ وَجان

١٤

سِبِي سيبا ڏي، پورِي نِينهُن نه ڪَچوئِي
ڳَتِيءَ وَٽِيُون ڪُٽِيُون، سَتِي سِيٽِي سي
مَڃُڻِ چَوَنمِ ڪي، ته لجائِيءِ ٿَرَ جائِيُون

Oh Umar, the Marus have many resting places in the deserts. They have removed the red lac[9] from their shawls, says Latif. Umar, give the order for me to become a herder and to graze the camels on leaves. 11

There are thousands of patches on my blouse, and my shawl is in rags. Relying on being with my kinsfolk, I wore nothing that they had woven. Oh pardoner of faults, cover me with the shawl I wore in the Dhat. 12

There are thousands of patches on my blouse, and my shawl is nothing but rags. I do not perfume and braid my hair, and let its bunches stay tangled. My heart desires only to see the Maru's face. In this state, oh Hamir, may I return to my homeland thickets. 13

Sewing patches on her dress, the poor girl does not let her love grow less. She darns the edges of her shawl, lest someone should say to her that she has disgraced the women of the Thar. 14

۱۵
پَنولا پَنوَهارِيُون، مُورِ نه مَٽِي ڪَنِّ
جهُ لاکَ رَتائُون لوئِيُون، ته سالُنِئان سُونهَنِّ
اُنِّ ايلاچَنِئُون اَگِرِي، بَخِمَلَ بافتَنِّ
سَگرَ پانئِيان سُومِرا، کَٿِي کان کُنهِبَنِّ
جا ڏِنِيَمِ ڏاڏائَنِّ، سا لاهِيندي لَڄَ مَران

۱٦
آرَمَ هَنِ مَ اودِيان، پَنولا، پَٽَ چِيرَ
ٻانڌُوٽا ٻَنِ ڏِيان، اَرغَڄَ ۽ عَبِيرَ
مارُوءَ سين شَلَ ماڻِيان، کَٿِيُون جَهِرِيُون کِيرَ
اَندَرِ اُجَ اُڪِيرَ، مُون کي پِرينءَ پَنوَهارَ جِي

۱۷
سونَ بَرابَرِ سَگِڙا، مارُوءَ سَندا مُون
پَنولا پَنوَهارِ کي، عُمَرَ آڇِ مَ تُون
وَرُ لوئِي جي لُون، ڏاڏائَنِ ڏِنيامِ جا

۱۸
سونَ برابرِ سگِڙا، لُون لُون بَرابَرِ لَکُ
رُپو جنهن رَدُّ ڪِيو، ڪوڙ تَنهِين کي ڪَکُ
مُون مارُوءَ جو مَکُ، تيلُ نه لائِيان تُنهنجو

۱۹
تيلُ نه لائِيان تُنهنجو، مُون مارُوءَ جو مَنِّ
ڪَرِيان پِي نه ڪَنِّ، آهَرَ اُنَهِين آهِيان

The nomad women of the desert never put on clothes of silk. Their blankets dyed with lac are more beautiful than shawls. Their cloth woven from wool is better than silk and brocade. Oh Sumiro, I consider the cloth they have woven to be superior to scarlet shawls. I should die of shame if I took off the clothes that had been given to me by my family. 15

I will never wear fine silk clothes. I do not want shawls embroidered with flowers or made of brocade or sky-blue cloth. May I enjoy shawls as white as milk with the Maru. I thirst in my heart for my beloved shepherd nomad. 16

The Maru's betrothal threads are like gold to me. Oh Umar, do not offer silken clothes to this nomad girl. Blessed is the thread of the blanket that my kinsfolk gave to me. 17

The betrothal threads are like gold, every thread is worth hundreds of thousands. For someone who has rejected silver, crores of rupees are like straw. I use the Maru's betrothal oil on my hair, I have no use for yours. 18

I will not use your oil, I have the Maru's oil in my heart. I listen to nothing else, trusting in him alone. 19

٢٠ ڪَرائُنِ ڪَرُورِ جا، ڇُوڙا ڪُوڙا جَنَّ
سو مَرَڪُ مارُوئَڙَنَّ، جِئان لوڪَ لَجَ ٿِئي

٢١ ڪارا ڪَرائُنِ ۾، سونُ اسان کي سُوءَ
وَرُ جيڏِيُنِ سِين جُوعَ، فاقو فَرحَتَ پانئِيان

٢٢ اِيَّ نه مارُنِ رِيتِ، جِئَن سيڻَ مَٽائِنِ سونَ تي
اچِي عُمرَڪوٽَ ۾، ڪندِيَسِ ڪانَ ڪُرِيتِ
پَکَنِ جي پرِيتِ، مارُيءَ سين نه مَٽِيان

٢٣ وَرُ سي وَطَنَ جائِيون، صحرا سَٿُرُ جِنَّ
گولاڙا ءِ گُگِرِيُون، اَوچَڻَ اَباڻَنَّ
ويڙهيا گُهمَنِ وَلِيين، جهانگِي مَنجِهه جَهنگَنَّ
مُون کي مارُوئَڙَنَّ، سُڄَّ گِڻائِي سيجَ ۾

٢٤ پَلُرُ پِيَڻُ اَوچَڻُ اُنَّ، جن جا پيرَ مَٿي پَٽَ پاڪَ
وِهَڻُ وَراڪَنِ ۾، اُنِ جِي اجوڪِي اوطاقَ
پاڻُ نه پَسَنِ پاڻَ کِي، ويچارا بِي باڪَ
عُمَرَ اُوءِ نه عاقَ، ڏِکِيا جِمَ ڏکوئِيين

The Maru women wear glass bangles on their wrists, taking pride in what most people are ashamed of. 20

We wear black threads around our wrists; for us, gold is a cause of mourning. Blessed is hunger with my friends, I consider starving a delight. 21

It is not the way of the Marus to exchange their kinsmen for gold. Now that I have come to Umarkot, I will do nothing wrong. I will not change the huts that I love for a palace. 22

Blessed are the women of my homeland, whose honor is guarded by the desert. Gum trees and desert creepers are my kinsfolk's covering. In their thickets, the nomads roam covered in creepers. The Marus gave me the wilderness as my dowry. 23

Rainwater is their drink and wool their dress; their feet tread that pure ground. They sit below clumps of trees, that is their safe abode. Those poor creatures are fearless and have no regard for themselves. Oh Umar, they suffer but are not disobedient, do not give them grief. 24

۲۵
جا عُمَرَ تو مُلِ عِيدَ، سا سان سُوءَ ورتِي سُومِرا
ويٺِي ويچارَنِ وِسرِي، خوشِي ۽ خَرِيدَ
سِڱَنَ ڪِيا شهِيدَ، مارُو جي مَلِيرَ جا

۲٦
مينديا ڌوءِ مَـ مارُئِي، پيٖيَسِ پَنوَهاريون چِتِ
راڄَ رُئاري هَنجُون هاري، هِيءَ هُتيجي هِتِ
آهِسِ پائُرَ پارَ جو، ڪِجَڻُ ۽ ڳِپَتِ
وينگسِ ويڙِيچَن رِءَ، مَسَ سُٺي ڪا مَتِ
سُومِرا سُپَتِ، ڳَرِ ته ڪونيان نِڪَري

۲۷
محلين ماندِي مارُئِي، ڏِئِيَمِ مُنهَن مَلُورَ
آئِيا سَئِيا نه ڪري، سُونهَن وِڃايَسِ سُورَ
پِيَسِ لوهَ لَطِيفُ چئِي، لَتَّسِ ڪوڏَ ڪَپُورَ
چِتَ جَنين جا چُورَ، سي مَڪِي مَرَڪُ نه ڪنديون

۲۸
ڪريو مُهاڙِ مَلِيرَ ڏي، روءِ اُڀِي چوءِ
سُهِڄُ سُورِي پانئِيان، سُومِرا سَندوءِ
مِلڪَ مارُوءَ جِي آهِيان، جورِ نه ٿِيان جوءِ
سو قَلَبُ ڪوٽ نه هوءِ، جو هُتيجَنِ هَٿِ ڪيو

Oh Umar Sumiro, what is Eid for you is a time of mourning for us. The sad creatures have forgotten joy and the pleasures of buying things.[10] The Marus of Malir have been martyred by their desire to see me. 25

Marui does not wash her braided hair, and thinks in her heart of the desert nomads. She who belongs there sheds tears here and makes the land of the Marus weep. She remembers the edge of the desert and is overcome by grief. The lovely woman hears nothing but her nomad tribe. Oh Sumiro, behave honorably and release her from the fort." 26

I have seen Marui miserable in the palace, with a sad look on her face. She does not oil her dry hair, and her sufferings have destroyed her beauty. She is chained in iron, says Latif, her joys have evaporated like camphor. Those whose hearts are distressed take no pride in oiling their hair. 27

Turning her face toward Malir, she weeps and says: "Oh Sumiro, I think your comforts are torments. I belong to the Maru, I will not be made your wife by force. My heart is captive to that people, and it cannot be contained in the fort. 28

۲۹

بَندي ٻِيا قرارِ، اسِين لوچُون لوهَ ۾
مٿي تَنَ ترارَ، سدا سانيِڙَنِ جي

۳۰

لِنگرِڙياري لوءَ ۾، جنِين لَءِ ٽِياسِ
تنِين تِرَ جيترو، ٻَلَڪُ نه پُڇِياسِ
جَهروڪَنِ جهورِيو هِنئون، ڪولِيُنِ آءٌ ڪُنِياسِ
مارُنِ مُنجَّهه مُياسِ، ناتَ ماڙِيُنِ مارِيَسِ ڪينَ ڪِي

۳۱

جي ويجهي ٿِيان وَرَ ڪي، ته سياڳومِ سَنئون
نِتُ نِتُ آهِ نَئون، مون کي پَسَڻُ پنوَهارَنِ جو

۳۲

آئُون ڪِئَن ڇَڏِيان سومِرا، تِنِ پنوَهارَنِ پَچارَ
جَرُ جنِين جي جانِ ۾، لڳِي رِءَ لُهارَ
ميخُون مُحبَتَ سَندِيُون، هِنئڙي مَنجِه هَزارَ
پَکا ۽ پَنوَهارَ، ڏِٺي مُون ڏِينهَن ٿِيا

۳۳

سُونهَن وِڃايَمِ سُومِرا، مارُو مَسَ مَڃِينِ
ڏُنگا ڏاڏي پوٽِيين، ڪِنِ ڏنا ڪي ڏِينِ
جي مان لوهَ لاهِينِ، ته ڪوٽَنِ ۾ ڪِينَ هُئان

۳٤

سُونهَن وِڃايَمِ سومرا، ميرو مُنهُن ٿِيومِ
وَڃَڻُ تِتِ پِيومِ، جِتِ هَلَڻُ ناهِ حُسنَ ري

The other prisoners are at peace, I am restless in my chains. The Marus fill my thoughts and hang over my head like a sword. 29

Those for whom I wear rags in this world have not asked about me even for a moment. These windows have broken my heart, and these rooms have slain me. I am consumed by thoughts of the Marus; otherwise these mansions do not hurt me at all. 30

If I get to be with my husband, then my fortune is fair. Seeing the desert nomads is a fresh experience for me every day. 31

Oh Sumiro, how can I stop thinking about the desert nomads? They have been nailed in my heart without a blacksmith. There are thousands of nails of love for them in my heart. It has been many days since I saw the nomads or their huts. 32

I have destroyed my looks, oh Sumiro, the Marus will hardly accept me. Some of my family have taunted me, others taunt me now. If you remove my chains, I will not remain in the fort. 33

I have destroyed my looks, oh Sumiro, and my face is unclean. I must go to the place where none but the beautiful may go. 34

شُونهَن وِچايَمِ شومِرا، ٿيندِيَسِ ڪِئَن قَبُول ٣٥
ڪونهي سُهڳُ نه سُولُ، پُوڇِي مُنهُن پنوَهارَ سين

تِنِ مُنهَن موچارا مارُئين، مَلِيرُ جنِين ماڳ ٣٦
ناقِصَ نوازي گهڻا، سَندو تَنِ سَياڳُ
اَڱَڻِ مُون اَياڳُ، حُسنُ تي هِيئَن ٿِيو

ڪونهي قادِرُ ڪو بِيو، اُنِين جو اَياڳُ ٣٧
قُل لَّنْ يُّصِيْبَنَآ اِلَّا مَا ڪَتَبَ اللّٰهُ لَنَا، اِيُ مَعذِرَتَ ماڳُ
سَيوئِي سَياڳُ، مارُئِيءَ مُساوِي ٿِيو

جَهڙِي آيَسِ جِيئَن، جي تهڙِي وَڃان تِنِ ڏي ٣٨
ته لالائِيءَ جا لَطِيفُ چئي، ڪَرَ مُندُنِ اُنا مِينهَن
مارُيءَ لَڳُمِ مِهڻو، سڀَ ڄماندَرَ سِيئَن
ٿِيَسِ ڪاٿِياري ڪانڌَ جِي، هِتي اَچِي هِيئَن
ڪَندُ ڳُٺَندِيَسِ ڪِيئَن، مَنهَن مارُوئَڙَنِ جِي

هيڪُ جِئَن نه جاياسِ، بِيو جاپَندي جي مران ٣٩
گهنگُهرُ گهڻو ٿِياسِ، جاپِي مارُوئَڙَنِ کي

سِيلَ پَڃَڻَ جِي شُومِرا، مُون کي مَتِ مَ اَڇِج، مِيرَ ٤٠
ٿورين گهٽِين ڏِينهَنڙين، وِيندِيَسِ هُتِ هَمِيرَ
مَڃُڻِ مَنجِهه مَلِيرَ، ڪَندُ مَٿانهون نه ڳَٺان

I have destroyed my looks, oh Sumiro, how will I be accepted? With this ugly face I will be unable to experience married bliss with the Maru. 35

Fair are the faces of the Marus who live in Malir. Their good fortune has favored many who are full of faults. Ill fortune was my fate, so my beauty was spoiled. 36

There is no one besides God the almighty, it is from him that ill fortune comes. *Say, nothing will happen to us except what God has decreed.*[11] This is the place of forgiveness. For Marui good and bad luck are the same. 37

If I went to them in the same state that I came in, the skies would rain with happiness. I must suffer the reproach of this mansion for the rest of my life. I was disgraced in the eyes of my husband when I came here. How will I hold my head high in the huts of the Marus? 38

Either I should never have been born, or once born I should have died. Once I was born, I became a source of distress to the Marus. 39

Lord Sumiro, do not try to persuade me to break my chastity. I will go there in a few days, oh Hamir. Otherwise I shall not hold my head high in Malir. 40

٤١

مَ سَپَنِي مارُئِي، مُئِي مَ جائِي
جنهن اَچِي عُمَرَڪوٽ ۾، لوئي لڄائي
جا سانگِيُنِ سِيڏائِي، سا ڪِينَ مَرڪي ماڙِيين

٤٢

آلا اِئَن مَ هوءِ، جيئن آءٌ مران بَندَ ۾
جُسو زنجِيرَنِ ۾، راتو ڏِينهان روءِ
پَهرِين وَڃان لوءِ، پوءِ مَرُ پُڄَنِمِ ڏِينهَڙا

٤٣

آءٌ بَندِياڻي بندَ ۾، ڪِ ڪي پِيَسِ بَند
مُنهِين لڳو مَهڻو، ڪِ مُنهِين ڪَڙو ڪَندِ
مَران جي هِنَ هَندِ، ته نِجانءِ مَئِتُ مَلِير ڏي

٤٤

واجهائي وَطَنَ ڪي، ساري ڏِيان ساهُ
بُتُ منهنجو بَندَ ۾، قيدِ مَ ڪريجاهُ
پَرَڏيهِياڻي پِرينءَ ري، ڏارَ مَ ڏَريجاهُ
تَڏِي وَسائِجانءِ ٿَرَنِ جي، مِني مُئِيءَ مَٿاهُ
جي پويون ٿِئي پَساهُ، ته نِجانءِ مَڙهُ مَلِيرَ ڏي

٤٥

واجهائي وَطَنَ ڪي، ساري ساهُ ڏِيان
هِيءُ سِرُ سارِيَهَ سامُهون، مُنهِنجو نِج ميان
مُقامِياڻي مارُئين، وَڃِي ٿَرِ ٿِيان
مُيائِي جِيان، جي وَڃِي مَڙهُ مَلِيرَ ڏي

If only Marui had not been born, if only she had died instead! By coming to Umarkot she has brought disgrace upon herself. She who is entranced with the Marus can take no pride in palaces. 41

God, may it not happen that I die in captivity. With my body in chains, I weep night and day. Let me first go to my home country; it is fine if my days then come to an end. 42

For what crime am I made a prisoner? For what reason am I taunted and made to wear chains around my neck? If I die in this place, take my body to Malir. 43

If I die thinking about the homeland I long for, do not imprison my body in captivity. Do not keep this exile apart from her beloved. Pour the cool earth of the desert over her dead body. Once my life is over, take my corpse to Malir. 44

If I die thinking about the homeland I long for, then take this head to my native land, sir. May I be buried in the desert with the Marus who live there. I will be restored to life after death if my body gets to Malir. 45

٤٦

وَاجھائِي وطن کِي، آءٌ جي هِتِ مُياسِ
گورَ مُنهِنجي سُومِرا، ڪَجِ ڀَنوَهارنِ پاسِ
ڏِجِ ڏاڏاڻي ڏيهَه جِي، مَنجهان وَلڙِيُنِ واسِ
مُيائِي جياسِ، جي وَڃي مَرُهُ مَلِيرَ ڏي

٤٧

ڳِچِيءَ ڳانا لوھَ جا، زيرِيُون ۾ زنجِيرَ
پَيڪڙا پَيرنِ ۾، ڪونِئُن اندَرِ ڪِيرَ
چارِي چَوڳانَنِ ۾، واهِيَتَ ڪَنِ وَزِيرَ
جَنِ نه جَجي آهيان، اهڙِيءَ سِٽَ سَرِيرَ
مارُو جامَ مَلِيرَ، پُڇِجِ ڪِي پَنوَهارِ کي

٤٨

زيرِيين بيڙِيين لوھَ ۾، ڳَنَّنِ ڪَيَسِ ڳاهُ
سَنڪي سَندي سُومِري، هَلِ نه چاڙهِيُمِ ماهُ
سَرَتِيُون دُعا ڪَجاھُ، ته ڀَرَمُ پاروڙِيءَ رَهي

٤٩

ڀَرَمُ پاروڙِيءَ رَهي، جَنهِن ۾ اڃِي اُنَّ
ته پڻُ ويڻي وِندِيان، توڙي پَوَنِسِ ٿُنَّ
غافِلُ رَڪُ غَرِيبِ کي، عُمَرَ مَنجِهه اَمُنَّ
سَرتِيُنِ ساٿُ سَمُنَّ، آهِمِ اُني مِينهَنڙي

If I die here longing for my homeland, oh Sumiro, make my grave with the desert nomads. Let me smell the fragrance of the creepers of my ancestral land. I will be restored to life after death if my corpse goes to Malir. 46

Around my neck are collars of iron, I wear fetters and chains. There are shackles on my feet, and the room is nailed on the inside. There are lookouts in the courtyard, and the ministers are on guard. I am unhappy in my cell; this is the state of my body. Oh Maru, Prince of Malir, ask after this desert nomad. 47

Iron fetters and chains have destroyed me. The anxiety caused by Sumiro left no flesh on my frame. Friends, pray that the honor of my woolen shawl may be preserved. 48

May the honor of my shawl made from white wool be preserved. If it gets holes in it, I will sit and darn them. Oh Umar, let this poor heedless creature be kept safe. I promised my friends that I would be with them in the rainy season. 49

٥٠

پنوَهارَنِ پابوهِيو، وَرِيا واهُندا
سارِيَمِ سينَ سَيَّدُ چئي، ڳاڏيلِيُون ڳُندا
ٻِنُن ٻَرِ هُندا، ٻُنگا ٻَرَّ ٻَتارَ جا

٥١

پَنوَهارَنِ پابوهِيو، ڪي وَس واهُندَنَّ
لَٽو سِيءُ لَطِيفُ چئي، ٻَڏو ڦَٽُ ڦَرَنَّ
اُوءِ ٽا ڪورِنِ ڪُنئَرِي، سَرَتِيُون مَٽان سَسَنَّ
عُمَرَ اُنَّ اَڳُندَرِي، پاسي ڪاندَ ڪَتَنَّ
ٻائُرِ ڏِنِيُون ٻُنِيُون، نَندَنِ نوراٻَنَّ
ڪائُرِ ڳَتِيُون خاصِيُون، اُوچِيُون اُتِ اُجَنَّ
ڳَڏِيو پيئُ ڳَهَنَّ، مَلِيرِ ڳُهرجي مارُئِي

٥٢

آٽِينِ ڪي چاڙهِينِ، ڏُٿُ ڏيهاڙِي سُومِرا
سَٽا ڳَيو سَيَّدُ چئي، سائُون سُڪائِينِ
مَنجهان لَنبَ لَطِيفُ چئي، چائُرَ ڳَيو چاڙهِين
ٻُلاءُ نه پاڙِين، عُمَرَ آراڙِيءَ سين

٥٣

تِن وَنِهيَنِ ويڙِيچَن ۾، سَدائِين سُڪارُ
چُندِيو آٽِيو چاڙهِيُون، سَندو ڏَؤنرَنِ ڏارُ
جن جو ويڙِنِ سين واپارُ، سي ڏوڻِي هوُنِ نه ڏُٻِرا

The desert nomads are smiling, the southwest wind has returned. I have remembered my beloved, says Shah, his cattle tracks and pens. The beautiful huts of my husband will be there beside the dunes. 50

The desert nomads smile, the southwest winds have brought rain. Their cares have been removed, says Latif, and their calves walk strongly. Oh friends, they shear the soft wool from the sheep's tails. Oh Umar, free from sorrows they spin the wool at their husbands' side. In the desert even the young sucklings give wool from their backs. Precious shawls of high value are woven. As they starch the shawls, the women say: 'Marui is needed in Malir.' 51

Every day, oh Sumiro, they gather and cook food from the jungle. They pile up heaps of dried grass, says Shah. From the *lanb* grass, says Latif, they extract grains of rice to cook. Oh Umar, they do not consider pulao to be as good as their *ārāṛī*.[12] 52

Living in the wild, those happy people are always content with what they find. They bring branches of berries they have picked and put them on to cook. The foragers who frequent the thickets are not thin or weak. 53

٥٤

ٽوري ڦُوتَ ڦَرارِيا، رَهَنِ سَبرَ سَٽُ
ڳَنڍِيءَ ۾ کِهَ ٻَڪُلِيا، ٻُوڻَنِ اهڙِيءَ ٻَٽُ
پَنوَهارَڪِي پَٽُ، پيهِي پُڇُ مَلِيرَ ۾

٥٥

نَڪا جَهلَ نه پَلَّ، نَڪو رائُڙُ ڏيهَه ۾
آٽِيو وِجَهنِ آهُرين، روڙِيو رَتا ڳُلَّ
مارُو ڀِانءَ اَمُلَّ، مَلِيرُونِ مَرڪَٽو

٥٦

مَٽِنِ ٽُبَڪَ ٽُبَڪَڙا، ڇِڪَندڙا اَچَنِ
ڳُرڙِيُون کيهَ ٻَڪُلِيُون، ٻَڳهرُ سِرِ پيرَنِ
اِي وَرَّ ويڙِيچَنِ، مُون لوڏان ئي لِکِيا

٥٧

دَرَ دَروازا دَرِيُون، هاڻِي هِتِي هو
ڪوڙِيين اَڏِيان ڪيتِرا، تَنبُو مَٽان تو
جي مُلِ نه آيا مارُئِي، تنِين رَڙُ مَ رو
ڪُوڪَٽُ آهي ڪو، ڀُسِيءَ پنوَهارنِ ۾

٥٨

سَنِهِيءَ سُئِيءَ سِبِيو، مُون مارُوءَ سين ساهُ
وينِي سارِيان سُومرا، ڳولاڙا ۽ ڳاهُ
هِنئو مُنهِنجو هُتِ ٿِيو، هِتِ مِڙِي ۽ ماهُ
ٻَگَنِ منجِهه ٻَساهُ، قالِبُ آهي ڪوٽَ ۾

Content with little food, they remain strong and healthy. This is how they go about, in shawls covered with dust. Go to Malir and discover the honor of the nomads. 54

In their country there is no check or hindrance, nor any revenue tax. They break off the red flowers and throw them in the trough. The Marus are without price and their Malir is a happy land. 55

Carrying baskets large and small on their heads, they are covered in perspiration. Their heels are covered in dust and there is sweat on their feet. This is the way of the desert dwellers, I recognize them by the way they move." 56

Umar tells her: "Here are doors and gates and windows. I will have thousands of tents put up for you. Marui, do not weep and wail for those who have never come to see you." "Those nomads who live on flowers of thorn must be in some trouble," she replies. 57

"My life is sewn to Maru with a fine needle. I sit and think of the creepers and grasses. My heart is there, my body and my flesh are here. My life is in those huts, my frame is in this palace. 58

سَنِهِيءَ سُئِيءَ سِبِيو، مُون مارُوءَ سين منُّ ۵۹
هَٿِي ڪَنَ حِلِمَ جا، تَهَ وِڌائِين تَنُّ
ڪِئن ٽوپايان ڪَنُّ، اَباڻِي اِبرَ ري

پاڇاهِي نه پاڙيان، سَرَتِيُون سُئِيءَ ساڻُ ۶۰
ڏِڪي اُگهاڙَنِ کي، ڪِينَ ڏِڪيائِين پاڻُ
بِيهَرَ جاڀِي جاڻُ، اِبرَ جي اَوصافَ کي

ڄُرَنِ ڄُٽِڪَنِ ڇتَ ٿِي، وِسارِيان ڪِينَ وَري ۶۱
ڳنان عَهدَ اَلَسْتَ جي، ڪِ تِهائِين پَري
لَمْ يَلِدْ وَ لَمْ يُوْلَدْ، مارُئِي ڪوهُ ڳَري
اَڄُ ڪِ ڪاله مَري، ساري سانپِيَڙَنِ کي

ڄُرَنِ ڄُٽِڪَنِ ڇتَ ٿِي، وِسارِيان ڪِينَ وَري ۶۲
جن ٿي پِي پِياريو، مَنجهان سِڪَ سَري
وَنهِيَنِ ويڙِيچَن جِي، سِٽائُنِ سَري
ٽَرَنِ ٽوڪَ ڌَري، اُٺِي وِيَڙا اُڪِري

ڄُرَنِ ڄُٽِڪَنِ ڇتَ ٿِي، وِسارِيان ڪينَ وَرَنُّ ۶۳
لَيْسَ ڪَمِثْلِهِ شَيءٌ، پَسَڻُ ناهِ پِرِيَنُّ
پَکا پَنوَهارنُّ، نيئِي اَڏِيا ناهِ ٿِي

My heart is sewn to the Maru with a fine needle. My body is now covered with patches of humility. How can my ears be pierced to take your ornaments without my people's needle? 59

Friends, I do not think kingship can be compared with the needle that covers the naked but itself is bare. Be born again if you would know the worth of the needle. 60

He moves and is ever present in my mind; I cannot forget him however hard I try, ever since the primal covenant of *Am I not*[13] or even before that. *He does not beget nor is he begotten,*[14] what can Marui do? Whether she dies today or tomorrow, she will remember her protector. 61

He moves and is ever present in my mind. I cannot forget him however hard I try. He has given me a drink from the pool of love. She lives for the huts of the happy desert dwellers, who come out of their dwelling places in the rainy season, leaving their possessions behind. 62

He moves and is ever present in my mind; I cannot forget him however hard I try. *There is nothing like him,*[15] but I cannot see my beloved, the nomad who has built his huts in the land of nonexistence. 63

٦٤
چُرَنِ چُٹِکَنِ چِتَ ۾، رهيا اَندَرِ رُوحَ
اُني وِيَڙا اُڪِري، مارُو مَٿي موهَ
ويڙون وِلوڙَنَ جُون، سارِيان گهٽو صُبُوحَ
وَرُ سي كارا كُوهَ، سِنجيَمِ جي سارَّيَهَ جا

٦٥
بِيَرَ گنياڙُون بَرَ ۾، پِيارِين پَهُون
سِنجَنِ سائِيڪَنِ تي، وَڏِيءَ وير وَهُون
پايو جَرُ جَندَنِ ۾، كوڏان كَنَّ كِهُون
ڏِينهان ڏينهن نَئون، مُون كي وِرِهُ ويڙِيچَنِ جو

٦٦
آڏِيءَ اُٺَنِ تي، جيلان پائِي پاتارَ ۾
وارو ويسِرُينِ كي، ڏِينهان كونه ڏِئي
مُون ڪَمِيڻِيءَ كي، مَٽان كُوهَ گَٽِي وِيا

٦٧
سَرِتِيُنِ سِنجَنُ چِڏِيو، سَتِيُنِ گَالِه سُئِي
ماريچِي مارُئِنِ ۾، ڪَڏهِن كانَ هُئِي
عُمَرَ آءٌ نه مُئِي، ان اوياليان اَگهِين

٦٨
بِنِيءَ جي پُوٺَنٌ، پيچَ پُٺِكو نه سُٽانِ
سِنجَنَ وارِيون سُتِيُون، وِچِي ويڙهِ وَرَنٌ
پِيا سيتَ سَرَنٌ، تَرَهي بِنهي كنڍِين

They move and are ever present in my mind, they remain in my soul. The Marus go out in the rainy season, turning toward the borderlands between the river and the desert. How often I remember the times that they would churn their pots at dawn. How wonderful those brackish wells of my native land were, from which I used to draw water. 64

They dig wells in the desert and water their goats. At dawn the women draw water from wells sixty fathoms deep. Pouring the water into buckets, they cry out with joy. Every day I feel a fresh pang of separation from those who dwell in the desert. 65

The women get up at midnight because the water lies deep in the ground. The heedless ones get no opportunity during the day.[16] It was my bad luck that they snatched me from the well.[17] 66

My friends stopped drawing water, my chaste companions heard what had happened. There has never been a Maru girl in a palace. Oh Umar, if only I had died before I heard their taunts. 67

The ones who go to the well at dawn do not make a sound. The women who draw water have gone to the jungle to sleep beside their mates. On both sides of the well the ropes dangle idly. 68

٦٩
عُمَرَ ٻَيَمِ اَپارَ، وِرَهُ وَڻيان ڪِنِ سين
ڏوٽِيَڙا ڏُورِ ٿِيا، تَڳان جِن اَنوارَ
سِڻائُون سَنگهارَ، ڳوهَنِ تان ڳٽي وِيا

٧٠
جُهڙِ ڦُرِ جِتِ ٿِيانِ، اُتِ اَڏِيائُون پَکَڙا
هِنَ مُنهِنجي حالَ جو، قَدُرُ نه ڪيٺانِ
جيڪُسِ آءٌ وِسِرِيانِ، مارو قُوتَ قَرارِيا

٧١
جُهڙِ ڦُرِ مَٿي مارُئين، جِتِ ڇيها ڇِلُڙَ ڇِڪَ
اَندَرُ ٿو اُڄَ مري، ساهُ اُنِين جي سِڪَ
پِيَهُون شالَ پِهِيُون پري، ٿِئان ڏيئي ٽِڪَ
وَرُ پِريان سين ٻِڪَ، ٻِيا ياڻَ پَرِيائي گهورِيا

٧٢
ڏَٺين پَٺين ڊيرَ، مَهِيَنِ مارُوئڙَنِ جا
پائُرُ سَبِ پَچِي پِيو، گهرِ گهارِيندي ڪيرَ
ڪوٺِيين لَڳَنِ ڪيرَ، مَحَلين مُنجهي مُون هِنئون

٧٣
هِنَ مُندَ مارُو سَنَرا، ويڙهين وَڳَ وارِينِ
ڄَڇِيا چيڪاريو چيلِڙا، پَٽين پَهرائِينِ
نينَ مُنهِنجا اُنِ کي، جَهجهو جَرُ هارِينِ
تازا تَنوارِينِ، مِينهَن وَسَندا موٽُ ٿُون

Oh Umar, everyone is busy, who can I share my pain with? The foragers whose talk I once enjoyed are far away from here. The herdsmen have taken away their huts from the wells. **69**

They set up their huts where the rain falls. They have not the slightest awareness of how I am. Perhaps I have been forgotten by the Marus, now that they are content with the food they have. **70**

The rain has fallen on the Marus, yielding fresh grass, bog, and mud. My heart dies thirsting, and my life is consumed longing for them. If only I could drink my fill there. Even a mouthful with the beloved is wonderful, but I care nothing for large cupfuls here. **71**

In the dunes of the Dhat the Marus have put up many huts. The whole desert is flourishing, who would stay at home? I am chained in the fort, and my heart is distressed in the palace. **72**

In this season the Marus are happy and drive their flocks back to the thickets. They drive the kids to the lower pastures, grazing them on the plains. My eyes shed copious tears over them. The *tāro* birds[18] cry: 'The rains are falling, come back.' **73**

٧٤

هِنَ مُندَ مارو سَنَرا، کائُرَ ۾ خُوشِحالَ
سائُون سِيارِڄُ مَڳٽي، جيڏِيُون آٽِنِ جالَ
سَتِيءَ جِي سَيَّدُ چئي، ڪا سارِّيهَ مَنجِھ سَنيالَ
لِڱَنِ تان لَطِيفُ چئي، لوئِي لاهِ مَ لالَ
ٻَلو ڳندو ٻالَ، مِينهَن وَسَندا موٽُ تُون

٧٥

هِنَ مُندَ مارُو سَنَرا، ڏَنگَرَ ڍارَ رَهَنِّ
پاٽِي پُوجَ ٻَنَنِ ۾، ٻَکِي پاندِ پِيَنِّ
هِنَ کِي لوهَ لَطِيفُ چئي، هُوءِ کائُرَ مَنجِھ کِلَنِّ
کائُونبا کاجَنِّ، مِينهَن وَسَندا موٽُ تُون

٧٦

سَدا جِنِ پَرياڻُ، پانڊِي ٻَکِي لَڏَ سين
مارُو ڳُٺَنِ ساڻُ، وِيَڙا ٿَرِ اُڪِرِي

٧٧

پاسا پولِڙِيُنِ ۾، بانھُون سِرِ بيئِي
اَکِيون نَڪُ اَريجَ رِي، لِمايَمِ لِيئِي
ڏُورِ تِيا ڏيهي، پِرِين پائُرَ وَٽِ ۾

In this season the Marus are happy, and are at ease in the desert. The women gather plenty of different grasses and creepers. Do any in the land, says Shah, remember me, their chaste companion?" Latif says: "Do not take off your blanket, my dear. God will be kind to you. The rains are falling, come back." 74

In this season the Marus are happy, they live near the hedges of thorn. There is abundant water in the plains, and they drink it beside their huts. Here she is in chains, says Latif, while they are happy in the desert. People are feeding on the wild fruits of the desert; the rains are falling, come back. 75

It is their mark that they travel with their huts and baggage. They are the noble Marus who traverse the desert. 76

"I would lie down on the goats' droppings with my head resting on my arms. My two eyes and my nose are all streaming as I think of that waterless place. My fellow tribesmen are far away in the desert. 77

٧٨

ٽاجا ٽَرَ بَرَ جَهلَّ، پِڇُون پائُرَ وَٽِ ۾
سيئِي سارِيو سومِرا، اَڇي آبَ اُجَلَّ
سانِيِيَنِ ڏِنَمِ سَلَّ، ڏِنِي جِن ڏِينهَن ٿِيا

٧٩

جُهران جِهجان تي، جِئَن پَسٽان پَري ٿِيا
اَلا اوڻِي آڻِيين، جو ڪِينءِ جِي خَبَرَ ڏي
مَنَ مُنهِنجي ڪي، واڪو لَهي ويڙهِ جو

٨٠

اُني ٿِي وَراڻِ، ڪِينءَ واڏائُون آئُون
لَنِي لوئِڙِيارِيين، مِڙَنِي مُنهَنِ ڪاڻِ
صُلحُ وارِيو سُومِرِي، چَئِي پَنوَهارَنِ پاڻِ
هَمِيرَنِئُون هاڻِ، مُهٽُ لَهَندِينءَ مارُئِي

٨١

اُتان اوڻِي آيو، خَبَرَ اِيَ ڳرِي
وِساريجِ مَ وَرَ ڪي، پَئِجِ مَ مُندَّ مَرِي
وينڊِينءَ اُتِ وَرِي، ڪو ڏِينهُن آهِين ڪوٽَ ۾

٨٢

ڪو ڏِينهُن آهِئين ڪوٽَ ۾، لوئِي هَڏِ مَ لاهِ
ڪامَڻِ اَهِجي ڪُرَ جي، اَڏِ وَڏائِي آهِ
هِتِ مَ پاڙِجِ هيڪِڙو، پائُرَ جي پَساهَ
سَتِي سِيلُ نِباهِ، مَلِيرِ وينڊِينءَ مارُئِي

Those happy gatherings in the desert, and the wild fruits of the place—when I remember these things, my eyes overflow with tears. My heart is torn by my separation from those I have not seen for so long. 78

I pine and fret, for they are out of sight. God, bring me a camel rider to give me some good news, and remove the ache for my homeland from my heart. 79

Now that it has rained, there is gladness, and happy congratulations are exchanged. All the cares of the women who wear shawls are removed. The Sumiro himself has sent the nomads a message of peace. Now, Marui, you will be honored by the prince." 80

A camel rider has come from there with accurate news. "Do not forget your husband, woman, and do not grieve. You will return there, you have only a few days left in the fort. 81

You have only a few days left in the fort, make sure you do not remove your shawl. Lovely woman, your family is highly honored. Do not think a single moment in the desert can be compared to your life here. Lady, preserve your honor, and you will go to Malir, oh Marui. 82

سي ساهيڙِيُون سارِينِ تو، سِيلُ جنِين جو سَڄُ ۸۳
مارُوءَ ريءَ مَ مَڃُ، سِيهو ٻانئِج سونَ کي

ساهيڙِيُون سارِينِ تو، سَچ جِنِين جو سِيلُ ۸٤
نَڪو قالُ نه قِيلُ، اُنِين جي اَدَبَ ۾

جو ڏيهَ ڏاڏاڻِيان آيو، ڏِنُمِ تَنهِن طَعنو ۸۵
پائي ويهُ مَ پَلَنگين، ڳِچِيءَ سِرِ ڳانو
مَٽان لَڪَ لَطِيفُ چئي، ڪانءِ مَ خَزانو
سَرِتِيُنِ سِيلُ چَوايو، جورِ هَٽِي جانو
ٽِيو سَڌُ سَمانو، حَرَفَ لَٽِي هيڪِڙي

مُون سين مارُوئَڙِيُون، ڳَهڙِيءَ رِيتِ رُسَندِيُون ۸٦
چونِيءَ ۾ چِيڙُ پِيو، پِيَنِ رَتَ جَيُون
نيٺين نِندَ وِهُ لِڳِي، ساري ساڏوهِيُون
هِتي جي هُيُون، ته سُڌِ پِيئَنِ سِيلَ جِي

سَتِي تُنهِنجي سَتَ ۾، ڳالِه ڳُهرجي ڳُجُ ۸۷
وَڍِيو چِيرِيو چِچِرِيو، پَرِ ۾ اُپِي پَڄُ
ساڻُ اَمانَتَ اَڄُ، ته ٽِئين سَمانِي سارِّيهَ ۾

Your girlfriends, whose honor is unblemished, remember you. Do not get fat without your Maru, think of gold as lead. 83

Your girlfriends, whose honor is unblemished, remember you. There can be no questioning of their behavior." 84

The traveler who came from my ancestral land taunted me thus: "Do not sit on the beds wearing a fine necklace. Do not destroy the shawl of chastity, says Latif, that you wear around you. Your girlfriends have earnestly begged me to tell you to remain true. You will soon be summoned back with honor." 85

"How can the Marus be angry with me? My hair is sticky, and lice suck my blood. Sleep is poison to my eyes as I remember the bushes of the desert. If they were here, they would realize how I have guarded my honor." 86

"Oh chaste one, much is still required of your chastity. Cut, slice, and mince yourself, and secretly let yourself be cooked. Preserve your virtue, so you may return to your country with honor." 87

جانڪِين سَتِيُنِ سِيرُ، تان ڪِينَ وِهَندِيَسِ ڪوٽَ ۾ ۸۸
سِپَ سَمُندِين سَپَجي، نَدِيءَ پِيي نه نِيرُ
جِئَن هُوءَ اَبرَ آسِري، تِئَن مُون مَنِ مَلِيرُ
ڪائُرَ پِيَنِ ڪِيرُ، جي اَمانَتَ اُتِ وَجي

جَرَ ۾ سِپُون جِيئَن، آهِينِ اَبرَ آسِري ۸۹
جِئَن ڪُنجُون سارِينِ روهَ کي، مُون تَنَّ اندرِ تِيئَن
هُتِ وَعدا وَڃَڻَ جا، هِتِ نه پانيُمِ هِيئَن
ڪوئيُنِ وِهان ڪِيئَن، جي نَظَرَ بَندِياڻِي نه هُئان

سِپَ سَمُندِين سَپَجي، اَبرُ آساروسِ ۹۰
ٻاڙو پِئي نه پِڙِي، مِنو مُنهِن لَگوسِ
ماڻِڪُ تي مِڙيوسِ، جِئَن تَنگُ ڪَڍِيائين تارِ ۾

سِکو سَپِ سَرتِيُون، سِپُنِ مُلان سيرُ ۹۱
ٻِيو مَنائي نيرُ، اُپِيون اَبرَ آسِري

مَلِيران مارُو، پَکِي پيهي آئِيو ۹۲
وَرِيا واهارُو، هاٺُو سَپِ هِيٺا ٿِيا

"I will remain chaste, and I will not stay in the fort. The oyster is born in the ocean, it does not drink the river water. Just as it trusts in the cloud,[19] so is my heart fixed on Malir. The desert dwellers will drink milk if this captive returns. 88

Just as the oysters in the water live in reliance upon the cloud, and just as the cranes think of the mountains, so do I long for my home. I have made many promises to return; my heart hates it here. If I were not held prisoner in the fort, why would I stay? 89

The oyster is born in the ocean, its trust is in the cloud. The mollusk does not drink salt water, nor does it taste sweet water. It produces a pearl because it suffers in the deep.[20] 90

Oh my girlfriends, you should all learn the lesson of faithfulness from the oysters. Turning from other water, they wait trusting in the cloud. 91

The Maru has come from Malir and entered the fort. My helper has returned, my oppressors have all become weak. 92

٩٣
پَهِي شَکَ پيرَنِ کِيهَ، ڪو نِينهَن نِياپو مارُئين
اَتِ اُڪَندِي آهِيان، تَنهِن آتَڻَ تَنهِن ڏيهَ
سَندِي جا سارّيهَ، کِهَ گَٿُوري پانئِيان

٩٤
سَگرِ سيئي ڏِينهَن، جي مُون گهارِيا بَندَ ۾
وَسايَمِ وَڏَ قُرّا، مَتّي مارُئِنِ مِينهَن
واجهائِيَس وِصالَ کي، ٿِيَس تَهِوارُون تِيئَن
نِيَرُ مُنهِنجي نِينهَن، اُجاري اَچو ڪيو

٩٥
عُمَرَ اَڄُ گَڏِيامِ، ڏوتِي اُنَهِين ڏيهَ جا
پارايا پِرِئُنِ جا، اُپِي اُن چَيامِ
لِهِي لوهَ پِيامِ، لُطفَ ساڻُ لَطِيفُ چئي

٩٦
جُه سي لوڙائُو ٿِيا، جنِين پَرِ رَهَنِّ
مارُو منجِهه ٿَرَنِّ، رَهِي رَهَندا ڪيترو

٩٧
جُه سي لوڙائُو ٿِيا، جنِين سندِيءَ ڏِيرَ
مارُوئَڙا فَقِيرَ، ڪَنهِن دَرِ ڏِيندا دانهَڙِي

٩٨
مارُوءَ پاسِ مَلِيرَ ۾، ڏوئِي مَرُ مَران
پاڻِي واري پانهِنجو، ويندِيائِي وَران
ٿورو مَنجِهه ٿَران، هُندَ لَڳِي لوئَڙِيارِيِين

May you be at ease, traveler, with the dust where you came from on your feet. Have you brought a message of love for Marui? Oh, how I long for that spinning place[21] and for that land. I reckon the dust of my native land to be the equal of musk. 93

How fine were the days I spent in confinement. In the palace, I shed great tears like drops of rain. As I waited to be with him, I was torn into little pieces. My love has burnished my chains and made them gleam. 94

Oh Umar, today I met foragers from my homeland, who stood and delivered messages from my beloved. By God's grace, says Latif, my iron fetters were removed. 95

When the ruler we rely on becomes a robber, how can the Marus live in the desert, either now or in the future? 96

When he who is our support becomes a robber, at whose door can the poor Marus complain? 97

May I die after bathing with the Maru in the Malir river. I will return after washing myself in the waters of my home. This will be a favor to the wearers of shawls in the desert. 98

کانڌُ نه ڪَنديَسِ ڪو ٻيو، گَتيروئِي خُوبُ
ميروئِي محبُوبُ، اَسان مارُو مَنَ ۾ ٩٩

مُنهُن مُنهِنجو سُومِرا، مَرُ ميروئِي هوءِ
متان مارُو چوءِ، ته ڏوتوءِ ڏوراٿَنِ ۾ ١٠٠

جِت گَرَڙَ گتا ۽ ڪاهِيُون، پالَ پَڪا ۽ پَڪَ
سَرَهِيُون سي سَرَتِيُون، حاضُرُ پاسي حَقَّ
مارُوئَنِ سين ماٽِيان، شالَ مُندائتِي مَڪَ
ڪِنڪارِيان خَلَقَّ، جا ٿَرَ جائِي ۾ تُوهَرين ١٠١

جي هِتِ هُئِي مارُئِي، ته لَڏِيَمِ ڪَرَ ڪيٽاسِ
ارداسِيُمِ عُمَرَ کي، ويجهو ٿِي وَٽانسِ
جي نه ڇَڏِيائِين ڪِ جَهليائِين، ته پِنهنجو اَنگُ آڇِيانسِ
لاهي لوهَ لَطِيفُ چَئي، هِتان هُندَ هَلانسِ
موڪي مَلِيرَ سامُهِين، وَڃِي بانهَن وَجانسِ
رَهبَرُ ٿِي ريڙِهيانسِ، سُنهاري سانٽيهَ ڏي ١٠٢

جِئَن گِنڍِيُون مَنجِهه گِنڍِيرَ، تِئَن مُون مَنِ مارُوئَڙَنِ جُون
ڏِنيُون لَسَ لَطِيفُ چَئي، هِنئڙي کي هَمِيرَ
وَڃِي مَنجِهه مَلِيرَ، سَڀِ چوڙِينديَسِ سُومِرا ١٠٣

I will have no other husband, the only one I favor is the one who wears a rough shawl. Although he may be dirty, my Maru is in my heart. 99

Let my face stay dirty, oh Sumiro, in case my Maru says: 'You washed it in the palace.' 100

Where there are woolen rugs, rough shawls, bags, huts, red berries, and fruits, my girlfriends are happy beside their husbands. If only I could enjoy the season's wild fruits with the Marus, this daughter of the desert would greet everyone among the thorn bushes." 101

If Marui were here I would ask about her.[22] I would approach Umar and make entreaties on her behalf. If he would not release her but kept her in confinement, I would offer myself. I would remove her chains, says Latif, and leave this place. I would set her free and take her by the arm to Malir. I would be her guide and take her to that lovely land. 102

"The knots in my heart that bind me to the Marus are like the ties of knotweed. Umar imprisons me with easy knots, says Latif. I will go to Malir and untie them, oh Sumiro. 103

١٠٤

سُڻِي سائيهَ ڳالَهڙِي، لَهِي وِيا لوهَ
اَندَرَ جا اَندوهَ، لَٿا ڏُکَ سُکَ ٿِيا

١٠٥

توکي توڙائِين لِکِي، عُمَرَ اَچائِي
جنهن تو سامائِي، مامَ نه ڀَڳِي مارُئين

١٠٦

مَ کِي روءُ مَ رَڙُ کِي، هَنجُون هَڏِ مَ هارِ
تو تان بَندُ بِدا ٿِيو، ٻيڙِيُون نيئِي ٻارِ
پَهُچَندِينءَ پَنوَهارِ، سِگِهي سنگهارَنِ کي

١٠٧

اَڄُ پڻ چِڪِيَمِ چاڳَ، وَنهِيَن ويڙِيچَنِ جا
سُورَنِ اِچِي سُومِرا، اَندَرِ کي اوطاقَ
مارُوءَ جي فِراقَ، هَڏَ مُنهِنجا کَپِيا

١٠٨

وائي
عُمَرَ آئون ويندَڙو پُڇان کوء،
جِتي مارُوُ تِتي پانڌِي اَلو
مَٿي ماڙِيء مارُئِي، رُئاري ۽ روء
پَنڌان کارِيو پَهِيَڙا، کِي جو اُپِري چوء
سارِيو سانِيِڙَن کي، روُحُ مُنهنجو روء
پانڌِي پَنوهارَنِ جو، کالهَ نه آيو کوء
راڄُ پَرتو ربَّ کي، سوُمِرا سَندوء

My fetters are removed by hearing talk of my homeland. Sorrow and grief are removed from my heart and I am filled with joy. 104

From the very beginning, Umar, chastity was prescribed in your destiny. So you did not violate the honor of Marui, who was reared by the Marus. 105

Do not cry or scream, and do not shed tears. You are released from captivity, so burn your chains. Nomad girl, you will quickly reach the people of your tribe. 106

The wounds inflicted by the nomads are freshly opened today. Sorrows have come and found a place in my heart, oh Sumiro. My separation from the Maru has broken my bones." 107

Umar, I ask someone who is going, a traveler to the place where the Marus dwell. 108V
In the palace Marui weeps and makes others cry.
Turned aside from the way, the travelers get up and listen to what she says.
My soul wept when it remembered my kinsfolk.
No messenger from the nomads came yesterday.
Oh Sumiro, your kingdom has been entrusted to the lord.

١٦ سُر ڪاموڏ

تُون سَمو آءٌ گندِرِي، مُون ۾ عَيبَنِ جُوءِ
پَسِي راڻِيُنِ رُوءِ، مَتان ماڱرِ مَنِئِين ١

تُون سَمو آءٌ گندِرِي، مُون ۾ عَيبَ اَپارَ
پَسِي لِيَءَ لَغارَ، متان مَاڱرِ مَنِئِين ٢

تون تَماچِي تَڙَ ڌَڻِي ، آءٌ مُهاڻِي مَي
مُون کي ڏُهاڱُ مَ ڏي، آءٌ جا نالي سُيَسِ تُنهنجي ٣

تُون تَماچِي تَڙَ ڌَڻِي، آءٌ گندِري غَرِيبِ
تو سين جامَ قرِيبِ، ڪِي ڏَنُ جُدائِي ڏيجِ مُون ٤

ڪِڪِيءَ هاڻِيُون کارِيُون، ڇِڃِيءَ هاٿا ڄَڄَ
پاندُ جنِين جي پاندَ سِين، لُڱو تِنِئي لَڄَ
سَمو جامُ سُهَڄَ، اُيو ڪَري اُنِ سين ٥

کارِيُون ڪوجِهيون ڪُوڙِيُون، مُورِ نه موچارِيُون
وَنِي وينِيُون واٽَ تي، ڪِڪِيءَ جُون کارِيُون
اُنِين جُون آرِيُون، سمي ري ڪيرُ سهي ٦

16 *Kamod*

"You are a Samo prince, I am a Gandiri fishergirl who is full of faults. May you not change toward this Mangar girl on seeing the faces of the queens. 1

You are a Samo prince, I am a fishergirl, in whom there are countless faults. May you not change toward this Mangar girl on seeing a bit of fish oil. 2

You are Tamachi, lord of the landing place; I am a fishergirl of the Me caste. Do not reject me now that I have been given the title of your wife. 3

You are Tamachi, lord of the landing place; I am a poor fishergirl. I am close to you, my prince, so let my kinsfolk be exempted from tax." 4

Their baskets are full of stinking fish, and their trays are full of fish smell. It makes one ashamed if the edge of one's garment touches theirs. The Samo prince stands there and is kind to them. 5

They are dark, ugly, base, and in no way attractive. They sit beside the road with their baskets of stinking fish. Who besides the Samo can tolerate their coquetry? 6

٧
گندُ جِن جِيءَ گوڏِ ۾، پاٻوڙا پوشاڪَ
اُنِين جِيءَ اوطاقَ، راجا رِيجِهي آئِيو

٨
ٿِيا تَماچِيءَ جامَ سين، مُهاڻا مَحرُومَ
نَندِيءَ وَڏِيءَ گندِريءَ، مَڻي ماڙِيءَ ڏُومَ
جي ڪِنجُهرَ جي رُومَ، سي سَڀِ اِنعامِي ٿِيا

٩
نه وَڏي نه وِڪِڻي، نه ماري نه ڏاري
ڪارو وِڏائِين ڪُوهَ ۾، نِرِتُون نِهاري
سائِي پَرِ پاري، جا گهرِ سَمي جي سَپَجي

١٠
نه وَڏي نه وِڪِڻي، نه گڏي ۾ ڪاري
اُهِجَ سُهِجَ ساهِمِيُون، ڏُرِيان نه ڏاري
سائِي پَرِ پاري، جا گهرِ سَمي جي سَپَجي

١١
پاٻوڙو پيشِ ڪَيو، نَئون نُورِيءَ نيئِي
حاضُرُ هُيُون هَڪِيُون، سَمِيُون سِپيئِي
نَوازي نيئِي، گاڏِيءَ چاڙهِي گندِرِي

They have lotus roots in their laps and wear garments made of lotus leaves. The king has come happily to their hut. 7

The fisherfolk are on close terms with Prince Tamachi. The fisherwomen, young and old, come thronging to the palace. Whether they are from Lake Kinjhar or from far away, they have all been favored by him. 8

She does not cut fish, or sell them, or kill them, nor does she set them beside her. She has deliberately thrown her basket into the well. She does things as they are done in the Samo's house. 9

She does not cut fish, or sell them, nor does she put them in her basket. She does not place the scales in front of her to weigh them carefully. She does things as they are done in the Samo's house. 10

Nuri brought clothes made of lotus leaves and laid them as an offering before him. The Samo ladies were all present in attendance upon him. He favored the fishergirl and took her with him in his carriage. 11

١٢

مُهاڻِيءَ جي مَنَ ۾، نه گِيرَبُ نه گاءُ
نيڻَنِ سِين نازُ ڪَري، رِيجهايائِين راءُ
سَمو سَپِنِ مُلاءُ، هيرِيائِين حِرفَتَ سين

١٣

نورِيءَ جي نِيازَ جو، عَجَبُ اَجَهلُ هوءِ
سَمو سِرُ سَپِنِ ۾، مي مُورِڇيو سوءِ
اَچيو اُپِيَن پوءِ، حُجَتَ پَڳِي راڻِيين

١٤

هَٿين پيرين آرِڱٿين، مُنهِن نه مُهاڻِي
جِئَن سَڳو وِچ سُرِندَڙي، تِئَن راڻِيُنِ ۾ راڻِي
اَصُلُ هُئِي اُنَ ڪِي، اَهْلَ جاماڻِي
سَمي سُڃاڻِي، بِيڙو بَڌُسِ بانهَن ۾

١٥

ٿَهڙو ڪِنجُهرَ ڪِينَ بِيو، جَهڙي شُونهَن سَندِياسِ
مَڏَ مِياڻِيُون مَڪُڙا، مِڙِئِي مَعافُ ٿِياسِ
مورِڃَلَ مَٿانسِ، اُپيو تَماچِيءَ تي هَٽي

١٦

ڪوءِ سَمِيُون بَنِ شُومِرِيُون، جي اَچَنِ اُوچي ڳاٽِ
وَرُ سي ڪِنجُهرَ جائِيُون، جِن تَماچِيءَ جِي تاتِ
راڻِيُن مُلان راتِ، ماڻِڪُ مي پِرائِيو

The fishergirl has no pride or arrogance in her heart. 12
She delighted the king with her eyes filled with graceful looks. Her artful ways won the Samo for her over all the others.

Nuri's helplessness was wonderfully hard to grasp. 13
The fishergirl charmed the Samo, who was the ruler of them all. Having lost their claims to him, the queens came and stood behind her.

In hands and feet, or in face and appearance, she is no fisherwoman. She is a queen among queens, like the main string on a lute. From the beginning she behaved like royalty. The Samo recognized this and tied the wedding band on her arm. 14

No one else on the Kinjhar lake has Nuri's beauty. 15
She has been excused from the fishing gear, the landing places, and the boats. Tamachi stands there and waves the royal peacock fan over her.

Away with the royal women of the Samos and Sumiros, who come with heads held high. Bravo for the women born by the Kinjhar lake, who think of Tamachi. Instead of the queens, it is the Me girl who holds the jewel at night. 16

١٧

سِرُ سَلابَتَ سُپِرِين، مَرَڪَڻَ ٽُون مَ مَرِيجِ
آهِيين ناڙُ اَڪِيُنِ جو، وَڻان مُون مَ وَڃِيجِ
تَماچِي تڳِيجِ، ڪو ڏِينهُن ڪِنجھرَ ڪَنڌِيين

١٨

هيڪِ جَرُ مَٿِي مَڄَرُ، پاسي ۾ وَٽَراهَ
اَچِي وَڃِي وِچَ ۾، تَماچِيءَ جي ساءَ
لَڳِي اُتَرَ واءَ، ڪِنجھرُ هِندورو ٿِئي

١٩

هيڪِ جَرُ مَٿِي مَڄَرُ، پاسي پِرِين سَندامِ
ڪوڙِيين ڪاجَ سِڌامِ، اَنَ سِڌو ڪونَ رهِيو

٢٠

هيڪِ جَرُ مَٿِي مَڄَرُ، ڪنڌِيءَ ڳوُنرَ تَرَنِّ
وَرِئِي واهُوندَنِّ، ڪِنجھرُ ڪٿُورِي ٿِئي

٢١

سَمِيُون ڪَري سِينگارُ، راءُ رِيجهائِڻَ آئِيُون
جامَ هَٿَ ۾ جارُ، جُلي جُبيرِنِ وِچَ ۾

٢٢

نُورِيءَ جي نَوازِيو، ٿِيو تَماچِي تي
ڳاڏِيءَ چاڙھِيءَ گندِرِي، ماڙِهُو ڪَيو مي
ڪِنجھرِ چُونڊا ڪي، ته سَڄُ سَڀائِي ڳالھڙِي

"May you live long, beloved; do not die, my smiling one. You are the comfort of my eyes, do not go from me. Tamachi, spend some time on the banks of Lake Kinjhar." 17

There is water below, fresh sprouting branches above, and trees all around. In the midst of all this, she comes and goes, to enjoy Tamachi. The north wind blows and makes Lake Kinjhar rock gently like a swing. 18

"There is water below, fresh sprouting branches above, and my beloved is beside me. So many of my desires are fulfilled, none of them has been frustrated. 19

There is water below, fresh sprouting branches above, and by the bank the lotuses swim. The spring breezes blow, and Lake Kinjhar is filled with fragrance." 20

The Samo queens adorn themselves and come to delight the king. The prince carries a net and moves among the fishermen. 21

Tamachi was commanded to favor Nuri. He took the fishergirl into his carriage and raised her status.[1] The Kinjhar people say this whole story is true. 22

٢٣

جامان آڳي جي جائِيُون، تِن جي نِرتِ نُورِيءَ کي ناهِ
نه مَنَهِن نه مارِڪي، نه وَجَنِ ڪنهن وِهانءِ
سي ڪِنجُهرَ ڳَندِيُون ڪانهِ، جِن ٿَماچِي تَڪِيو

٢٤

نه ڪَنهن جائو جامَہ کي، نَڪو جامَہ وِياءُ
نَندِيءَ وَڏِي گندِرِيءَ، سَپِنِ آهِ سِياءُ
لَمْ يَلِدْ وَلَمْ يُولَدْ، اِيُ نِجابَتَ نِياءُ
ڪِبرُ ڪِبرِياءُ، تَختُ ٿَماچِي جامَہ جو

٢٥

ٻَڪا ٻَڪارِيو، جامُ ٿَماچِي آئِيو
ڳُوندَرَ لاهِيو، گندرِيُون آتَڻَ اُجارِيو
ڪِنجُهرُ قَرارِيو، سَمي سامَ بَخشِي

٢٦

ڪو جو ڪامَڻُ مَي، آهي اڪَرِيُنِ مِہ
ٿَنُ ٿَماچِي جامَہ جو، نائِيُون پايو نِي
عِشقُ اِئَن ڪَري، جِئَن جارو جامَہ ڪُلهي ڪَيو

Before she met the prince, Nuri and his high-born ladies knew nothing of each other. They did not go together to marriage pavilions or to funerals, nor did they participate in weddings.[2] Relying upon Tamachi, what should they have to do with Lake Kinjhar? 23

The prince is not born of anyone, nor does he have any issue. The fisherwomen, young and old, are all his kindred. *He does not give birth, nor is he born*[3] is the mark of his nobility and justice. Pride and glory distinguish the throne of Prince Tamachi. 24

Smarten up your huts, Prince Tamachi has come. Banish your sorrows, fisherwomen, make your courtyards shine. The Kinjhar people are full of calm; the Samo grants them his protection. 25

There is a magic in the Me girl's eyes that has speared the body of Prince Tamachi. What love has done is to make the prince carry a fishing net on his shoulders. 26

٢٧

وائي

هِيري هَٽُ وِڏائين، ويهي سائِين وِچَ ۾
نوازَشِ نُوريءَ جي، آهي تَماچِيءَ تائين
گندَگِيءَ گوشو ڪيو، عَطُرِ اوتَ اوتِيائين
اَنڌا مَنڊا آئيا، سَخا سَڌُ وِڏائين
پَسو جُودُ جُوانَ جو، ڪو هَنڌُ ڪونه مَٽِيائين
قِيمَتَ ڪَمِيڻَن سين، جَهِڙِي وَٽَ وَڻِيائين
موتِي مڇِيءَ هَٽَ تي، ڪوڏِنِ جئن ڪَڍيائين
ماڻڪَ مِياڻِنِ ۾، ڇِلُرَنِ جئن ڇَٽِيائين
ڏِيءُ سونُ سُوال ۾، رُپِي راندِ ڪَيائين
پاڙِيَنَ آئِي پانَ سين، لعلُون سَڀِ لُٽِيائين
فيروزا فَقِيرَنِ تان، گهوري سَڀِ گهورِيائين
اُتي عَبدُاللطِيفُ چئي، اُڃِلي اَمُلَ ڏِنائين

She sits among the fishmongers with diamonds in her hands. 27V
As long as Tamachi lives, he shows his favor to Nuri.
He put foulness away and poured out floods of fragrance.
The blind and the lame came, when the generous one invited them.
See the generosity of the hero, who left no place unturned.
He gave treasures to the humble folk, like a first fruits offering.
He took out pearls and scattered them like cowries at the fish stall.
At the quayside he scattered gems like fish scales.
He gave gold away as alms and made a sport of silver.
He brought lustrous pearls with him and squandered rubies.
He made offerings of turquoises to the fakirs.
There, says Abdul Latif, he freely gave away priceless gems.

١٧ سُر گهاتو

١
گهنگهرِيا گهڻَ جاڻَ، موڙهِي مَتِ مَهائِيين
وِيا گڏِجِي وِيرِ ۾، پِيا مُنهِن مَهراڻِ
اڳيان پويان ٽاڻَ، وِيا ويچارَنِ وِسري

٢
ماڱَ ٻجايَنِ مولِهيا، متان راتِ پئِي
اولِيون اُجَهڻَ لَڳيون، وِيا وَنجَه وَهِي
ڪَلاچِيان ڪَهي، ڪَڏهِن ڪونه آئِيو

٣
ڪو جو ڦَهَڙُ ڪلاچ ۾، ڳِهڙي سو نِئي
خَبَرَ ڪونه ڏِئي، رَڃَ ڪُڄاڙي رَندِيا

٤
ڪاله ڪَلاچِيءَ ويا، ڄَتِيُون ڪٺي ڄُڳيرَ
ٻائِرَنِ ٻيرو نه ڪَيو، اَڏَنِ ڪِي اَويرَ
اهڙي خاصِي ڪيرَ، ڪُنَّ ورائي جَهلِي

٥
ٽَرِيُون ٻَسان نه تارِ ۾، جُهڳا جاءِ نه ڪَنِ
مادَرِ ملاحَنِ، ماڳِ نه ڏِويا مَڪُڙا

17 *Ghatu*

Those who knew much were confused, and the wits of the heroes were blunted. Those who entered the waters were drowned in the Indus. Former times and times yet to come were forgotten in their thoughts. 1

Their turbans are drenched in dew, and night has fallen over them. Their oars have started to wander, and their poles drift in the current. No one has ever returned from Kalachi. 2

The whirlpool of Kalachi has a force that sweeps away anyone who enters it. No one realizes why their nets got tangled up. 3

Yesterday the turbaned fishermen went to Kalachi with their fishing spears. The brothers have not returned, and the kinsmen have been delayed. That special company has been seized by the churning whirlpool. 4

"I do not see their rafts in the water, nor are their nets in place. Mother, the sailors have not brought their boat home.[1] 5

ڏهاڙي ڏِنَمِ ڪيتِرا، جنِين مارِيو موڪَ ٦
گهرَ ۾ گهاٽُوئَڙَنِ جا، تا مارِينمِ توڪَ
لَڏي وِڇان لوڪَ، اُونهي ويا اوهِري

اُپِي اوسِڙان اُسَ ۾، جَهليو ڪُنَّ ڪِنارَ ٧
گهاٽُو گهرِ نه آئِيا، وَڏِي لَڳِيَنِ وارَ
هُيَسِ جنِين هارَ، سي موڙِي چَڙهيا مَڪُڙا

جِتي گهورِيو گهاتوئِين، تِتي وارِيءَ ٻُٽَّ ٨
سَهسين سانِي مُٽَّ، سَرُ سُڪو سُونگِي گيا

مُون اُڏارِيا مَڇَڙا، الله گهاٽُو آٽِ ٩
مِيان مُدارَنِ سين، مونکي قادرَ وِجُه مَ ڪاٽِ
هَٽَ مُنهِنجي هاٽِ، قَدُرُ لِڌو جِنِ ري

اَئِين جا لُڏو لوڏَ، اِيَ پَرِ گهاٽُوئَڙَنِ جي ١٠
ڪُنَّ ڪلاچِيءَ ڪوڏَ، سُڪِ نه سُتا ڪَڏهِين

گهورِيندي گهورِپِيا، اَگهورِ گهورِيائُون ١١
مَيڪَرُ مارِيائُون، مَلاحَنِ مُنهَن سَنَرا

I have seen so many of them killing lots of fish every day. The fishermen's equipment in the house saddens me. They have departed from the world and are lost in the deep water. 6

I stand in the warmth of the sun, gripped by the edge of the whirlpool. The fishermen have not come home, they have taken a very long time. Those in whom I trusted have turned away and sailed off in their boats. 7

There are heaps of sand where the fishermen looked for fish. Thousands of fishmongers have been ruined. The lake has dried up, and the tax collectors have left.[2] 8

I have had to borrow fish.[3] God bring back the fishermen. Almighty lord, do not let me be ashamed before the traders. My body has learned the worth of the fishermen, now that they are gone." 9

You stroll along in just the same way as the fishermen did. In their love for the whirlpool of Kalachi, they never slept for a moment. 10

In their search they fell into the whirlpool as they explored the deep water. With happy faces, the sailors slew the crocodile. 11

١٢

جِئَن جُھڳا پائِيين جھولَ ۾، اِئَن نه مَرَنِ مَڇَّ
سَبِرَ ڏارِ سَمُنڊَ جا، ڪي رائُون رَڱِيُون رَڇَّ
هِي ڇارُون ۽ ڇَڇَّ، اڇا اوڙاھُ آڳاھُون ٽِيو

١٣

وائي
جيِڪُسِ جَھلِيا مَڇَّ، گھاٽُو گھرِ نه آئِيا
ڪاهي وَڃو ناڪُئا، ڪَريو ٻُري تي ٻَڇَّ
ڪاٽِي سَندِيَنِ ڪُنڊِيوُن، ڪاٽِي سَندِيَنِ رَڇَّ
ڪُنءَ ڪَڙڪو ڏادِو، آٽَوَ آڳِيان اَڇَّ
اَديوُن عَبدُاللطِيفُ چَئي، سَڀِ لَنگھِيندا ڇَڇَّ

Crocodiles are not killed by casting nets upon still waters. Use large strong sea nets made with colored twine. These are shallow waters and channels, the deep swell is still some way out. 12

Perhaps the great fish has caught them. The fishermen have not come home. 13V
Go, sailors, and attack. Vent your fury on the evil creature.
Where are their hooks? Where are their nets?
The eddies make a fearful roar. Before you there is foam.
Sisters, Abdul Latif says, they will all cross over the deep water.

۱۸ سُر رامڪلي

نُورِي ۽ نارِي، جوڳِيَڙا جَهانَ ۾
ٻَري جن ٻارِي، آءُ نه جِئندِي اُنِ ري ۱

جوڳِيَڙا جَهانَ ۾، هُئا مَنجِهه حَمامَ
آرامان اَرَڳُ ٿِيا، اوڏا نه آرامَ
ڪَيائون قِيامَ، آءُ نه جِئندِي اُنِ ري ۲

وارو ويراڳِيُنِ ڪي، ويلَ مَ وِساريجِ
قَدَمُ ڪاپَڙِيُنِ جا، لِيلائِي لَهيجِ
پِيرَتَ پَسِيو پَٽَ جي، وَڃَڻَ ڪي وجيجِ
راتو ڏِينهَن رِڙهيجِ، آءُ نه جِئندِي اُنِ ري ۳

واجَٽَ ويراڳِيُنِ جا، مُون وَٽِ وَڏِي وَٿُ
سونُ سَيوئِي سِڱيُون، پَسِي ڪِينَ مَ ڪَٿُ
ويساهي ويلَ ڪَنهِين، پُورَبِ ويندو پَٿُ
هَلُ ڳنياڻُون هَٿُ، آءُ نه جِئندِي اُنِ ري ٤

واجَٽَ ويراڳِيُنِ جا، مُون وَٽِ وَڏو مالُ
مَقالان مَهَندِ ٿِيا، ڪونهي وَٽِنِ قالُ
حاصُلُ جنِين حالُ، آءُ نه جِئندِي اُنِ ري ۵

18 Ramakali

In this world there are yogis of light and yogis of fire.[1] Their company is alight with love; I will not survive without them.[2] 1

In this world yogis dwell in the warmth of love. They have parted company with ease and keep distant from comfort. They have created havoc in me; I will not survive without them. 2

Oh, do not forget the yogis for a moment. Search desperately for the footprints of the ascetics. Look for the path they have followed and go after them. Pursue them by night and day; I will not survive without them. 3

The sound of the yogis' instruments is precious to me. Their horns[3] are all made of gold, but regard their detachment and do not speak of their wealth.[4] Having gained your trust, they will suddenly leave for the east.[5] Come, they have signaled to us; I will not survive without them. 4

The instruments of the yogis are precious to me. They are beyond conversation, they do not engage in discussion. They have attained ecstasy; I will not survive without them. 5

٦
جان ڪِي مُون کي ني، پَڳه پائي پاڻَ ڏي
پَهَ پَرُوڙِيَمِ پَٽَ جا، مَنجهان ڪِينرَ ڪي
هاڻي جي هِنئي، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

٧
سَٺُ سِگِرِيُنِ سين، لَحظي لاتائُون
ڪِينرَ ڪُنِي آهِيان، اُنِهن جي آئُون
مُون کي مارِيائُون، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

٨
ميڙِيو ياڻُ يَرِيون ڪَيو، جوڳِي جَلائِينِ
سامِي سِگِرِيُنِ سين، خودِيءَ کي کائِينِ
هُو جي تارِ تَڳائِينِ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

٩
پَسِيو آسَڻَ اُنِ جا، اُدُوها اَڇَنِ
ڪِينرَ ڪاپَڙِيُنِ جا، صُبُحَ تان نه سُڄَنِ
جي رائي منجِھ رَهَنِ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

١٠
آسَڻَ وَٽِ آهُون ڪَرِيان، وَسِ نه مُنهِنجي واٽُ
لَڱُمِ لاهُوتِيُنِ جو، ڪِينرَ مَنجهان ڪاٽُ
هَلڻَ کي هَيهاٽُ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

١١
وَڻِنِ وِيِنِي آهِيان، ڏِسِيو ڪِينَ ڏِسان
جَنِهن جِهوئِي ناهِ ڪِي، سا ڪا شُونهَن سَندِيانِ
پَسِيو ڪِينَ پَسانِ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

Or else bind me with ropes and take me with you. I have understood the secrets of their community from the sound of their *surando*.[6] Now they are in my heart; I will not survive without them. 6

Their horns instantly removed the veil from my heart. I am slain by their *surando*. They have killed me; I will not survive without them. 7

The yogis gather up their ego and set fire to it. The masters use their horns to consume the self. They find a way to heal the sick; I will not survive without them. 8

When I see the lodge where they stayed I am overcome by grief. The *surandos* of the ascetics are no longer heard at dawn. They live in accordance with divine will; I will not survive without them. 9

I lament in the place where they stayed, I cannot control my voice. I am knifed by the *surando* of those followers of the divine.[7] Alas for their departure; I will not survive without them. 10

When I sit and look at them, I see nothing else. Nobody possesses a beauty like theirs. When I look at it, I see nothing else; I will not survive without them. 11

بابُو بِيڪارِي ٽِيا، اَڄُ نه آسَڻَ وَٽِ ١٢
خودِي ڪانئِي هَلِيا، پيرُ نه لائي پَٽِ
هَيءِ هَيءِ جنِين هَٽِ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

بابُو بِيڪاري ٽِيا، يَڃِي ڃَڏِيائُون ياڻُ ١٣
نِسوروئِي نِينهَن جو، نانگَنِ وَٽِ نِڌاڻُ
سِرِڳَنڍُ جَنين ساڻُ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

نانگا نانِيءَ هَلِيا، هِنگِلاجان هَلِي ١٤
ديکِي تن دُوارِڪا، مَهيسِيُنِ مَلهِي
آڳَهُ جن عَلِي، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

پاڻَهِين وينا پاڻَ سين، پَرِ ۾ پَرِياڻِينِ ١٥
سامِي سَفَرِ هَلِيا، آسَڻُ اُجهائِينِ
رُخِصَتَ رُئارِينِ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

جُزو وِڃايو جوڳِئين، ڪُلَّ سين آهينِ ڪَمُ ١٦
آسَڻُ جِنِ عَدَمُ، آءٌ نه جِئَندِي اُنِ ري

Today the ascetics are not in their place. Consuming their ego, they have gone, and their feet did not touch the ground. "Alas, alas!" I cry in their lodge; I will not survive without them. 12

The ascetics have got rid of their ego. The naked ones possess the entire treasury of love. They are as fragrant as sandalwood; I will not survive without them. 13

The naked ones have gone to Hinglaj[8] to behold the goddess. The devotees of Shiv rejoice at the sight of Dwarka.[9] Their guide is Ali;[10] I will not survive without them. 14

Sitting by themselves, they take private counsel. The masters set out on their journey, deserting the place where they stayed. Their departure made me weep; I will not survive without them. 15

The yogis have destroyed their separate existence, their business is with the universal. The lodge where they stay is nonexistence; I will not survive without them. 16

۱۷
ڪَيَمِ ڪاپَڙِيُنِ جي، پَهرين ڏِينهن پَرُوڙَ
سَگها ساعَتَ نه هڪڙي، چارئي پَهرَ چُورَ
سڌائين سيَّدُ چئي، هونِ سناسي ۾ سُورَ
جوڳِي سانَ ضَرُورَ، لِڪا پُٺَنِ لوڪَ ۾

۱۸
ويهي ويراڳِيُنِ جو، ٻئي ڏِينهن ٻُڌُمِ حالَ
اُنِ جا ڏاڳا ڏُوڙِ ڀَڪُلِيا، جاڳوتا زَوالَ
تن جاڻِي جَٽائُون جَڏِيُون، چوٽا چَڱِيءَ چالِ
ويچارا وُجودَ جِي، ڪَنهِن سان ڪَنِ نه ڳالِ
نانگا ٿِيا نِهالُ، لِڪا پُٺَنِ لوڪَ ۾

۱۹
ٽِئين ڏينهن ٽِمڪائينِ، ڏُونهيُون دائِرَنِ ۾
ميڙِيو ڪَرَجَ ڪائِيُون، جوڳِي جَلائِينِ
سَندِيُون ڪامَڻَ خَبَرُون، اَديسِيُنِ آهِينِ
ڳُجُهه نه ڳالهائِينِ، لِڪا پُٺَنِ لوڪَ ۾

۲۰
چوٿِين ڏِينهن چَوڳانَ ۾، ڪَنهن جَنهن پَه پِيا
وَهَمَ پِرِيان جي وَڍِيا، تن ۾ ڪُوڙَ ڪِها
اندَرِ اَديسِيُنِ ڪِي، اَچَنِ جوشَ جِها
سامِي سونُ ٿِيا، لِڪا پُٺَنِ لوڪَ ۾

On the first day[11] I realized something about the ascetics. They are not well for a moment, but suffer all the time. The sannyasis, says Shah, are in pain. Only through necessity do the yogis wander hidden in the world. 17

On the second day I sat and heard about the ascetics. Their clothes are coated with dust, and the strings for tying up their hair are worn out. They have carefully arranged their matted braids and tied their topknots well. The poor creatures do not talk about their state to anyone. The naked ones are happy, they wander hidden in the world. 18

On the third day they kindle fire in the lodges where they stay. The yogis gather sweepings and straw and set fire to them. The ascetics know all about burning. They do not speak of their secret, they wander hidden in the world. 19

On the fourth day they are sunk in thought as they lean on their crutches. Slain by the idea of the beloved, what have they to do with falseness? Some commotion rages within the yogis. The masters have been turned into gold, they wander hidden in the world. 20

٢١
ڪَنهن جَنهن پُورَ پَچائِيا، پَنجين ڏِينهن پَئِي
اَندَرِ آديسِيُنِ کي، سُورَنِ شاخَ ڪَئِي
مُحَبَتَ جي ميدان ۾، لاشَڪُ پِيا لَهِي
تن کي ساري راتِ سيَّدُ چئي، گُوندَرَ ساڻُ گَئِي
ڪَريو سيڻَ سهي، لِڪا پُئَنِ لوڪَ ۾

٢٢
پِيا ڪَنهِن پَرياڻَ ۾، ڇَهين ڏِينهن ڇَڙِي
اَندَرِ آديسِيُن کي، ڏُريان ڏِي ڏَڙِي
بَرِي باجهارا ڪَيا، ڪانئِي خاڪَ ڪَڙِي
پِنِيو پَنجَ ڪَڙِي، لِڪا پُئَنِ لوڪَ ۾

٢٣
سَتين ڏِينهن سَيَّدُ چئي، ڌاجا ڌوتائُون
اُپِي اَلَکَ سامهُون، بانهُون ٻَڌائون
وَڏِيءَ ڪَنهن وِلاتِ جا، اُهُجَ آندائُون
رُوحُ پَنهنجو رامَ سين، پَرِ ۾ پُوتائُون
گَڙِيو ڪِدا|ئُون، لِڪا پُئَنِ لوڪَ ۾

٢٤
اَٺين ڏِينهن اُپِي وِيا، جوڳِي جاءِ بَجاءِ
سا پَرِ سامِي سکيا، جا پَرِ جوڳَ جُڳاءِ
ويروتارَ وُجودَ ۾، اُنِ کي رامُ رَهيوئِي آهِ
ڪَنهن جَنهن ڪمائِي لاءِ، لِڪا پُئَنِ لوڪَ ۾

On the fifth day some anxiety torments them. The yogis' hearts are gripped by pain. Assuredly they have alighted on the field of love. For them, says Shah, the whole night passes in suffering. Having beheld the beloved, they wander hidden in the world. 21

On the sixth day they are completely absorbed in meditation. From the beginning God alone has been in the yogis' hearts. They take ashes from the fire and rub them on their bodies. Begging for a little grain, they wander hidden in the world. 22

On the seventh day, says Shah, they wash their clothes. With folded arms they stand before God the unseen. They have brought signs of some great realm. Their souls are entwined in secret with Ram.[12] They take their rags, and they wander hidden in the world. 23

On the eighth day the yogis arise and go from place to place. The masters learned the ways suitable for yoga. Ram always dwells in their hearts. For some purpose they wander hidden in the world. 24

٢٥

نائين ڏِينهن نيٺانِ، اوجاڳي اُجارِيا
سَباجهي باجَه ڪَئي، سُجاڻي سيٺانِ
جِتي نَظَرُ ناٿَ جو، اُتي اوتارانِ
اِهي اُهُجاڻانِ، لِڪا ٻُٽَنِ لوڪَ ۾

٢٦

ڏَهين ڏِينهن ڏِکَ ٿِيا، پِرِينءَ پابوهِيا پَسُ
وَرقَ جي وِصالَ جا، سي واري ڪياڻون وَسُ
لَدائون لَطِيفُ چئي، سَندو گُروءَ گَسُ
جوڳِيُنِ ڳَنِيو جَسُ، لِڪا ٻُٽَنِ لوڪَ ۾

٢٧

وَريو ويراڳِيُنِ جو، ڪارِهين ڏِينهن ڪَرَمُ
جوڳِيُنِ جاتاڻون ٻُنِيُون، هَلِي وِيا حَرَمُ
دائِمِ جَهلِيو دَمُ، لِڪا ٻُٽَنِ لوڪَ ۾

٢٨

مَنَ مُرادون ٻُنِيُون، بارِهين ڏِينهن ٻَئِي
جوڳِي اِنَ جاتا ڪي، ٿِي سِڪِيا سَيِئِي
سَمانا سيئِي، جي گُرَ گَڏِجي آئِيا

٢٩

سَدائِين سَفَرَ ۾، رَمَنِ متي راهَ
پُرَنِ پُورَبَ پَندَ ڏي، مَنجِه موالِي ماهَ
جنِ اَلَڪَ سين آگاهَ، هَلو تَڪِيا پَسُون تِنِ جا

On the ninth day, their eyes are wakeful and bright. The merciful lord noticed them and showed his mercy. Their abode is wherever the lord appears. This is their sign, that they wander hidden in the world. 25

On the tenth day, see how they are adorned by the favor of the beloved. They have turned the pages of union, and they have grasped them. They have found the path of the guru, says Latif. The yogis have gained glory, they wander hidden in the world. 26

On the eleventh day the renouncers find fortune. Their pilgrimages are completed and they have entered the sacred enclosure. They have permanently kept silent, they wander hidden in the world. 27

On the twelfth day their hearts' desires are fulfilled. The yogis all long for this pilgrimage. They who find union with the guru are exalted. 28

They are always on a journey, roaming on the roads. They travel to the east, intoxicated as they go from land to land. They are aware of God the unseen; let us go and see where they stay. 29

نِڪرُ ناهِ ڪُلهي ڪَري، هو مَـ هُوندَنِ جِيئَن ٣٠
لاهُوتِي لَطِيفُ چئي، هُونِ نه آديسِي اِيئَن
سي ڪاپَڙِي ڪِيئَن، جي ڏارِين تَعَلُقُ تِرَ جيتِرو

ڪَنَ ڪَـٽَ ڪاپَـٽَ ڪاپَڙِي، ڪَنوتِيا ڪَنَ چِيرَ ٣١
سَدا وِهَنِ سامُهان، عاشِقَ اُتَرَ هِيرَ
تَسا ڏيئِي تَنَ کي، ساڙِيائُون سَرِيرَ
جي فَنا تِيا فقِيرَ، هَلو تَڪِيا پَسُون تِنِ جا

سامِي ڪامِي پرِينءَ لَءِ، ڪُسِي ٿِيا ڪَبابُ ٣٢
جَهِڙو ڏِسَن ڏوهَ کي، تَهِڙو تِنِ ثَوابُ
اوتِين اَرِتِي گاڏُئون، مَنجهان اکِيُن آبُ
سَندو ذاتِ جَوابُ، تُون ڪِئَن پُڇِين تِن کي

سامِيُنِ سِڱُ ڪُلَهَنِ تي، سَنگُ مِڙوئِي سُورُ ٣٣
ڪَهَندا وِيا ڪابُلَ ڏي، ڪو جو پِيَرُنِ پُورُ
مَڙهِيءَ جو مَذِڪُورُ، ڪالَه ڪَندا وِيا ڪاپَڙِي

سامِي مَڙهِي سَندِياءِ، سامُهِين مون سيلَهه تِي ٣٤
سا تان ڪُهُ اَڏياءِ، جان نانگا وَچِين نِڪِرِي

Take nonbeing on your shoulders and do not be like those who are tied to existence. True yogis are not like this, says Latif. How can those who maintain the least connection with the world be called true ascetics? 30

The Kapat yogis[13] have their ears pierced and slit for earrings. As lovers, they sit forever facing the north wind. They fast and mortify their bodies. They are fakirs who have obliterated themselves; let us go and see where they stay. 31

The masters are roasted for the sake of the beloved, they are cooked and become kebabs. They regard sin and merit as the same. Their eyes shed tears mingled with blood. How can you ask them about their caste? 32

The masters carry their horns on their shoulders; keeping any kind of company brings them nothing but grief. Some painful thought drives them toward Kabul.[14] The yogis were talking yesterday about a lodge there. 33

Master, your shelter stands before me like a thorn.[15] Oh naked one, why did you build it if you were going to leave it? 34

جي ڀانئِين جوڳِي ٿِيان، ته سَڱَ سَپيئي ڇِنُ ۳۵
وِڇِي دَرِ دوسَتَنِ جي، نانگا ڪِيمَ نِنُ
پَٽِ ٿِنِين جي پِنُ، جِنِ ٻُجهي نه ٻُجهيو

جي ڀانئِين جوڳِي ٿِيان، ته سَڱَ سَپيئِي ٽوڙِ ۳٦
جي جاوا نه جاپَندا، ڀِيُ تِنِين سي جوڙِ
ته ٿُون پَهُچين ٽوڙِ، مُحَبَّتَ جي مَيدانَ ۾

جي ڀانئِين جوڳِي ٿِيان، ته مَنُ پُوري منجهه مارِ ۳۷
دائِمُ دُونهِين دِلِ ۾، مَنَ سين مالِها وارِ
سَهُ سَيَڪا آرِ، آڳي جي اَدَبَ سين

جي ڀانئِين جوڳِي ٿِيان، ته ڪِين پِيالو پِيُ ۳۸
ناهِ نِهاري هَٿِ ڪَري، آءُ سين اُتِ نه پِيُ
ته سَندو وَحدَتَ وِيُ، طالِبَ ٽوڙان ماٿِئِين

جي ڀانئِين جوڳِي ٿِيان، ته مُنهَن ۾ مُندِا پاءِ ۳۹
ڪَنين ڪِينَ وِڃائِيو، جِنِ ۾ ڪوڙين ڪَڪَرَ وِڌاءِ
ڇَڏِ چادَرَ بَڌُ ڇَمِڙا، جُتِي تو نه جُڳاءِ
ته سامِڙا سَندِياءِ، ڳُرَ وَٽِ ڳِلا نه ٿِئِي

If you think of becoming a yogi,[16] then break all ties. Oh naked one, do not go to the house of your friends and wail. Go and beg from the band of yogis who understand but say that they do not. 35

If you think of becoming a yogi, then break all ties. Attach your heart to those who are not born and do not beget. Then you will get to the end of the field of love. 36

If you think of becoming a yogi, then control your mind and destroy it within. With your heart smoking with love, turn the beads of the rosary in your mind. Respectfully suffer all that the master wills. 37

If you think of becoming a yogi, then drink the cup of nonbeing. Search out and grasp nonbeing, do not stand there with ego. Then, oh seeker, you will enjoy the full profit of oneness. 38

If you think of becoming a yogi, then seal your mouth with rings. The ears you split countless times have made no difference to you. Abandon your sheet and put on bits of leather, shoes are not suitable for you. Then, master, you will not be faulted before the guru. 39

٤٠

جوڳِيُنِ جوڳَ جُڳاءِ، جوڳُ پِڻُ سُونهي جوڳِيين
جوڳِيُنِ سَندِي جانِ ۾، ڳُجُھ ڳُجھاندَڙُ آهِ
هاءِ مُونهِين ڪيٰ واءِ، جا آءُ جوڳُ نه سِڪي

٤١

جوڳَ نه جوڳو تُون، ڪَرِين پَچارُون جوڳَ جُون
هِڪِڙو پَندُ پرِيُنِ جو، ٻِي ٽُنهنجِي ٻُون
سامِي سيٺَنِ ڏُون، رُئَندا ئِي رَتُ وِيا

٤٢

جوڳِي هُونِ نه جِئَرا، پائي جوڳُ مَ جِيُ
هارِيا هِنِ ڪَنَنِ سين، سُڻُ سَنِيهو اِيُ
وِڃائي وُجُودَ کي، پاڻان پاسي ٿِيُ
هَڏَهِين ڪونهي هِيُ، اَسارا آءُ ڇَوِين

٤٣

جان ڪي جوڳِي ٿِيُ، نا ته نِرجا وَنئُن نِڪِري
ڪوھُ ٿو ڪَنَ ڪَپائِين، جان نه سَهِين سِيُ
ٻَجُ پَراهُون ٿِيُ، مَتان ٻِيا لَڄائِيين

٤٤

جوڳِي ٿِيَنِ نه يارَ، ڪَنهِين سين قَرِيبُ ٿِي
مان مُلاقِي اُنِ سين، جَنِ پُورَبَ جي پَچارَ
اَنَئِي پَهَرَ اُنِ جِي، آهِ نانِيءَ ڏانهَن نِهارَ
لائي وِيا لَطِيفُ چئي، اَندَرَ مَنجَھ اَپارَ
سامِيُنِ ساڻُ سَتارَ، لاهُوتِي لالُ ٿِيان

Yoga is proper for yogis, and it is yogis whom yoga suits. Hidden secrets are contained in the soul of yogis. Ah, alas for me that I did not learn yoga. 40

You are not worthy of yoga, why do you talk about it? There is only one path to the beloved; you journey over different country. The masters went toward the beloved, shedding tears of blood. 41

The yogis are not alive, so do not live if you adopt yoga. You fool, let your ears hear this message: "Destroy your existence, keep away from the self." This life is absolutely nothing, you clueless creature, yet you still say "I." 42

Either become a yogi, you shameless creature, or else quit their company. Why get your ears split if you cannot endure the cold? Get out and be off with you, in case you disgrace the others. 43

Yogis are not friends or close to anyone. I have encountered those who talk of the east.[17] Day and night their gaze is fixed on the goddess.[18] They have aroused infinite longing in my heart, says Latif. Oh God who veils faults, may I be dyed with the divine in the company of the masters. 44

گولا جي گِراهَ جا، جُوٺا سي جوڳِي ٤٥
قِنَلَ سي قوڳِي، جِنِ شِڪَمَ سانڍِيا

ڪَنَ ڪورائي ڪاپڙي، جِندا ٿِيُ مَ جوءِ ٤٦
سِرَ سِپاهِيُنِ وِڪيا، سو ڪِ نه سامِي سوءِ
جيڪِي پُڇِين پُڇُ سو، گُنگا نِيَنِ نه گوءِ
وَڃُ لاهُوتِي لوءِ، عِجِزَ کي اَچو ڪَري

نِسوروئِي نِينهَن جو، دِلِ ۾ دُوڏُ دُکاءِ ٤٧
آئي آگِ عِشقَ جِي، ٻاري جانِ جَلاءِ
جِندا اِيئَن جُڳاءِ، جِئَن آتَشان آبُ ٿِئي

هُو جي ڪَنَ ڪَپارَ جا، سُوڌو سو نه سُڻِينِ ٤٨
اَندَرِ جي آهِينِ، سُڻُ سَنِيهو اُنِ سين

مُونا طُور سِينا، سَندا سَنياسِيُنِ ٤٩
پُورَبِ گنيو نه پاڻَ سين، ٻُوڌُ بيراڳِيُنِ
رِدا آهي رازَ جِي، اوجَڻُ آديسِيُنِ
قُربُ ڪاپَڙِيُنِ، نَهَن چوڻِيءَ سِيئَن ڏَڪِيو

Yogis who search for food are false. Accursed are the wretches who look after their bellies. 45

Yogi, you have got your ears split, do not become a woman. Oh master, have you not heard how the brave sacrificed their lives? Ask what you need to ask; those who do not speak do not win the game. Go to that land, oh yogi, with helplessness to guide you. 46

Completely fill your heart with the smoke of love. Bring your life and burn it in love's fire. Oh creature, what you should do is to become water from fire. 47

Those ears on the side of your head do not hear straight. Use your inner ears to hear the message. 48

The knees of the sannyasis are like Mount Sinai.[19] The renouncers do not take their ego with them to the east. The yogis are draped in the cloak of mysteries. They are covered from top to toe in closeness to the divine. 49

مُونا جن مِحرابُ، جُسو جامِعَ تِنِ جو ٥٠
قِبلِي نُماءُ قَلْبُ ڪري، تَنَ کِي ڪَيائُون طَوافُ
تَحْقِيقَ جِي تَڪبِيرَ چئِي، جِسمان ڪَيائون جوابُ
تِنِ ڪَهڙو ڏوهُ حِسابُ، جن هِنئَڙي هادِي حَلُ ٿِيو

مُنهُ مِحرابُ پِرِينءَ جو، جامِعَ سَبَ جَهانُ ٥١
فَرَهِيءَ تان فُرقان جِي، ڪاڙِيائون قُرآنُ
اُڏامِي اُتِ وِيو، عَقُلُ ۽ عِرفانُ
سَيوئِي سُبحانُ، ڪاڏي وِڃِي نِيَتِيان

مَنجِهه مُحَبَتَ مَچُ، ٻَهَر ڏُوڏا ڏُوڙِ سين ٥٢
چَڏِيائُون چُرَ لَهِي، ڪُوڙُ ڪُلَگَڻُ ڪَچُ
اَوَڳُڻَ اوڏا نه ٿِيا، ڳُڻُ ڪَيائُون ڳَچُ
جِئَن سَڙَنِ تِئَن سَچُ، جِئَن سَڙَنِ تِئَن سَنَرا

ڪيهي ڪامَ ڪاپَڙِي، ٿا اَهڙِي رَوَشِ رَوَنِ ٥٣
نڪا دِلِ دوزَخَ ڏي، نڪي بِهِشتُ ڳُهرَنِ
نَڪو ڪَمُ ڪُفارَ سين، نَڪا مُسلمانِي مَنِ
اُيا اِيئَن چَوَنِ، ته پِرين ڪَجو پانهِنجو

Their knees are a *mihrab*,[20] and their bodies are a mosque. Their hearts point the direction to Mecca, their bodies circumambulate the Kaaba. Proclaiming the divine reality, they have renounced the body. The guide is contained in their hearts, how can they be held accountable for sin? 50

The beloved's face is their *mihrab*,[21] the entire world is their mosque. They have given up the Qur'an, and the tablet telling right from wrong. Intellect and knowledge take flight there. Everything is God; where can I go and perform my intention to pray? 51

The fire of love blazes within them, while on the outside they are covered with ashes like stokers. Choosing a retreat, they have abandoned lies, vices, and falseness. They have nothing to do with sin, but practice many virtues. The more they burn, the purer and the happier they become. 52

For what purpose do the yogis follow this path? Their hearts are not set on hell, nor do they desire paradise. They have nothing to do with unbelievers, and they do not have Islam in their minds. They stand there saying: "Make the beloved your own." 53

نا اُميدي اَڄِڪو، اَوچَتُ آديسِيَنِ ٥٤
سَدا سُکِ وَسَنِ، طالبَ اوءِ تَقدِير جا

نا اُميدي اَڄِڪو، اَوچَتُ آديسِيُنِ ٥٥
ڳَڏَهِين تازِيءَ پُٺِ تي، ڳَڏَهِين هيٺ هَلَنِ
سامِيَڙا سَمُوندَ ۾، تنبي جِئن تَرَنِ
جي واڳوءَ واتِ وڃَنِ، ته ڪُسَنِ ڪُڇَنِ ڪِينَ ڪِي

لالَ ڪي لالُ ٿِيا، لالُ لَنگِهيو جَنِ ٥٦
عَدَمَ جي اوڙاهَ تي، ڪَيا آسَڻَ آڌوتِيَنِ
گِردانِيو گُنگَنِ، گِردابَ ڪِي گِيانَ سين

وِلهُون ويلا واوَ، جوڳِيُنِ جَهلِيا جانِ ۾ ٥٧
اَجهو رِءَ اَللهُ، ڪونهي ڪاپَڙِيُنِ جو

نا مُرادِي نِجُهرو، عَدَمُ اوتارونِ ٥٨
رَضا راڄُ سَندونِ، مُورُ نه مَگَّنِ ڪِي بِيو

ڳَنهِن جنهِن ڪُنا ڪات، جِئَن سامِي مُورُ نه سَنرا ٥٩
ڏِينهان ڏُکِي ڏِيلَ ۾، سُورُ سَجائِي راتِ
سَندي جوڳِيان ذاتِ، ڇِيجان هوءِ جَڏائِڙِي

Lack of expectation is the sheet in which the ascetics are wrapped. Those seekers are always happy with their destiny. 54

Lack of expectation is their sustenance, the sheet in which the ascetics are wrapped. Sometimes they are on horseback, sometimes they go on foot. The masters swim in the sea like a float. If they enter the mouth of the crocodile they do not say a word. 55

Those by whom the beloved passed become dyed in the color of love. The yogis have constructed their refuge place on the eddying waters of nonexistence. The silent ones used their divine knowledge to churn the whirlpool. 56

The yogis endure cold blasts, painful times, and gales in their minds. They have no refuge besides God. 57

Lack of desire is their hut, nonexistence is their refuge. Contentment is their kingdom, they ask for nothing else. 58

The masters are slaughtered by a knife that removes their happiness. By day their bodies are in pain, and they suffer all night long. Mother, the community of yogis is always sick. 59

٦٠

زُوح ۾ رَهِيُنِ رامُ، ٻَهرِ ٻولِينِ ڪِي ٻيو
پِيالو پُرُ ڪري، جوبَ پِيتائُون جامُ
ٿِهان پوءِ تَمامُ، تنِ تَڪيا تاڪي ڇَڏيا

٦١

مَٽا مُوءِ ٽِيانِ، سَدا سُوئِيتا ڪاپَڙِي
ڪوني ڪَنهِن نه پُڇِيا، ڪي آندَرِ آندوهِيانِ
جيڪا جَمارانِ، سا مَنجِهه گُوندَرَ گُذرِي

٦٢

ويني جَنهِين وَرِهَ ٽِيا، مَٽي سين ميري
اَڪِيون جَنهِن جُون اَلَڪَ ڏي، پُون ڏي نه پيري
ڪاراٽِيان ڪَڪا ٽِيا، ڄَراٽِيا جيري
لُڙِڪَ لال لَطِيفُ چئي، ڪنبي ۽ ڪيري
نِينهُن نه نِبيري، سُورَ چَرندي سَنَرو

٦٣

نانگَنِ ڪِينَ نَمايو، ناٿُ نَمايو نِينهَن
مَڙهِنِ اُنا مِينهَن، جوڳِيان سَندِيءَ ذاتِ کي

٦٤

نَڪِي نَمَنِ ناٿَ کي، ناٿُ نه نَمائِينِ
جاٽا ڪَنِ نه جوڳَ کي، جوڳُ نه جُهارِينِ
آديسِي آئِينِ، اُهيڃاٽِيُون آلماسَ جُون

Ram dwells in their soul, they speak of nothing else. They filled the cup of love and drank deeply from it. After that they closed their lodges and left. 60

With matted braids over their foreheads, the yogis are always lamenting. No one has ever spoken to ask what makes them grieve. They spend their entire life in suffering. 61

They have spent years sitting with their foreheads dirty with dust. Their eyes are directed toward God the unseen, they never turn toward the earth. Scorched by fire, their hair has become gray instead of black. They tremble, says Latif, and they shed tears of blood. They do not leave their love, being happy to pass their time in pain. 62

It was not the naked ones who bowed to their lord, but their love that made them bow before him. The rain of divine favor fell on the huts of the whole community of yogis. 63

They do not bow down to the lord, nor does the lord make them bow down. They do not make yoga an object of pilgrimage or worship. The yogis bring the precious gems of spiritual knowledge as their tokens. 64

٦٥ هَرَ هَرَ ڪَنِ اُميسَ، ڏُوَنِ ڏِهاڙِي ڏوتِيا
جن نه مارِي ميسَ، ناٿُ نه نَمي تن کي

٦٦ گُهندِنِ پاسي گِهندَ، گَڏُ گُڏارِينِ گودَڙِيا
ٻَليتِيءَ کان پانهِنجا، پاڪُ رَکِيائون پِندَ
نانگا ڪَنِ نه نِندَ، وَڃَنِ رُوندا رامَ ڏي

٦٧ ٽَهِڙا ڪَرَجَ ڪَکِرا، جَهِڙا جائُنِ ڦَلَ
تِنِ سامِيُنِ جي سڌ مَران، جِن جي گودَڙِيُنِ ۾ گُلَ
اندَرِ مُلان مُلَ، ٻَهَرِ ڪوجها ڪاپَڙِي

٦٨ يادِ ڳُرُو ڪَنِ گودَڙِيا، پَرِ بازارِ ٻِينا
پَڙهَنِ سُورَ سُبحانَ جِي، پِيَنِ تَنهِن پِينا
جيلان مُنهَن مِيڻا، تيلان نَشا چاڙِهياڻُون نِينهَن جا

٦٩ ڦُوٽَ ڪَڙايا ڪاپَڙِي، طعامَ نه طاماعُو
سَيِنَ هَنياڻُون سُڄَ ۾، پَهرَ نه پيناڻُو
اَوَسَرَ آساڻُو، اُٺِي گُوندَرَ گَڏِيا

They worship Shiv all the time, and wash their loincloths every day. Those who have not killed their lower self find no favor with the lord. 65

Wearing quilts, the yogis spend time together with bells tied to their sides. They keep their bodies free from impurity. The naked ones do not sleep, but go weeping toward Ram. 66

Their sticks and kindling are like jasmine flowers. I die longing for those masters whose quilts contain roses. The yogis are priceless within, but look ugly on the outside. 67

Standing to one side of the bazaar, the yogis in their quilts remember the guru. They recite divine verses and pay the price for the draught of love in full. Their faces look sweet as they are overcome by the intoxication of love. 68

The yogis are disgusted by eating, they are not greedy for food. Crying out in the wilderness, they do not spend even a moment begging. Seeking adversity, they arise and keep company with suffering. 69

٧٠
پِنَنِ ڪِينَ پَٽُ ڳَٽِي، ڳُهرَنِ ڪِينَ ڳهران
مَهيسِي مخْلوقَ جي، اُپِيَنِ ڏُورِ دَران
پُڇَنِ ڪوهُ شَرعان، جُه اَندَرِ عَدالَتَ اُنِ جي

٧١
پِنَنِ جِو پَٽُ ڳَٽِي، سو جي سُجاڻِ
ته بَرَ ۾ ٻِيڪَ لَهَنِ، پَهرَ نه پِنَنِ ڪاپَڙِي

٧٢
اَسُڪُ جِن اَويرَ، سي سانجِهيءَ رَهَنِ سُمِهي
لاهُوتِي لَطِيفُ چئي، آدِي ڏِيَنِ اُليرَ
سُتو لوڪُ پَسي پِيا، سامي مٿي سَيرَ
ڪيڏانهُن ڪندا پيرَ، مِڙوئِي مٿو ٽيو

٧٣
وِڇِينءَ وينا رَهَنِ، سانجِهيءَ رَهَنِ سُمِهي
ٻُڪَ مَرندي ٻِڪِيا، ڳَنهِن ڪان ڪِينَ ڳُهرَنِ
پيٽَ نه هيرِيائُون پانهِنجا، چوري ساڻُ چَسَنِ
ڦَڪِي فَقِيرَنِ، ماڳيان پِنِي ماٽِ جِي

٧٤
ڳَشي ساڻُ ڳَشَنِ، ڏِيلَ ڳَيائون ڏُٻِرا
پيٽَ نه هيرِيائُون پانهِنجا، چوري ساڻُ چَسَنِ
اهِڙِيءَ راهَ رَسَنِ، ڪاپِڙِي ڪابُولَ ڪِي

They do not carry a bowl to beg with, nor do they ask for anything from people's houses. Worshipers of Shiv, they stand far from people's homes. Why should they ask about the religious law when the court is within them?[22] 70

If those who carry a bowl and beg only realized, they would receive alms in the desert without begging for a single moment. 71

Those who are restless late at night sleep in the evening. The yogis, says Latif, start up at midnight. Seeing the world asleep, they set off on their travels. Which way should they stretch out to rest when God is present everywhere? 72

In the afternoon they stay sitting, in the evening they remain asleep. They starve and are dying of hunger, but they do not beg from anyone. They have not accustomed their stomachs to feel hunger and taste delicacies. All the fakirs beg for is the medicine that induces silence. 73

They have made their bodies thin by binding them with leather bands. They have not accustomed their stomachs to feel hungry and taste delicacies. This is the way that the yogis come to Kabul.[23] 74

آديسِي آديسُ، هِتان ڪَري هَلِيا ٧٥
ڪاپَڙِيُنِ قَلْبَ ۾، ڪَيو ڏُوراٿو ڏيسُ
ويراڳِي نئون ويسُ، راوَلَ ڍِڪي رَميا

آديسِيُنِ اَدَبُ، آهي اَڪَرِيُنِ ۾ ٧٦
تن جو حَسَبُ نَسَبُ ناهِ ڪي، نه اَما نه اَبُ
سامِيُنِ کي سَپِين پرين، رُوحَ ۾ رَهيو ربُ
رِءَ لانگوٽِيءَ لَبُ، پاڇِي ڪَنِ نه پاڻَ سين

لُنگُ ڪَڍيائون لانگَ، موٽِي ڪَنِ نه مَسَحُو ٧٧
جا اِسلامان اَڳِي هُئِي، سا سُٽائُون بانگَ
سامِي ڇَڏي سانگَ، گَڏِيا گورَکناٿَ کي

پُوجا ڪارِ مَ پاڻَ کي، ڪوءِ راوَلَ بَنِ رُجاٿُ ٧٨
لِباسان لَطِيفُ چئي، پَلِ ويراڳِي واٿُ
مَنُ ماري ڪرِ ماٿُ، ته تِيرٿَ پَسِين تَڪِيو

پُوجا ڪارِ مَ پاڻَ کي، جوڳِي رَکِج جوڳُ ٧٩
خَلِقَ خادِمُ جِئَن ڪَرِين، اِئِي راوَلَ وڏو روڳُ
يَگَنِ ڪونهي يوڳُ، نانگا وَڃَنِ نِڳِيا

Bidding farewell, the yogis have departed from this place. In their hearts they have imagined a distant land. Covered in new apparel, the renouncers have wandered on. 75

The yogis have reverence in their eyes. They have no ancestry or lineage, no mother or father. In all circumstances the beloved inhabits the soul of the masters. They keep no possessions other than their loincloth. 76

Those who wear the loincloth around them do not perform ablutions.[24] They have heard the call to prayer that preceded Islam.[25] Abandoning all other support, the masters are united with Gorakhnath.[26] 77

Do not let yourself be worshiped, oh yogi, curses on people's devotion. Oh renouncer, says Latif, keep your mouth from pretense. Kill your mind and destroy it; then you will see a refuge at the sacred bathing place. 78

Do not let yourself be worshiped, oh yogi, but maintain your yoga. Oh master, to make people your servants is a great fault. There is no life of luxury for those who flee the world, which true ascetics leave behind. 79

٨٠

رَهِيا اَتّيئِي راتِ، صُبُحَ وِيندَءِ صابرِي
لُنءَ لُنءَ منجِه لَطِيفُ چئي، ڪَرِ تنِين جِي تاتِ
سَندِي جوڳِيانِ ذاتِ، ٻِئي ڀيرِي مَسَ مِڙِي

٨١

تان ڪِي سائَنِ اورِ، جان آهِينِ اوطاقُنِ ۾
ڏَه ڏَه ڀيرا ڏِينهَن ۾، پاڻُ مَتانئُن گهورِ
وِيا جِي هِنگلورِ، ته ڪَرَمِ مِلَندَءِ ڪاپڙِي

٨٢

تان ڪِي وَنِڻ ويهُ، جان آهِينِ اوطاقُنِ ۾
سامِي سَفَرِ هَلِيا، ڏُورِ چِتائي ڏيهُ
ڇَڏِي سُکُ سارِيهُ، متي گَنگا گجيا

٨٣

اَڄُ نه اوطاقُنِ ۾، جاڳُرُ جوڳِيَڙَنِ جو
ساري سَناسِيُنِ کي، رُنَندين تان رو
پَسُ پارِيان تو، لاهُوتِي لڏي وِيا

٨٤

اَڄُ نه اوطاقُنِ ۾، طالِبَ تَنوارِينِ
اَديسِي اُٿِي وِيا، مَڙهِيُون مُون مارِينِ
جِي جِيءَ کي جِيارِينِ، سي لاهُوتِي لَڏي وِيا

The patient ones were with you for the night; in the morning they will go. Preserve their memory in every fiber of your being, says Latif. It will be difficult to be with the yogi community a second time. 80

Talk with them while they are in their lodge. Devote yourself to them ten times a day. With luck you will meet again with the yogis who have gone to Hinglaj. 81

Sit with them while they are in their lodge. The masters have gone on a journey, their thoughts are on a distant land. Abandoning the comfort of their own country, they have eagerly gone to the Ganga. 82

In the lodge today[27] there is no gathering of the yogis. Think of the sannyasis and weep as much as you wish. See, from your side those spiritual beings have departed.[28] 83

In the lodge today the seekers do not talk. The yogis have got up and left; their lodges are the death of me. The restorers of my soul to life, those spiritual beings, have departed. 84

اَڄُ نه اوطاقُنِ ۾، سندي جوڳِيُنِ جوڙَ ٨٥
ساري سَناسِيُنِ کي، کامِي ٿِيَسِ کوڙَ
مَنَ جنِين سين موڙَ، سي لاهُوتِي لڏي وِيا

اَڄُ نه اوطاقُنِ ۾، ڪَرڳل ڪِينَ رُوئَنِ ٨٦
نه اُهي آديسِي اَسُکا، جن سين مَڙهِيُون سُونهَنِ
مَڙهُ پُورِيائُون ماٺِ تي، واجَٽَ ڪِينَ وَڄَنِ
وِيا نانگا سي نِڪِرِي، پَهرَ نه پُورِبِيَنِ
سارِيو سَناسِيُنِ کي، اولاڪا اَچِنِ
لاڄُئُون لاهُوتِيَنِ، جوڙِي ڏِنيُون جِيءَ کي

اَڄُ نه اوطاقُنِ ۾، ڏُونهِين ڌُنڌُ نه لاٽَ ٨٧
وِيا ويراڳِي نِڪِرِي، چِتَ چَکائي چاٽَ
آءٌ مارِيَسِ تَنهِين ماٽَ، جِيجان جوڳِيَڙَنِ جي

جِياسُون جوڙَ ٽِي، جوڳِيءَ لاٿو جاڙُ ٨٨
سندو پُورَبَ پارُ، آچِيائِين اَنڌَن کي

هيءِ جي هُئا هِتِ، ته مَٿِن هُوندَ حَقُّ ٿِيو ٨٩
مَٽِيُون مُورَتَ مَتِ، مانَ وِسرِيُون ڪِي لَهان

In the lodge today there is no assembly of the yogis. When I remember them I am consumed and reduced to a heap. My mind was directed to them, those spiritual beings have departed. 85

In the lodge today those who wept aloud are not there. The yogis who took no ease and who were the lodge's adornment are absent. They have closed their lodge, which now lies silent, and no instruments play there. The naked ones have departed, and none of the easterners remains. When I think of the sannyasis I am overwhelmed by waves of grief. Those spiritual beings have bound their minds with ropes. 86

Today there is no smoke or flame[29] in the lodge. After giving me the taste for their company, the renouncers have departed. Mother, I have been killed by the tears that the yogis have made me shed. 87

Being with the yogis has brought us to life and removed our grief. They offered the blind the way to the east. 88

Alas, if they were here, I should perhaps have had a claim on them. If only I could find their rosary beads, their form, and their wisdom, all of which I have forgotten. 89

٩٠
ٻُکَ وِڏائُون ٻُگِرِيين، جوڳِي ڪندا ڄُڄَ
طَلَبَ نَه رَکَنِ طَعامَ جِي، اوتِيو پِيَنِ اُڄَ
لاهُوتِيُنِ لَطِيفُ چئي، مَنُ ماري ڪيو مُڄَ
سامِي جهاڳِي سُڄَ، وَسَنئُن ڪِي ويجها ٿِيا

٩١
نه ڱِندا نه ڱَبَرِي، نه لانگوٽِي لِکَ
جيڏَنهِن ٻَرِينِ وِکَ، تيڏَنهِن صاحِبُ سامهُون

٩٢
ڪچي ڪاچوٽِي، نانگَنِ ٻَڌِي نِينهَن جِي
جَهِڙا آيا جَڳَ ۾، تَهِڙا وِيا موٽِي
اُنِين جِي چوٽِي، پُورَبِ ٿِيندِي پَڌِرِي

٩٣
جِئَن ٿا پُڄَنِ اَنَّ کِي، تِئَن جِي پُڄَنِ پَنڌُ
ته رِڙهِي لَڏائُون رَندُ، لَٿِيَنِ لُکَ لَطِيفُ چَئي

٩٤
جا ٻَرادَ ٻُتَنِ جِي، سا اُڄَ ٻُکَ آديسَنِ
روزا رِندَ رَکَنِ، عيدَ نه اوڏا ڪاپَڙِي

٩٥
جَنهِن سَناسِيءَ سانڍِيو، ڱندي ۾ ڱِراهُ
اُنهِيءَ کان اللهُ، اَڃا اَڳاهُون ٿِيو

The yogis have filled their bags with hunger and rejoice. They have no desire for food, they pour out thirst and drink it. Those spiritual beings, says Latif, have made pulp of their minds. The masters have crossed the wilderness and drawn near to habitation.[30] 90

They have no covering or quilt, nor the least scrap of a loincloth. The lord is before them wherever they step. 91

The naked ones have tied the loincloth of love around them. As they came into the world, so they have returned. Their true status will be revealed in the east. 92

If people looked for the spiritual path in the way that they look for bread, they would have crawled and found the way, says Latif, and their pain would be removed. 93

For the yogis, hunger and thirst are like the celebrations of ordinary people. The intoxicated faqirs observe the fast, the ascetics stay away from Eid. 94

God is still far away from the sannyasi who is concerned about clothing and food. 95

٩٦
وينو ڀُڃين ڀَرُ، ڪَر ڪا هِنئارَ هَلَنَ جي
اَڄُ آديسِي مَرُ، صُباحَ مَرَندو سَڀُڪو

٩٧
پرِينديِئِ پيرِ ٿِيا، ڇڏي گَنجو گامُ
گُروءَ سندي گسَ ۾، جِن ڪَيا تَنَ تَمامُ
ويهِي ڪَيو نه وِچَ ۾، تِنِ آديسِيُنِ آرامُ
رَهَ ۾ گَڏِيُنِ رامُ، ڀَنڊان ڇُٽا ڪاپَڙِي

٩٨
اَڪِيُون آلو ماهُ، سدا سَناسِيُنِ جُون
واري نينڌَ نِندباهُ، جاڳِي جَهلِيا جوڳِئين

٩٩
اڄا سي آهِينِ، جي سَزاوارَ سِڱِيُنِ جا
وينا وَڃائِينِ، جي سَناسِي سُٽِئين

١٠٠
مَرَڻُ مُسَلَّمُ جِنِ، واحِدُ تِنِ نه وسري
مٿي سَڳَرُ ڪاپَڙِي، ڪا نانگا نِندَ نه ڪَنِ
نينڌَ سدائِين تِنِ، اوجاڳَنِ اُجارِيا

١٠١
ڏورَڻُ گَهٽو ڏاڪِڙو، ڏورِجِ مَ رِءَ ڏِئِي
تان تان هوئِجِ حُجِري، جان سين يارُ جِئِي
جلَهِن پاسي پاڻَ ٿِئي، تَڏهِن ڇَڏِج تَڪِيو

You sit thinking of last year; do something now about going. Die today, oh yogi; everyone will die tomorrow. 96

Leaving the settlement on Mount Ganjo,[31] they eagerly set out. They have finished off their bodies on the path directed by the guru. Those yogis have not sat down and rested on the way. While traveling, they met Ram and were spared the rest of the journey. 97

The sannyasis' eyes always shine with tears like the moon. The yogis stop their eyes from sleeping and they remain awake. 98

There are still yogis who are worthy of their horns. They are sitting and playing, if you would hear them, oh sannyasi. 99

Those who have accepted dying[32] do not forget the one lord. Those naked ascetics do not sleep on the way. Their eyes are always bright and vigilant. 100

Searching is very difficult, do not search without a lamp. Remain in your cell for as long as your beloved lives. Leave the lodge only when he departs. 101

١٠٢
ڏورِ مَـ ڏِئان ڏارَ، ڏورَڻُ گھڻو ڏاڪِڙو
ڪوڙين لَکَ هَزارَ، اِنَ اُونداهِيءَ اَنڌا ڳَيا

١٠٣
تو جو ڏِئو ٻانئِيو، سا سُورَجَ سُهائي
اَنڌَنِ اُونداهِي، جي راتِ وِهامِي ڏينهُن ٿِيو

١٠٤
ناٿُ جَنهِين نِنڊِ، تِتِ نه نهارِيو جوڳِئين
ڪي ڪُوِيساهِيا ڪاپَڙِي، پُرِيا پَراهين پَنڌِ
هُو هِنَهِين هَنڌِ، تِي هُنهَئِين وِيا هِنگِلاجَ ڏي

١٠٥
ناٿُ جَنهِين نِنڊِ، تِتِ پِڻُ نِهاريو جوڳِئين
سي سُوِيساهِيا ڪاپَڙِي، پُرِيا پَراهين پَنڌِ
هُو هُئو هِنَ هَنڌِ، هُنِ هِنگِلاجان هَٿِ ڪيو

١٠٦
ڳُذَرَ ڳَئِي ڳُذِرانُ، ڪِينَ قَبُولِجِ ڪاپَڙِي
عَلِيءَ جو مَيدانُ، سَگرُ سَناسِئُنِ ڪي

١٠٧
هُو جي ٿِيا هَرِڪيسَ، تِنِ لَڳِي ڪينَ لِباسَ سين
وَتَنِ وِلَهي ويسَ، لاهُوتِي لَطِيفُ چئي

١٠٨
ٻُکَ اُنِين جِي ٻِکِيا، ڏُوڙِ اُنِين جو ڏُوپُ
ڳَيائُون سو ڳِي رُوپُ، جِئان لوڪَ لَڄَ ٿِئي

Do not search without a lamp, searching is very difficult. Hundreds and thousands and millions have been blinded by this darkness.[33] 102

What you thought was a lamp is the brilliance of the sun. For the blind it is still dark when night passes and turns into day. 103

The yogis did not look at the place where the abode of the lord is. The yogis with misguided faith traveled on a long journey. He is here, but they went in vain to Hinglaj. 104

The yogis did look[34] at the place where the abode of the lord is. The yogis with rightly guided faith traveled on a long journey. He is right here, and they found him in Hinglaj. 105

Oh yogi, give no importance to what is only transitory.[35] The field where Ali fought[36] is fine for sannyasi. 106

Those who are dyed in love of the lord have no attachment to fine clothing. Those spiritual beings roam about in poor clothes, says Latif. 107

Hunger is the charity for which they beg, ashes are the perfume they bathe in. They have chosen an appearance that ordinary people are ashamed of. 108

سِگَّيُون سيلِيُون گَبَرِيُون، نَيئِي نَولَ نَڳو ١٠٩
پَٽُ هَٽِي پَٽَ سين، پيري تِنِ پَڳو
لاهُوتُ جِنِ لَڳو، سي مَڙهِيان مُورُ نه نِڱِيا

کوءِ گودَڙَ بَنِ گَبَرِيُون، نيئِي کِداڻُون کانءِ ١١٠
جيڏانهِين جوڳُ وِيو، نيئَ تيڏانهِين نانءِ
ڀُٽو اِيئَن ڀانءِ، ته سِگِيون شُومَتَ هَٽَ جُون

جا گُرَ ڏِني گودِڙِي، سا مُون کِي تِي مَرَڪُ ١١١
چيلا ماري چَرَخُ، اوڍِي ويهُ اَدَبَ سين

جا گُرَ ڏِني گودِڙِي، سا تِئِي لاهِيندي لَڄَ ١١٢
سندا تنهن سُهَجَ، چيلو چوندو ڪيتِرا

جا گُرَ ڏني گودِڙِي، سا مُون گهٽِي سُهاءِ ١١٣
نيئِي رَساڻِي ماءِ، اوڍِئين جي اَدَبَ سين

اَندَرِ رِلا رِليُون، بَهَرِ پَٽولا ١١٤
اِنَ پَرِ ڪاپَڙِي، گُدَڙَ جا گولا

بَهَرِ رِلا رِليُون، اندَرِ پَٽولا ١١٥
اِنَ پَرِ ڪاپَڙِي، خدا جا گولا

Horns, strings, and quilts—these three they have abandoned, along with their sacred threads. They have thrown their begging bowl to the ground and smashed it to pieces. Those who have become attached to the divine spirit never emerge from their cells. 109

Curses on your quilts and coverings, set your blankets on fire. Lower your eyes before those who truly practice yoga. Realize that that the horn you hold disgraces you.[37] 110

The quilt the guru gave me is my pride. Oh disciple, sit cross-legged and wear it with reverence. 111

It would be disgraceful to remove the quilt given by the guru. How many of its blessings will the disciple be able to recite? 112

The quilt given by the guru adorns me greatly. If you wear it with reverence, it will take you on the path. 113

Quilts[38] inside and silk outside—yogis of this sort are slaves of donkeys. 114

Silk inside and quilts outside—yogis of this sort are slaves of God. 115

١١٦

ڳُلَ ڳُلَ پَسِي گودِڙيا، گهڻا مَ ـ پائنيجِ
سوئِي سُڃائيجِ، هِيُ هُو آهي هيڪِڙو

١١٧

پَٽَ ڄَڏِيائون پَٽَ ۾، ڏَنبَ ڄَڏِيائُون ڏِسُ
آلائِشان آڱي ٿِيا، موٽِي ٿِيَنِ نه مِسُ
هِيُ ڄَڏِيائُون حِسُ، وَڃِي ڪالَهه ڪُلُ ٿِيا

١١٨

وائي
سَندَڙِيانِ سِگَڙِي، ڳالهِ ڳُجهڙِي مؤن مارِيندي ڪلَهِين
جا وَجائينِ جَتَڙا، نه تَنهِن نَڙَ جَهڙِي
مُرلِيءَ ڪِي جَنهِن ماتِ ڪَيو، نه تَنهِن ٽُلِ ٽُنيَڙِي
تارِيو جَنهِن توڏِيءَ ڪِي، نه سوگِهنبُ نه گِهندَڙِي
ڏارِيو جَنهِن ڏِياڄَ ڪِي، تَندُنان تَنهِن تِگڙي
نه سِري نه سِندُ ڪا، نڪا هِندُ هَهڙِي
مِنائيان مِٺِي گهٽو، ڇَوندا جن ڇَگڙِي
وَٺُن اونائِي اُنَ ڪِي، ويهُ مَ ـ ڪَٿُ وِڪِڙِي
بيخودِ بابُو سي ٿِيا، بُرَندِي جن بُڏَڙِي
جا ساراهيلَ سُبحانُ جِي، تَنهِن واڪانُ ڪَهڙِي
سَهَسين سُرودَنِ ڪِي، پاڻان پوءِ وِڄَهندَڙِي
گهاندارَ مِرُون موهِيا، هِيءَ ماڙُهو مُهَندَڙِي
اَدِيون عَبدُاللَطيفُ چئي، هِيءَ مُئا جِيارِيندَڙِي

You who wear a quilt, do not look at all the flowers and think that they are many. Recognize him as the one in everything. 116

See, they have thrown their begging bowls on the ground and put aside their staffs. They have passed beyond impurities and have not turned back into base metal. They have quit the sensations of this world and have become one with the universal. 117

Their horn is a mystery.[39] Sometime it will kill me. 118V
It is not like the pipe the camel men play.
It wipes out the flute, and the gourd[40] is not its equal.
It is not like the buffalo bells that brought Suhini across.[41]
It is sharper than the strings that severed Diyach's head.[42]
There is nothing like it in the north, in Sindh, or in Hind.[43]
Those who have tasted it say it is sweeter than sweets.
Go when you hear it, do not just sit there but step out.
Those who have heard it playing become masters without ego.
How can one praise something that God has extolled?
It far surpasses thousands of other instruments.
Large bells charm wild beasts, but it enchants men.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, it brings the dead to life.

١٩ سُر ڪاهوڙي

١

ڪاهوڙِيُنِ خَفِّيءَ سين، سوجهي لَڌو سُبُحانُ
عاشِقَ اَهڙي اَڱرين، لَنگهيا لا مَڪانُ
هُوءِ ۾ ڳَڌِجِي هُوءِ ٿِيا، بابُو جي بِريانُ
سَيوِئِي سُبُحانُ، آيو نَظَرُ اُنَنِ جي

٢

مُون سي ڏِٺا ماءِ، جنِين ڏِٺو پِرينءَ کي
رَهِي اَچِجي راتڙي، تن جُنگنِ سَندِيءَ جاءِ
تنِين جي ساجاءِ، تُرهو ٿِئِي تارِ ۾

٣

ويٺُون ٻَپ ٻَئِي، ڪيرُون ڪاهوڙِيُن جُون
آئُون تن ڏوٽِيُنِ جو، پُڇان پيرُ، پَهِي
رُجُنِ راتِ رَهِي، ڏُونگر جَنِين ڏورِيا

٤

تُون هَلِ ڪُجاڙِيا، سَنجهي سَعيو نه ڪَرِين
سَوارا سَندَ ڪَٿِي، ڪاهوڙِي وِيا
آئِيندين ڪِيا، ڏُٺ ڏوراٽِي ڏيهَ جو

٥

ڏوتِي سا ڏورِين، جا جُوءِ سُئِي نه ٻُڌِي
پاسا مَٽِي پاهَٽِين، ڪاهوڙِي ڪوڙِينِ
وِجا اُتِ ووڙِينِ، جِتِ نِهايَتَ ناهِ ڪا

19 Khahori

With silent prayer, the Khahoris have searched and found the divine. With these syllables[1] the lovers have passed the stage of infinity. United with the divine, they have become divine, baked by their master. To them everything appears divine. 1

Mother, I have seen those who have seen the beloved. One should come and stay for a night with those heroes. Knowing them with loving respect acts as a raft over the world's deep water. 2

Groups of Khahoris went to the Pab range. I ask you, traveler, where can I find those foragers? They have searched the mountains after spending the night in the wilderness. 3

Why did you make no effort at all early this morning? The Khahoris left at dawn with their water pouches. How will you get plants from distant lands? 4

The foragers search for the place that no one has heard of or been told about. The ascetics snatch their rest upon the stones. They search for true knowledge in the land where there are no limits. 5

٦ يَڪُلِيا ڀُونَنِ، ڏَڙَ کي ڳَڏِيو ڏُوڙِ ۾
ٻَالِهيُون ڳَهِلي لوڪَ سين، ڀَڏرِ ڀَئِي نه ڪَنِ
ڪا مُلِ آهي تَن، مُون پِريان جي ٻَالَهڙِي

٧ تان وَنئُن ويهِي آءُ، اڳَڻ ڪاهوڙِيُنِ جي
جوشَ ڏِنائُون جِيءَ کي، لِڪائي لوڪاءُ
ڏوتِيُنِ ڪنهن ڏَڪاءُ، سُمهِي سُک نه ماڻِيو

٨ ڏُٺُ نه ڪُنو ڏوتِيين، جيڪِي ڏُٺُ ڪَرِينِ
اُهْڃاڻِيُون عالَمَ جُون، اورياڻِين آڻِينِ
تِهان پوءِ ڏسِينِ، پِرِيان سَندِي ٻَالهڙِي

٩ جي ڪو ڏُٺُ ڪَري، ته ڏُونگَرَ ڏورَڻُ ڏاڪِڙو
ڇَپَرُ ڪِينَ ڏِئي، سُوکِڙِيُون سُتَنِ کي

١٠ مُون ڪاهوڙِي لَڪِيا، ڳُهرين نه ڳُهارِينِ
واحِدَ لَڳِ وِلْهُنِ ۾، رويو جَرُ هارِينِ
ڳُوندَرِ ڳُڏارِينِ، جهُ ڏوتِي ڏُٺَ ڳَڏُ ٿِيا

١١ ڪاهوڙِيُنِ ڳَڻِي، ساجُهرُ ٻَڏا سَندِرا
ڏورِيندي ۾ ڏُونگرين، ڪَيائُون پاڻُ پَڻِي
ڏَکَنِ ڏِيلُ هَڻِي، ڇيهُ لَڌائُون ڇَپَرين

The adepts wander with their bodies covered with dust. They do not speak openly to the ignorant. They possess secret knowledge about my beloved. 6

Go then into the courtyard of the Khahoris. Hidden from the world, they have filled their hearts with passion. Because of their pain, the foragers do not sleep and enjoy rest. 7

The plants the foragers gather do not grow less. They bring signs of that world near to us. Afterward they speak of the beloved. 8

Anyone who forages for plants finds it hard to search in the mountains. The rock gives no gifts to those who are asleep. 9

I have seen the Khahoris who spend no time in houses. Attached to God the one, they weep and shed tears in the cold of the night. Ever since they have been engaged in foraging, they have endured sorrows. 10

Fastening their bundles, the Khahoris left with them at dawn. Searching in the mountains, they have reduced themselves to dust. Making their bodies suffer, they have found their goal in the mountains. 11

گَئَنِ نه ڪَيڪانَ، پَندَ پَراهين هَلِيا ١٢
ڏوتِيرا ڪَنهن ڏُٿَ ڪي، جُنبِيا ڏَنهُن جابانَ
ڪاهوڙِيُنِ اُهجانَ، اَنگ نه سَجِي اَڳِڙِي

شڪا مُنهَن سَندِنِ، پيرين پُراڻا ڪيتِڙا ١٣
سا جُوءِ ڏوري آئِيا، سُونهان جِتِ مُنجَهن
ڳُجها ڳُجهيُون ڪَنِ، تِهان پَراهين پَندَ جُون

شڪا سَندَ ڪَڄُنِ ۾، ڳَرڪَنا پيرين ١٤
لِمَندي نيٺين، آن ڪي ڪاهوڙِي ڳَڏِيا

پِيوجن پَرو، گَنجي ڏُونگَرَ ڳامَ جو ١٥
چِڏي ڪيٺُ ڳرو، لوچِي لاهوتِي تِيا

پيئِي جن پَرڪَ، گَنجي ڏُونگَرَ ڳامَ جي ١٦
واري سَڀُ وَرقَ، لوچِي لاهُوتِي تِيا

پيئِي جنِين باسَ، گَنجي ڏُونگَرَ ڳامَ جِي ١٧
چَڏِي سَڀِ لِباسَ، لوچِي لاهُوتِي تِيا

They do not take strong animals to ride as they go on their distant way. The foragers proceed to the bushes in search of some special plant. The mark of the Khahoris is that the clothes they wear are all torn. 12

Their faces are dried up, they wear old shoes on their feet. In their search they have reached a place where even guides are lost. These mysterious ones speak of the mysteries of that distant land. 13

They carry dried-up water pouches under their arms and wear rope sandals on their feet. Have you met any Khahoris with eyes streaming with tears? 14

Those who got to know about the settlement on Mount Ganjo left their flourishing crops in their search for God.[2] 15

Those who became aware of the settlement on Mount Ganjo closed up all their books in their desire for God. 16

Those who caught the scent of the settlement on Mount Ganjo gave up all their clothing and became desirous of God. 17

۱۸

ڪَهڙو اَٿيئِي ڪامُ، گَنجي ڏُونگَرَ گامَ ۾
پَسِي تنهن پاھڻَ کي، اَچِي نه آرامُ
مَتان ڏُونگَرَ ڏورِئين، اُجِهين ڪُهُ عَوامُ
هَرا ڪَري حَرامُ، ڪامُ ته ڪاهوڙِي ٿِئين

۱۹

ڏيهُه ڏيهائِي ناهِ، جِتي پيرُ نه پَکِيان
تِتي ڪاهوڙِيان، وَرَ ڏيئِي وَڻَ چُوندِيا

۲۰

جِتِ نه پَکِيءَ پيرُ، تِتِ نِمڪي باهِڙِي
ٻِيو ٻارِيندو ڪيرُ، ڪاهوڙِڪِيءَ ڪيرَ ري

۲۱

اَچِي پِيا آتَ ۾، واتَ وِڃائِي جَنِ
اُوءِ بصِيرَ بَرَّنِ ۾، اَندا ٿِيو اُيَنِ
ڪَنَن آڏِيُون تاڙِيُون، گُنگَن جِئَن گُهمَنِ
فِراقِيءَ فرمان جو، آهي بَرُ بورَّنِ
لَنگها ٿِيا لاهُوتَ کي، سُتا پِيا سِڪَنِ
گَپَتِ ڪاهوڙِيَنِ، آهَ اُتِئِي پئِي نه لَهي

What business have you with the settlement on Mount Ganjo? When you see that rock, you get no peace. Do not search in the mountains. Why wander in the world? To become a Khahori, give up everything and burn it. 18

This place where there are no tracks of birds is out of this world. There the Khahoris wander, picking their food from the trees. 19

Where there are no tracks of birds, there a bonfire[3] burns. Who else would light it besides a company of Khahoris? 20

Those who have abandoned the way of the world have come into trouble. They who possess true vision are blind as they cross the deserts. Blocking their ears, they wander as if dumb. The pain of the sentence of separation affects the deaf. They became renouncers for the sake of the divine, which they yearn for even when asleep. The Khahoris' desire never leaves them. 21

٢٢

ڏِسِي ڏوري ڏُونگرَين، واٽَ وِڃائِي جَنِ
ڪُرَندان ڪِي پَڙُوڙِيو، رَنڌُ سي نه رِڙهَنِ
بيئِي دارَ دَيُون ڪَيو، پِيرَتِ تان نه پُڄَنِ
ڏُوڙِپِرِيان لَءِ ڏارِ ڪَيو، ويچارا وِڃهنِ
خَبرَ ڪاهوڙِيَنِ، آهي لِڪَ لاهُوت جي

٢٣

ڪُپيرِيءَ ۾ پيرُ، ڪَنهِين پاتو پيرِيين
جِيان مُنجهنَ مازُهِئين، سَڄَڻَ تِيان ئِي سيرُ
اُنَ پُون سَندو پيرُ، ڪوڙِنِ مَنجهان ڪو لَهي

٢٤

سُونهَپَ ۾ سَبَ گهٽا، مُنجَهڻُ ماڪِي هوءِ
پَرو تَنهِين پوءِ، جو اُجهي پوءِ اُنِ تان

٢٥

ڏوري ڏوري ڏيهَ، ماءِ ڪاهوڙِي آئِيا
مَيَنِ پيرين ڪيهَ، ڪُهُ جاٿان ڪَنهن پارَ جِي

٢٦

جَهنگَلِ هَلِيا سي نه ٻُلِيا، راهَ هَلِيا ڦُرِجَنِ
اَوَجَهڙِ سي نه پَوَنِ، بيئِي جنِين ڇَڏِيُون

٢٧

جَهنگَلُ آهيڙِيُنِ ڪِي، يَنَڻُ ڪَيو رُوندو
نه ڪُتا نه ڪوڙِڪُون، چَڙهِيو اُيو ڇُوندو
هَڏهِين نه هُوندو، اِنهان پوءِ عالَمَ ۾

Those who lost their way look and search in the mountains. Learning from the lost path, they do not proceed along the right track. Abandoning both worlds, they do not ask about the correct route. The poor creatures throw dust on themselves for the sake of the beloved. The Khahoris possess some knowledge of the divine. 22

Few travelers have set foot in this pathless wilderness. Wherever men wander lost is where the path to the beloved lies. Only one person in a million finds a trace of that country. 23

In being guided there are many snakes; being lost is like honey. Awareness comes to the one who wanders away from them both. 24

After traveling from land to land, mother, the Khahoris have come. How do I know where the dust on the feet of those heroes comes from? 25

Those who traveled in the jungle were not lost, those who traveled on the road were not robbed. Those who quit both worlds did not find themselves lost. 26

The jungle will cry out in tears to the hunters. It will get up and say: "There are no dogs or traps." Afterward there will never be a jungle like it in the world. 27

۲۸

وَڙُ سا سُڃِي ويڙهه، جنهن ۾ سَڄَڻُ هيڪڙو
سو ماڳُ ئِي ڦيرِ، جِتي ڪوڙِ ڪُماڙُهئين

۲۹

ڪارِي راتِ اَچو ڏِينهُن، اِئِيُ صِفَتان نُور
جِتي پِرِينءَ حضُورُ، تِتي رَنگُ نه رُوپُ ڪر

۳۰

ڏُونگرين ڏسِجَنِ، اَڄُ پِڻُ رُيُون اُنِ جُون
ڏوتِيَڙا ڏُٺَ ڪي، آراڙان اَچَنِ
خِيما ڪاهوڙِيَنِ، اَڄُ نه اُنهِين پيٺِيين

۳۱

ڪاهوڙِي ڳرا، سُوڌِي خَبرَ ٻَڪِيا
سوجهي جن ڪَيا، مَٿِي اَڳُٺِ آهِرا

۳۲

وائي

آئُون جيهاءِ ذاتِ، تُون پاڻُ سُڃاڻج سُپِرِين
اوئيُون آديسِيُنِ جوُن، پَرِيان ساري راتِ
جي بانِهي ڪرنينِ باجَه سين، ته ڪَرَ لَدِيَمِ ڏاتِ
تان ڪي ڏُونگر ڏورِيان، جان نه وِهامِي راتِ
ڳنديَسِ عَرضُ اَللهَ کي، وِهاڻِيءَ پِرِياتِ
آديُون عَبدُاللطِيفُ چَئِي، مُنهنجي مُحِبَنِ سان مَصِلاتِ

How excellent is that deserted jungle, in which only the beloved dwells. Abandon the place where there are millions of evil men. 28

The night is dark, the day is bright—these are the qualities of natural light. There is no color or form where the beloved is present. 29

Even today the dust they raised as they passed through the mountains can still be seen. The foragers come for the wild grain that grows in the wilderness. Today the tents of the Khahoris are no longer here. 30

True Khahoris are known only to the birds that seek them out and make their nests in their courtyards. 31

I am of low caste. Recognize yourself, beloved. 32V
I spend the whole night filling the pots of those ascetics.
If they graciously call me their slave girl, then I am fortunate.
I will continue wandering in the mountains until it is dawn.
I will make my supplication to God when day breaks.
Sisters, Abdul Latif says, I communicate with the beloved.

٢٠ سُر پورب

١
ڪري ڪانگَ ڪُرنشُون، پيرين پِرِينءَ پَئِيجِ
آءٌ جو ڏِيَنِئِي سَنِيهو، وِچ مَ وِسارِيجِ
الله لَڳِ لَطِيفُ چئِي، ڳُجهو ڳالِهائيجِ
چُئان تِئَن چئيجِ، ته ڪِنياتا خوشِ هُئين

٢
آءُ اُڏامِي ڪانگڙا، پارانيانِ پَچارِ
ويهِي هِتِ وِصالَ جو، تان ڪو تِڙُ تَنوارِ
جي ڏِسَڻَ ۾ ڏيسارِ، سي اُڏامِي آڻِ پِرِين

٣
پارانيانِ پَچارِ، مَتّي لامَ لَطِيفُ چئِي
ڦِيرِ مَ فَضِيلَتَ ٿون، جا ڪُرَ اَوَان جِي ڪارِ
جي ڏِنِي ۾ ڏينارِ، سي اُڏامِي آڻِ پِرِين

٤
وَهِلو وَرُ وَرِيا پِرِين، آءُ ڪانگا لَنئُن لاتِ
وِيا جي ڦَلاتِ، سي اُڏامِي آڻِ پِرِين

٥
ڪانگَلَ سي ئِي ڪوٺِ، پِرِين جي پَرڏيهِ وِيا
جنِين رِءَ جَهانَ ۾، اَڪَرِيُنِ اَروٺِ
الله لَڳِ لَطِيفُ چئِي، ڪَجِ ڳاراچو ڳوٺِ
جي ڏَمِرِيا ڪَنهِن ڏوٺِ، سي اُڏامِي آڻِ پِرِين

20 Purab

Performing humble obeisances, oh crow, fall at the beloved's feet. On the way do not forget the message I am giving you. For God's sake, says Latif, speak to him in secret. Repeat what I tell you, crow, and be happy. 1

Fly to me, crow, and tell me his messages. Sit down here and say a little about our time together. Fly and bring me the beloved, even though he is physically far away. 2

Sit on the branch and tell me his message, says Latif. Do not turn away from the excellent practice of your race.[1] Fly and bring me the beloved, who is so brilliant in appearance. 3

Come back quickly, crow, and proclaim "He has returned." Even if he has gone to Kalat,[2] fly and bring me the beloved. 4

Call the beloved, crow, even if he has gone to distant lands. Without having him in the world, my eyes have no more tears to shed. For God's sake, says Latif, come to my village and celebrate. Even if the beloved has been hurt in some way and is angry, fly and bring him to me. 5

٦

پِرِين جي پَرديسَ ۾، تِنِ جي ڪانگا ڪَجِ خَبَرَ
ته سَڀِ مَڙهايان سونَ سين، پکِي ٿُنهِنجا پَرَ
گُهمِي مَٿان گهرَ، ڏِجِ پارانيا پِرِينءَ کي

٧

ڪِڍِي ڪانگا تو ڏِيان، هِنئون ساڻُ هَٿَنِ
وَڃِي ڪاءُ وِلاتَ ۾، اڳيان عَجِيبَنِ
پِرين مانَ چَوَنِ، ته هِئَن قُرِبانُ ڪيرُ ٿِئي

٨

ڪانگَلَ قَرِيبَنِ جا، اچِي وائِيءَ وَڻُ
تو ۾ بُوءِ بَهارَ جِي، مُشڪَ ڪَٿورِيءَ مَڻُ
اچِي عَجيبَنِ جو، اورانگِهِجِ اَڱَڻُ
تو کي پَسِي تَڻُ، سُورَنِئان صافُ ٿِئي

٩

آندِيوُنِ ڪانگَ قَرِيبَ جُون، اَڄُ واڌائِيون واهَ
مَنَ مُرادُون پُنِيُون، ٿِيون سَرَهائِيُون ساهَ
آندا پِرِين اللهَ، سَڌَ مُنهِنجا سابِ پِيا

١٠

ڪانگَلَ ٿُنهِنجِي چانگَ، جَڏو جِيءُ جِياريو
مَٿان لامُنِ لَتَ ڏِيو، ٻولِئين سِرِ ٻيلانگَ
اُڏِرُ مَٿان ڦانگَ، ته گهرِ آوَنِ سُپِرِين

If the beloved is in a foreign land, give me news of him, oh crow. I will completely cover your wings with gold. Circle over his house, and give the beloved my messages. 6

Oh crow, with my hands I will take out my heart and give it to you. Go to the beloved's country and consume it in his presence, so that he may ask who offered him this sacrifice. 7

Oh crow from my beloved, come and give me a message of delight. You smell of spring and of pounds of musk and perfume. Circle high above the beloved's courtyard. When I see you, I am happy and am cleansed of suffering. 8

Today the crow has brought me streams of happy messages from the beloved. My desires have been accomplished, and my being is filled with joy. God has brought my loved one to me, and my cries have been answered. 9

Crow, your movements have revived my sick body. After treading on other branches, you sing upon a double bough. Fly up from the branch, so that my beloved may come home. 10

کانگَلَ نیئِي کانگِ، مُنهِنجِي ڏي مَحِبُوبَ کِي ١١
لالَنَ لائِيِ ڏِينهَڙا، کَنهِن سِنڀاڻي سانگِ
آوان رِءَ اَڙانگِ، ويئِي وِرِهَ وَسائِيان

رِءَ پِرِيان پَرديسَ ۾، وِرِهَ وَڏِي کِي وَسَ ١٢
اَکِيُون پارِ پِرِيُنِ جي، ٽِيُون گامَ نِهارِينِ گَسَ
ڏِيندا پانڌِي ڏَسَ، کِينءَ جُون آڻي خَبَرُون

زاغَ تُنهِنجِي ذاتِ جو، تورو مَٽي مُون ١٣
اُڏامِجِ عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چئي، صُبحَ سيڻَنِ ڏُون
کَجِ وينَتِيُون وِتَرِيُون، ٻاجهائِجِ ٻَهُون
ته لالَنَ کونَ لَهُون، جِهو تو جَهانَ ۾

قَرِيبَنِ جو کانگڙو، مٿي ڌارَ ٽِلي ١٤
گَڻيو کِنياتو خَبَرُون، کِيرُون ڏِيو کِلي
لائِي جَنهِن لالَنَ سان، مُنهِنجي باتِ ٻِلي
سو وَرُ چَشِمَنِ سان چَلي، جو دَرِبارِي دوسَ جو

تَن اَکِيُنِ اُتان سُکَ، کِلندي گَڏَنِ جي ١٥
پِرِيُنِ پابوهَنَ سان، ڏُورِ کَيا سَبِ ڏُکَ
مازُهنِ ليکي ٻُکَ، سامِي شُورَ سَنَا کيا

Crow, take my message to the beloved. "My darling, some strong reason has delayed you. Without you I am hard pressed, and sit overcome by the pain of separation." 11

With the beloved absent abroad, the pain of separation has strengthened its grip on me. My eyes are turned toward the beloved and are watching the path that leads to the village, for travelers to bring me happy news. 12

Crow, I am indebted to your race. Fly at dawn toward the beloved, says Abdul Latif. Utter many entreaties and implore him greatly, saying: "Beloved, we cannot find anyone like you in the world." 13

The beloved's crow struts upon the bough. He has brought good news and smiles. He is the one who delivered my message to him. He is welcome to walk upon my eyes, for he is a member of my beloved's court. 14

The eyes that the beloved raises when he laughs give me joy. He banishes all sorrows when he smiles. People think it is hunger that makes ascetics thin, but it is actually the pains of love. 15

١٦

سامي چائِيين سُڪُ طَلبِئين، سِڪِئين نه سامِي
آَجا اورِئين پَندَّ ۾، وينئين وِسامِي
گُرَ ڪِي ٿُون نه گَڏِئين، چائِيين اِنعامِي
دائِمُ مُدامِي، پورو رَهِجِ پِرِينءَ سين

١٧

پُورَبِيا پُوري وِيا، آسَڻَ آڏِيءَ راتِ
سُيَمِ نه سَنياسِئِنِ جُون، پَچارُون پِرياتِ
ڪا جا جوڳِيءَ ذاتِ، مِٿَ نه معذُورَنِ جا

١٨

مٿِي راهَ رَوان ٿِيا، پُورَبِ پُورِيائُون
هي گَهرُ گهورِيائُون، آڳانڊِيائُون اڳِيان

١٩

پُورَب پُورَب تَبِ ڪَرُون، جَب هِنئَڙِي آوَنِ پُورَ
سِڪَندي ڪِي سَڄَڻين، نِڪُون لائِون نُورَ
مارِيَسِ تَنهِن سُورَ، جِئَن ساجَنُ سُجي نه مِلي

You call yourself a yogi but desire comfort; you have learned nothing. You sit down in exhaustion while still at the start of your journey. You have not come close to your guru but proclaim that you have been rewarded with his favor. You should unceasingly remain dedicated to the beloved. 16

The yogis from the east shut down their camp and left in the middle of the night. At dawn I did not hear the cries of the sannyasis. Such is the nature of yogis, who have no ties to those who suffer. 17

They set out on their way and proceeded toward the east. They will give up these homes and settle in others that lie ahead. 18

"Oh, the east, the east!" I cry, when my heart is filled with thoughts of them. As I long for the beloved, my eyes flood with tears. I am wounded by the pain of thinking that I will not hear of the beloved or meet him. 19

٢٠

وائي

سائِين سَڱُ سَندومِ، مَ ڇِجي سين جوڳِيين
هَلَڻَ جو هِنگِلاجَ ڏي، آديسِيُنِ اُتومِ
نيئِي پوُرَبِ پارَ ڏي، ويراڳِيُنِ وِڌومِ
سوئِي تِيرَٿَ تَڪِيو، سوئِ پَنڌُ سَندومِ
هوُ جو تِيرَٿَ تَڪِيو، سامِيُنِ سوُنهايومِ

Lord, may my connection with the yogis not be broken. 20V
The yogis told me to travel to Hinglaj.
The ascetics took me to the land of the east.
That is the goal of my pilgrimage, and my resting place; that is my journey.
The masters have shown me my place of pilgrimage and my resting place.

۲۱ سُر ڪارايل

وَحْدَهٌ وائِي، چَڙَهندي چَيائِين ١
سو لُڙُ لَنگِهيائِين، جِتي پارَڪَ پَڪِيان

ٻَگهنِ سين ٻانُ هَٽِي، اُڏاڻو آڪاسِ ٢
جِتي پِرِين سَنداسِ، سو سُر مَٿي هَنجَڙو

اڪڙيُون اوڙاهَ ۾، اُيو تَڪي تارِ ٣
پِٽُون جي پاتارِ، هَنجُ تِنِين جو هيرَئُون

وَچِين نه پيهِي، پِٽُنِ لَءِ پاتارَ ۾ ٤
ڪنڌِيءَ ۾ ڪيهِي، هاجَ تُنهِنجِي هَنجَڙا

ڏِيو حُضُورِي هاڻِ، سوجها پِيَسِ سَرَ جي ٥
گَندي لَڏِي ڪاڻِ، پَڪِيَڙي پاتارَ ۾

اچو پاڻِي لُڙُ ڏِيو، ڪالُورِيو ڪَنگَنِ ٦
اِيندي لَجَ مَرَنِ، تَنهِن سَرَ مٿي هَنجَڙا

هَنجَنِ سين هيڪارَ، جي ڳَڻَ ڪري نِهارِئين ٧
ٻَگهنِ ساڻ ٻِيهارَ، ٻيلَه نه ٻَڌِين ڪَڌهِين

21 *Karayal*

As it flew up, it uttered the cry *He is one.*[1] It passed through the fog where birds are tested. 1

Parting company with the cranes, it flew up high in the sky. It flew toward the lake where its beloved dwells. 2

With its eyes upon the ocean, it stands looking at the deep water. The wild goose is familiar with the pearls that lie in the depths. 3

Will you not plunge into the depths for the pearls? Oh wild goose, what business do you have on the bank? 4

Now it has come into the presence of the lake and has become aware of what it contains. The bird has discovered treasure in its depths. 5

The clear water has been churned up by the cranes. When the wild geese arrive, they die of shame. 6

If you once take a careful look at the wild geese, you will never associate with the cranes again. 7

٨

آءُ اُڏامي هَنجَڙا، سَرَ ۾ سارِينَئِي
مَتان مارِينَئِي، پاڙِهيري پَهُ ڪَري

٩

ڳؤنرَ پاڙُون پاتارَ ۾، ٻَؤنر پِري آڪاسِ
بِنين سَندي ڳالِهڙي، رازِقَ آندِي راسِ
تَنهِن عِشقَ کي شاباسِ، جَنهِن مُحبَتي ميڙِيا

١٠

ڳؤنر پاڙُون پاتارَ ۾، ٻَؤنرُ پِري ۾ سُجَ
بِنِين سَندِي ڳالهڙِي، عِشق اِئِيُّ اُهجَ
توءِ نه لَهين اُجَ، جي پِيو پِيَنِ پاڻَ ۾

١١

جيهَرَ لوڪُ جَهپَ ڪري، اوهيرَ اُڏامَنِ
پِٿُون جي پاتارَ جا، چيتارِيو چُڻَنِ
ڪوهُ ڪَندا کي تَنِ، پاڙِهيڙِي پَهُ ڪَري

١٢

وِيا مورَ مَرِي، هَنجُ نه رَهِيو هيڪِڙو
وَطَنُ ٿِيو وَرِي، ڪُوڙَنِ ڪانِيرَنِ جو

١٣

سو ٻَڪِي سو پِڃرو، سو سَرُ سوئِي هَنجُ
پيهِي جان پَرُوڙِيو، مون پانهِنجو مَنجُه
ڏِيلَ جَنهِن جو ڏَنجُه، سو مارِي ٿو مَنجِهِ ڦِري

١٤

سَنها ٻانءِ مَ سَپَ، وياءَ واسِينگَنِ جا
جَنِين جي جهڙَپَ، هاٿِي هَندان لِئِي نه چُري

Fly here, oh wild goose, to the lake where they think of you, in case the hunters plan a trick to kill you. 8

The roots of the lotus go down to the bottom, the bee flies around in the sky.[2] The divine provider has brought their affair to fruition. Praise be to that love which has brought the lovers together. 9

The roots of the lotus go down to the bottom, the bee flies around in space. Their affair is a symbol of love. Their thirst is not quenched, however much they each drink. 10

While people sleep, the wild geese fly. They examine the jewels in the deep and choose them. What can the hunters with their tricks do to them? 11

The peacocks are all dead; not one wild goose is left. This lake has now become the home of false birds. 12

He is the bird, the cage, the lake, and the wild goose. When I looked within myself, I realized that the hunter whom the body fears[3] prowls about inside me. 13

Do not think the cobra's brood to be weak little snakes.[4] When they strike, even the elephant cannot move from where it is. 14

۱۵
آسَنَ جن اَريجَ ۾، اُوءِ ڪَڇَرَ وِهَ ڳري
تِن جا مُنهَن مَلَڪَنِ جَهِڙا، نِڪو نان نه نَري
جي اُنهِين ساڻُ اَڙي، ته ڪانهي جاءِ جَرِيءَ جي

۱٦
آسَنَ جن اَريجَ ۾، تن جي وِهُ جو وَرَنُ ٻيو
تن جو ڳندو نِي ڪَمُ ڪري، جي مَتِّسِ پيرُ پِيو
پُرِيَنِئان آهي پَڌِرو، تن نانگَنِ جو نِهو
ڪِلي ويلَ ڪِهو، جو سامُهون تِئي سَپَنِ کي

۱۷
ڪَنهِن ڪَنهِن ڪاريءَ ذاتِ کي، مورَ به مَنائِينِ
جي چَٿُرا چَکِيا ڪري، ته وَکَ وَرائي ڏِينِ
ساڻَ سَمُورا نِينِ، جي مَنين ياڻئي مونِيا

۱۸
ٻَهرِين ڪاري نانگَ جي، ڪو چِرڪِيَلُ چيڙَ ڪَري
هي هَٿي ڏَنگَ ڏَسائِيو، ته ويجهو تان نه وَري
جيڪي نَپِ مَري، جيڪي سِڪي صِحَتَ کي

۱۹
ڳُپُرَ ڳاروڙِئَنِ سين، وڏو وِڏُءِ ويرُ
نانگَ نه ويندين نِڪِرِي، تو ڏَرِ مَٽِي پيرُ
هِيُ تنين جو ديرُ، جن جُهونا ڳُڙُه جَلائِيو

The snakes that dwell in the desert possess a deadly poison. Their faces are like angels, but their bite never fails. If you brush by them, you do not have the slightest chance. 15

The snakes that dwell in the desert possess a special kind of poison. Even a thorn touched by their venom has a deadly effect. Snakes of that kind are well known in every country. Who would care to battle with them? 16

Even peacocks turn away from some kinds of cobra. If by cunning the snakes do manage to bite them, the peacocks all retreat. They withdraw all their companies, thinking the snakes deadly. 17

Only a fool provokes a cobra. No one who gets bitten by them comes back for more. Either they die on the spot or they pine for recovery. 18

Oh snake, you have made great enemies of the snake-charming yogis. Oh serpent, you will not escape, you have entered great danger. This is the abode of those who set fire to Junagarh.[5] 19

٢٠

وائي

لِڪَ سِيئَن لَلو ٻَتو، ڪوُڙِي راندِ ڪوُڙو چَڻِڪو
لَنيو جِئَن لامين چَڙهِين ڪَرِيو، ڪارايَل ڪَڻِڪو
ڪِ تو گنين نه سُئو، شَهِبازَ جو سَڻِڪو

It is for just a little while, this flattery. 20V
The game is false, and false is the display.
You climb upon the branch and twitter, foolish bird.
Have you not heard how the eagle pounces?

٢٢ سُر سارنگ

١

آگمِيو آهي، لَڳَهَ پَسُ لَطِيفُ چئي
وُٺو مِينهُن وَڏَ ڦُڙو، ڪَڍو ڏَنَ ڪاهي
چَنَ چَڏي پَٽِ پَئو، سَمَرُ سَنباهي
وِهو مَ ـ لاهي، آسِرو اَللهَ مان

٢

آگمَ ڪَيا اَللهَ، لَڳَهَ پَسُ لَطِيفُ چئي
ٻَلَرَ جي پاڙُوتَ سين، پَٽَنِ جَهلِيا پاهَ
واحِد وَڏائِي ڪَيا، مَٿِي گَسَن گاهَ
سانگِيُن وَرِيا ساهَ، اُنُنِ آبُ آگُونڊِرو

٣

آگمَ اِيَ نه اَنگَ، جَهڙو پَسَڻُ پرينءَ جو
سيڻَنِ رِءَ سَيَّدُ چئي، رُوحَ نه رُچَنِ رَنگ
سَهَسين تِيا سارَنگَ، جاني آيو جُوءِ مِ ـ

٤

جانِي آيو جُوءِ مِ ـ، ٿِيو قَلبَ قَرارُ
وَهِلو وِچائِين وِيو، ڪَري غَمُ گُذارُ
نِظارو نِروارُ، پِي پَسايو پانهِنجو

٥

اَڄُ پڻ اُتَرَ پارَ ڏي، تارِڙي ڪِي تَنوارَ
هارِيُنِ هَرَ سَنباهِيا، سَرَها ٿِيا سَنگهارَ
اَڄُ پڻ مُنهنجي يارَ، وَسَڻَ جا ويسَ ڪَيا

22 Sarang

The sky is overcast, says Latif, look at the clouds. Heavy drops of rain are falling; drive your livestock outside. Leave the lowlands for higher ground, taking your things with you. Do not abandon your trust in God. 1

God has covered the sky, says Latif, look at the clouds. The downpour has filled the plains with freshness. God who is one has increased the growth of the grass on the paths. Fresh spirit fills the herdsmen as the water rains down to remove their sorrows. 2

The overcast sky is not as beautiful as a sight of the beloved. Without the beloved, says Shah, this spectacle gives no pleasure to the soul. Once my beloved comes to my pasture ground, it is as if thousands of rainy seasons were there. 3

Once my beloved comes to my pasture ground, my heart is filled with peace. Sorrows quickly leave us. The beloved has let us see him plainly. 4

Today the rain bird[1] utters its cry toward the north. The peasants prepare their plows, the herdsmen are happy. Today my beloved has taken on the form of the rain. 5

٦

اَڄُ پڻ اُتَرَ پارَ ڏي، ڪارا ڪَڪَرَ ڪيسَ
وِڄُون وَسَڻَ آئِيُون، ڪَري لَعلُ لِبيسَ
پِرِين جي پَرِديسَ، مُون کي مِينهَن ميڙِيا

٧

اَڄ پڻ اُميدُون، آڳَمِ سَندِيُون اُڀَ ۾
ساوَڻُ پَسِي سَرَتِيُون، سَجَڻُ سارِيو مُون
آئُون آسائِتي آهِيان، مانَ ڀِڄائي ڀُون
گهرِ ته گُهرجِين تُون، مُندَ مڙيئِي مِينهَن جِي

٨

اُتران تِي آئِيُون، ڪَري هَڪَلَ هُوءِ
پَري تَلَ تَرائِيون، جوڙي هَلِيُون جُوءِ
پَسو جا پَٽَنِ ۾، ڪَتورِيءَ خوشِبُوءِ
اَچي رُوبرُوءِ، اُلِيُون روضي تان رَسُولَ جي

٩

پِيءَ پَسايو پانهنجو، نِظارو نا ڳاهَ
لَٿو ڪَٽُ قَلُوبَ تان، ٿِي وِرُوهَڻَ واهَ
اُميدُون اَرِواحَ، پِيءَ پَسندي پُنِيُون

١٠

وَسَڻُ اَڪَرِيُنِ جِئَن، جي هُوند سِڪئِين مِينهَن
ته هُوندَ راتو ڏِينهَن، بسِ بُوندَيَنئُون نه ڪَرِين

Today clouds hang in the north like long black hair. To signal the rain, flashes of lightning have come like brides dressed in scarlet clothes.[2] My beloved is far away, but the rain has brought me close to him. 6

Today I hope for clouds in the sky. Friends, when I see the rainy season I think of my beloved. I am hopeful that the rains may soak the earth. All I want is to have you in the house throughout this season. 7

The rains have swept down with a great noise from the north. The ponds and low-lying ground are filled with water, forming streams that flow. Behold the musklike perfume in the plains. These are the same rains that fall on the Prophet's holy tomb.[3] 8

Suddenly the beloved has let us see him. The rust has been wiped from my heart, which is filled with joy. All my heart's desires have been fulfilled since I saw my beloved. 9

Oh rain, if you learn to pour like my eyes, perhaps you will not stop shedding your drops throughout the days and nights. 10

۱۱
گامَ ڳُنديءَ ڳنجَ، اُبَرَ ۾ اُهاءُ ٿِيو
پَسِي پَرِ پِريُنِ جِي، ڏُور ٿِيا سَڀ ڏَنجَ
شالَ وَسندَو سَنجَ، عاشقَ تي اوهِيڙا ڪَري

۱۲
اَڳَڻِ تازِي ٻَهَرِ ڪُنڍِيُون، پَکا پَٽِ سُنهَنِ
سُرَهِي سيجَ پاسي پِرِين، مَرُ پِيا مِينهَن وَسَنِ
اَسان ۽ پِريَنِ، شالَ هُوَنِ ٻرابَر ڏينهَڙا

۱۳
ٻَرَ وَٺا ٽَرَ وَٺا، وَٺِيُون تَرائُيون
پِرهَ جو پَٽَنِ تي، ڪَنِ وِلوڙا وائيُون
مَڱَڻَ پَرِين هَٽَڙا، سَنگهارِيُون سائيُون
ساري ڏُهن سامُهيُون، ٻولائيُون رانيُون
بانِهيون ۽ ٻائيُون، پَکي سُنهَنِ پانهنجي

۱٤
ٻَرَ وَٺا ٽَرَ وَٺا، وَٺو جيسَرُميرَ
آڳمَ ڪَري آئِيُون، پائُرِ پَري پِيرَ
لاٽائُون لَطِيفُ چئي، وانڍِيُنِ مَٽان وِيرَ
سَرَها ڪَيائُون سِيرَ، سَرَهيُون سَنگهارِيُون ٿِيُون

There are rich stores in the village granaries, lightning flashes in the clouds. All pains are dispelled on seeing how the beloved behaves. May the rains pour cascades upon the lover in the evening. 11

There are Arab horses in the courtyard, outside there are buffaloes with twisted horns. On the open ground the huts look good. The bed is perfumed, my beloved is at my side, and how sweetly the rain falls. May the days always be like this for me and my beloved. 12

It has rained in the plains and deserts, it has rained on the lower ground. At dawn the sound of the churning sticks is heard on the plains. The prosperous farmers' wives rejoice, and their hands are full of butter. They milk the happy buffaloes that stand before them. Both maids and mistresses look happy in their huts. 13

It has rained in the plains and deserts, it has rained in Jaisalmer.[4] The sky is overcast and the rains have come to the desert. Women left on their own have lost their worries, says Latif. The paths have been made fragrant, and the herdsmen's wives are happy. 14

١٥

بَرَ وَنا ٽَرَ ونا، وَڻي ڪَڄَ ڪِنارَ
پونيارِڙيءَ پَٽَنِ تي، ڏِسُ ناياڻون نارَ
سَٻاجهي سَتارَ، لاٿا ڏُرتَ ڏيهَ تان

١٦

سارَنگَ سارَ لَهيجِ، اَللهَ لَڳِ اُڃِيَنِ جي
پاڻِي پُوجَ پَٽَنِ ۾، اَرزان اَنَّ ڪَريجِ
وَطَنُ وَسائيجِ، ته سَنگهارَنِ سُڪُ ٿِئي

١٧

سارَنگَ ڪِي سارِينِ، مارُهُو مِرگه مينهِيُون
آڙِيُون اَبَرَ آسِري، تاڙا تَنوارِينِ
سِپُون جي سَمُوندَ ۾، نَئين سِجَ نِهارِين
پَلَرُ پِيارِينِ، ته سَنگهارَنِ سُڪُ ٿِئي

١٨

سارَنگَ سائِي سِٽَ، جَهڙِي لالِي لاکَ جي
اِئَن سي اُٻَنِ اَنگِيا، جِئَن سي چُنيءَ چِٽَ
بَرِسيو پاسي پِٽَ، پَرِيائين ڪُنَ ڪِراڙَ جا

١٩

پِرِي پِٽَ تي آئِيو، سارَنگُ سُهِجَ مَنجهان
ڪِڙِيُون ڪَنَڻَ هارَ جِئَن، وِڄُون اُتَرَ واءِ
سُرَها سَبِزا ٿِيا، دامَنَ دِٻَ ڪَيا
پَهرِي پَٽَنِيان، پَرِيائِين ڪُنَ ڪِراڙَ جا

It has rained in the plains and the deserts, it has rained toward Kachchh.[5] See how the level ground is covered with streams at dusk. God who forgives faults has removed troubles from the land. 15

Oh rain, for God's sake have a thought for those who thirst. Make the waters on the level ground abundant, and make the price of grain cheap. Fill the land with rain, so that the herdsmen may be happy. 16

The rain is remembered by men, by deer, and by buffaloes. The ducks are sustained by the clouds and rain birds sing their songs. The shells in the sea wait for it every day. Give the herdsmen rainwater to drink so that they may be happy. 17

The rains are marked by lines[6] like the redness of lac. The clouds are marked by patterns like those printed on a shawl. It has rained over Bhit and filled the pools of Kirar.[7] 18

The rains have filled the sky and have come rejoicing to Bhit. The north wind brings flowerlike flashes of lightning. The greenery is fragrant, and grass is piled in heaps. Spread all over the level ground, the water has filled the pools of Kirar. 19

٢٠
پَرِيائِين ڪُنَ ڪِراڙَ جا، وُنو وارِياسو
ڪُٽيتِيءَ ڪِنوَٽِ ڪَيو، چَڱو چَؤماسو
ماڪاڙِيءَ تان موٽِيو، ڏيئِي پَبَ پاسو
خالِقَ ڪَيو خاصو، چِيهو چُڪِيءَ ڪَنڊِيين

٢١
چِيهو چُڪِيءَ ڪُنڊِيين، ڪَيائِين گَڙَنگَ تي گُلَ
هَڏاڪُٽيان هَليو، پَري تَرائُون تَلَ
آندائِين آبَ اُجَلَ، مَٿي باغَ بَهارَ تِي

٢٢
اَڄُ رَسِيلا رَنگَ، بادَل ڪَڍِيا بُرجَنِ سين
سازَ سارَنگِيُون سُرَندا، وَجائي بَرُ چَنگَ
صُراحِيُون سارَنگَ، پَلِٽِيُون راتِ پَڊامَ تي

٢٣
مِينهان ۽ نِينهان، بَئِي اَڪَرَ هيڪِڙي
جي وَسَڻَ جا ويسَ ڪَري، ته ڪَڪَرَ ڪَنِ ڪِيهان
بادَلُ تِي بيِهان، جي آگَمَ اَچَڻَ جا ڪَرِين

It has filled the pools of Kirar and rained upon the Variyasu[8] desert. It has come with the lightning to create a lovely season. Coming from Makani, it has rained upon Mount Pab. The creator has caused fresh grass to grow in abundance on the edge of the rivers and the hills. 20

The rains have made the fresh grass grow on the edge of the hills and have made the flowers grow beside the Garang channel. Proceeding from Hadakut, the rain has filled the lowlands. The water overflows and everything grows flourishingly. 21

Today the peaks of the clouds have put forth wonderful colors. At night the desert is filled with the sound of fiddles, lutes, and other instruments. The rainy season has poured buckets of water over Padham lake. 22

The rains are synonymous with love.[9] If the rainy season puts on the appearance of raining, the clouds cry out. I will become like the cloud if you show you are intending to come. 23

٢٤ ڪُنڪَنِ ڪانڌُ چِتِ ڪَيو، جُهڙُ پَسِيو جِهجَنِ
وَرَ رِءَ وانديُنِ اَڏيا، پَڪا سي مَ پُسَنِ
اُتَرُ ڍاهي اُنِ جا، ته ڳَنهن ڪي ڪارُون ڳَنِ
وارِثُ وَري تَنِ، اَچي شالَ اولو ڳري

٢٥ ڪُنڪَنِ ڪانڌُ چِتِ ڪَيو، جُهڙُ پَسِيو جُهڪَنِ
سٽِيو رَڙِ رَعِدَ جي، ڪَلِيُون ٽِيُون ڳنبُنِ
ڪَلِيُون ڪِينَ ڪُڇَنِ، ويچارِيُون وَرَنِ ري

٢٦ ڳنيرَ ڳتِ سِڪَنِ، چَلَنَ جي چاهَ پَئِي
هِندوا حَيرتَ ۾ پِيا، لالِي ڪِي لَبَنِ
چِمڪَنِ چوڏَس چَنبَ جِئَن، وِجڙِيُون وَهِسَنِ
لوچَنِ تا لَطِيفُ چئي، پَسَنَ لءِ پرِيَنِ
ڳيسَرَ قرِيبَنِ، سَنباهي ساٿُ ڳنيا

٢٧ مندَ ٿِي مَندَلَ مَندِيا، ڪي اوهِيڙَنِ اوڳَ
چاچَرِ ٿِي چَنَنِ ۾، مينهِيُون چَرَنِ موڳَ
سَرَهِيون ٿِيُون سَنگهارِيُون، پُويو پائِنِ طَوقَ
ميها چِپڙَ ڦنگِيُون، جِتِ ٿِيَنِ سَيئي ٻوڳَ
لاهِئين مَتان لوڳَ، ڏولائي جا ڏِينهڙا

They cry out thinking of their husbands, and they weep when they see the clouds. May the huts the widows built without their husbands not get soaked. If the north wind blows them down, to whom can they cry out? May their husbands return to protect them. 24

They cry out thinking of their husbands, and they sob when they see the clouds. Their hearts tremble when they hear the roar of the thunder. Helpless without their husbands, they are struck dumb. 25

Elephants learn their graceful gait[10] from the movement of the clouds. The scarlet ladybugs are astonished when they see the redness of his lips.[11] The flashes of lightning laugh, glittering like the full moon. Everyone is longing to see the beloved, says Latif. He has gathered saffron[12] and taken it away with him. 26

The season of the rains has come, and the musical gathering is assembled. The rains are pouring down. Grass is growing in lowlands, where many buffaloes graze. The herdsmen's wives happily weave themselves garlands. The plants and vegetation grow abundantly. May you remove days of sorrow from the world. 27

۲۸
مُحبَّ مُنهِنجا سُپرِين، آٿيئِي اَللهُ
توکي سارِيو ساهُ، اُڪَندِيو آهُون ڪَري

۲۹
آگَمَ ڪَيو اَچَنِ، سَجَڻَ سانوَڻَ مِينهَن جِئَن
پاسي تِنِ وَسَنِ، جي سَبُ جَماندَرُ سِڪِيا

۳۰
اُوچڻَ گُهرِجي آجِڪو، جُهوپو سَهي نه سِيُ
سُڻائِج سُوَڙَ کي، حالُ مُنهِنجو هِيُ
اَگَڻَ آيو تِيُ، ته ڍولِيا ڪَنهن ڏَنگِ ٿِيان

۳۱
ڪانڌَ تُنهنجي پاندَ ري، سَنجهي سيءَ مَران
ڪامِلَ ڪَپاهُنَ ۾، پيئِي نارَ نَران
تارِيءَ تو تَران، جِئَن وَرُ وِهاڻِيءَ وارِئين

۳۲
ڪانڌَ تُنهنجي پاندَ ري، سيءَ مَران سَڀِ راتِ
ڪامِلَ ڪَپاهُنِ ۾، جَهپَ نه اچي جهاتِ
اَچِين جي پِرڀاتِ، ته آئُون سِيُ نه سارِيان

۳۳
سَجَڻَ سانوَڻَ مِينهَن جِئَن، جُهڙِڪَنِ پاسي جهوڪَ
ڏِيندا پاهُ پَٽَنِ کي، مَنجهان مِينهَن موڪَ
لَسَ پِيارِينِ لوڪَ، آگَمَ ڪَيو اَڪِيُنِ سين

May God bring you to me, my dear beloved. My life is given to thinking of you; in longing it heaves sighs. 28

Like the rains of Savan,[13] my beloved comes in the form of clouds. He dwells near those who have spent their whole life longing for him. 29

I need protection and covering, but my hut cannot keep out the cold. Tell my fine husband what a state I am in. Come to my courtyard, beloved, so that I may feel better. 30

I seek your protection, husband, for I die of cold in the evening. Oh perfect one, I shiver from the cold in my cotton covering. I endure in the hope that my husband will return at dawn. 31

I seek your protection, husband, for I die of cold all night. Oh perfect one, I do not sleep a wink in my cotton covering. If you are back by dawn I will not think of the cold. 32

With the coming of the rains, the beloved thunders near Jhok.[14] The abundant rain he brings covers the plains with colorful grass. Raining from his eyes, he gives people pure water to drink. 33

٣٤

واهُندان وِڄون ٽِيُون، ڪِڙِيُون ڏَنهن ڱَنيا تَ
ڪُنڊِيُون ڪاهي گَسِ ڪَرِيو، وَڄون ڪَرِيو واٽَ
سَنگهارَنِ سُڪُ ٽِيو، لَٽِي اُڃُ اُساٽَ
جُهڙُ ڦُڙُ ڏيئي جهاتَ، پُسائِينديُون پَٽِيُون

٣٥

سَجو صافُ نه اُپِري، سَرِلي وِچان سِڄُ
مُنهُن چَڙهِيو مارُهن کي، ڏِئي وڏائيُون وِڄُ
هِنئَڙا ڪَپُ مَ ڪِڄُ، سِگها مِلَندَءِ سُپِرين

٣٦

ڏَٽِ ڏَرِي پَٽِ پيئِيُون، ٽِيا وَلهارَنِ وِيَ
سِڄُ چَندُ نه پاڙِيان، سيٺَنِ جي شَبِيهَ
جي جانِي اَندَرِ جِيءَ، سي پِرين پيهِي گهرِ آئِيا

٣٧

ڏَٽِ ڏَرِي پَٽِ پيئِيُون، وِڄُنِ ڪَيا ڏَرَمَ
واحِدَ وَڏائِي ڪَيا، ڪُنڊِنِ ساڻُ ڪَرَمَ
سَنگهارَنِ شَرمَ، رَکُ مُنهنجا سُپِرين

The west wind brings flashes of lightning from the direction of Khambhat.[15] He drives the buffaloes with twisted horns on their path and sets the calves upon their way. The herdsmen are happy, their thirst and the heat are removed. The sudden rain will soak the plains. 34

The sun does not shine bright and clear through the clouds. The lightning reveals itself and brings glad tidings to the people. Do not be downcast, oh heart, the beloved will soon be with you. 35

The lightning descended on the Dhat desert and made the plains green. The sun and moon are not to be compared with his face. The beloved who dwells in my heart has entered my home. 36

The lightning descended on the Dhat desert and was bountiful. God showed the buffaloes abundant favor. Oh my beloved, guard the honor of the herdsmen. 37

۳۸

مونِي مانڊاڻِ جِي، واري ڪَيائِين وارَ
وِڄون وَسَڻَ آئِيُون، چَؤڏِسِ ۽ چوڌارِ
ڪي اُتِي وِئِيُون اِسِتَنبولَ ڏي، ڪي مَٿِيُون مَغرِبَ پارَ
ڪي چِمِڪَنِ چِينَ تي، ڪي لَهَنِ سَمَرِقَندِئِنِ سارَ
ڪي رَمِي وِئِيُون رومَ تي، ڪي ڪابُلَ، ڪي قَندارَ
ڪي دَهلِيءَ ڪي دَکَنِ، ڪي گُڙَنِ مَٿي گِرنارَ
ڪَنهِين جُنبِي جيسَلمِيرَ تان، ڏنا بيڪانِير بَڪارَ
ڪَنهِين پُڄُ پِڃائِيو، ڪَنهِين ڍَٽَ مَٿي ڍارَ
ڪَنهِين اَچِي اَمرَ ڪوٽَ تان، وَسايا وَلهارَ
سانئِيَمِ سَدائِين ڪَرِين، مَٿي سِنڌُ سُڪارَ
دوسَ مِنا دِلدارَ، عالَمُ سَڀِ آبادِ ڪَرِين

۳۹

مونِي مانڊاڻِ جِي، جُڙِي ڪَيائِين جوڙَ
وِڄون وَسَڻَ آئِيُون، بَهِ بَهِ بَڌائُون بوڙَ
اَنَنِ جا عالَمَ ۾، لَکين تِيا کوڙَ
سارَنگَ لاتي سوڙَهه، سانڊَهِ سُهائو ٿِيو

The cloudy skies have returned and have once again made it rain. All around and in every direction[16] storms of lightning have come to announce the rain. Some have arisen and gone to Istanbul, some have proceeded to the west. Some flash over China, some take care of Samarkand. Some have wandered to Rum, some to Kabul, some to Kandahar. Some go to Delhi, some to the Deccan, some thunder over Girnar. Some have busied themselves over Jaisalmer, some have rained over Bikaner. Some have drenched Bhuj, some have descended on the Dhat desert. Some have passed over Umarkot and have made the ground green. Oh my God, make Sindh flourish forever. Dear friend and sweet beloved, make the whole world prosperous. 38

Once again the rainy season has been prepared. Lightning storms have come to rain and cause most wonderful floods. There is an abundance of grain in the world. The rains have removed want, and the land is filled with prosperity. 39

٤٠
حُڪُمُ ٿِيو بادَلَ کي، ته سارَنگَ ساتَ ڪَجَنِ
وِجُون وَسَڻَ آئِيُون، ٿَهَ ٿَهَ مِينهَن ٿِمَنِ
جِنِ مَهانگو لَهِي ميڙيو، سي ٿا هَٽَ هَٽَنِ
پَنجَنِ مَنجهان پَندِرهَن ٿِيا، اِئَن ٿا وَرِقَ وَرَنِ
ڏُڪارِيا ڏِيهَ منا، شالَ مُوذِي سَڀُ مَرَنِ
وَرِي وَڏي وَسَ جُون، ڪَيُون ڳالِهيُون ڳنوارَنِ
سَيّدُ چوي سَيِنِ، آهِ توهِ ٿُنهنجِي آسِرو

٤١
اَندَرِ جُهڙُ جُهورِ وَهي، ٻَهَرِ ڪَڪَرُ نه ڪوءِ
وَسائِيندي وِجُڙي، حُبَّ جنِين کي هوءِ
لالَنُ جنِين لوءِ، تن اوڪاڻِين نه اَکيُون

٤٢
آ گمِجِي آئِيُون، اُتَران ڪَري اُورِ
جي پِرين هُئَڙا ڏُورِ، سي مُون کي مِينهَن ميڙِيا

٤٣
وائي
آئِي مُندَ مَلارَ، آئون کُهِنبا ڪَندِيَسِ ڪَپِڙا
وَسَڻَ جا ويسَ ڪَيا، اَڄُ مُنهنجي يار
لارَ لائِيندي وَڄُڙا، پِنَرَسِ پَنِيا وارَ
پَکِي آءُ پِرِين تُون، لَهُ مُنهنجِي سَيّدُ سارَ

The cloud was commanded to prepare the season of the rains. Lightning storms have come to make the rain pour down. Those who hoarded to make food dear are now wringing their hands. As they turned the pages of their books, five would become fifteen.[17] May all hoarders and all oppressors perish. The farmers have again spoken of plentiful rain. Everyone is supported by your favor, says Shah. 40

The clouds gather in the heart, even though there is no cloud outside. The lightning brings rain to those who are filled with love. The eyes of those who have the beloved in their homes are never dry. 41

The clouds have flown from the north and come to rain. The rains have brought my once distant beloved close to me. 42

The season of the rains has come, and I will put on scarlet clothes. 43V
Today my beloved has appeared as the rains.
As the young woman hangs on the buffalo calves, her lovely hair is soaked.
Come to my hut, beloved, and take notice of me, says Shah.

٢٣ سُر رپ

١
ڳُوندَرَ ڪَيو غَرَقُ، ماءُ مُنهِنجو ڄِندُڙو
ڏُکوئِنِ مَرڪُ، مَٿي سَڳَرَ پَندڙَو

٢
ڳُوندَرَ ڳَڏِياسِ، صِحَتَ نِيَرِيَمِ سَڄَڻين
مادَرِ مارِياسِ، ڦوڙائي پِرِينءَ جي

٣
ڳُوندَرَ هَٿَ نه پيرَ، وِرِهُ مَنجِهينِ وَهَٽو
ڪُڙهِ ۾ قطارُون ڪَري، سُورَنِ لايا سيرَ
مُون جِئَن گهاري ڪيرَ، هيڪِلي رِءِ سَڄَڻين

٤
اُني جِئَن مورَنِ، اوڀَرَ وَلَهارَنِ ۾
سا پَرِ ڳُوندَرَ ڪَنِ، جُه ڦوڙائو سَڄَڻين

٥
ڳَرَنِ ۾ ڳَرَهيج، روئي ڪَجِ مَ پَڌِرا
تان سُوراٽي سَهيجِ، جان لا هِيندَڙُ ڪو لَهِين

٦
ڳَرَ ۾ ڳُجهو روءُ، پَڌَر وِجُه مَ پَرِينءَ ري
سُورَنِ سُيَرُ هوءُ، هِنئَڙا ڪُمَ ڪَنَنِ جِئَن

٧
جاءِ نه سَجو ڏِينهُن، هِنئَڙو اوني وَڳَ جِئَن
مُون پِرِيان سين نِينهُن، ڇِنَڻَ ڪارَڻِ نه ڪَيو

23 Rip

Mother, my heart is drowned in suffering. Those who are in pain find honor in traveling along the path. 1

I am plunged into suffering. My beloved has taken away my well-being. Mother, I have been slain by separation from the one I love. 2

Suffering has no hands or feet, the pain of love operates internally. Pains line up to make their way inside the body. Who like me can endure a lonely life without the beloved? 3

Vegetation sprouts afresh in low-lying ground after it has rained. In the same way, suffering proliferates when the beloved is absent. 4

Open your heart to those who know its secrets, do not reveal them by weeping. Endure your sorrows until you find someone who can remove them. 5

Weep in secret, do not reveal your pain while you are apart from the beloved. Be strong in your sufferings like the edges of the lotus leaves.[1] 6

Like a herd of camels, my heart does not stay still for a single day. Nothing can break the love between me and my beloved. 7

٨ پَلَ پَلَ ۾ پَلِيانسِ، پَلُ نه رَهي پِرِينءَ ري
جِئَن جهوريءَ کان جَهلِيانسِ، جِهجِيو تِئَن جهوريءَ پَوي

٩ ڪَڪَرَ مَنجِه ڪِپارَ، جُهڙُ نيٺَنئُون نه لَهي
اَڄُ مُنهنجي چِتَ ۾، اُنا پِرِين اَپارَ
آءُ سَجڻ لَهُ سارَ، وِرِهَ ويڙهِي آهِيان

١٠ مُون مَنجهيئي مِينهُن، ڪوهُ ڪَرِينديَسِ ڪَڪَرين
سَرَلو سارو ڏِينهُن، مُون پِرِيان جو نه لَهي

١١ جُه سي سَنيرِ جَنِ، سَهَ تنين سين اورِيان
لُنؤ لُنؤ هيٺِ وَجَنِ، رَڳُون رَبابَنِ جِئَن

١٢ چَٽُرَ رَهي نه چِٽُ، ويٺين واڳِيو نه رَهي
رَئِيءَ لَنِجي نِٽُ، هِنئَڙو واٽَ وِرِکَ جئَن

١٣ چوري چوري چِٽُ، جان نَئينءَ وِهاڻِيءَ نِڪِران
نِينهُن گُهرائِي نِٽُ، پِريان سَندي پيرَ ۾

١٤ چيتارِيان چُٽِڪَنِ، وِسارِيان نه وِسِري
ويرو تارَ ڏُکَنِ، سَجَڻَ يَڳِي هَڏَ جِئَن

I restrain my heart at every moment, but it cannot exist for a moment without him. The more I stop it sorrowing, the more it is plunged into grief. 8

I have clouds inside my head, and my eyes do not clear. Today the beloved has caused a deluge within my heart. Come, my love, and take notice of me. I am overwhelmed by the pain of being apart. 9

What shall I do with clouds? It is inside me that it rains. The overcast sky created by my beloved does not clear all day long. 10

When my beloved comes to mind, I disclose my secret love to him. All over my body my veins sound like the strings of a rebab. 11

My mind does not stay happy, nor is it restrained by reproaches. My heart is always covered with dust like a tree beside the road. 12

I rouse my heart when I emerge at dawn. Love always calls it back to the beloved's path. 13

When I recall him, he comes to mind. When I forget him, he is forgotten. He makes me hurt all the time, like a broken bone. 14

چيتاري چَونَدِياسِ، ڳالِهيُون سَيوئي سَڄَڻين ١٥
جُه مُقابِلِ ٽِياسِ، ته سَڀِ وَڃَنِمِ وِسِري

سَڄَڻَ سان نه پيتَ، ڳُجُه ڳَرهِيان ڪِنِ سين ١٦
ڳالِهيُون اِنهيءَ ريتَ، سَلا ٻَڌي مورِيُون

ڳالِهيُون پيتَ وَرَنِ ۾، وَڌي وَڻَ ٽِيوُن ١٧
پَرَ سين مُون نه ڪَيُون، گوشي پِرِين نه ڳَڌِيا

گونِي ۾ گُونِي، پِرِين پَٽائين گَجَ جِئَن ١٨
جي مَنَ مجُوني، سي ڪِئَن وَڃَنِ وِسِرِي

اَندَرِ اَندَرِيُون، جِئَن سي وانجِهيءَ لَٺِ ۾ ١٩
مُون تَنَ تيترِيُون، ته ڪِئَن مِلِبو سَڄَڻين

جِئَن سي ڳُوهِيءَ نارَ، وَهَنِ واريءَ ڳاڏُئان ٢٠
هِنئَڙو پِرِيان ڌارَ، نِبيرِيانسِ نه نِبِري

سَبَرُ سِيُّ پِيوِ، نه مُون سَوَڙِ، نه ڳَبَرو ٢١
نه مُون ڪانڌُ نه ڦُوٽُ ڪي، جويَنُ وَهِي وِيو
تنِين حالُ ڪِهو، نِڌَرَ جنِين نِجُهرا

I will think of everything the beloved has done, to tell him about it. When he comes before me, I will forget it all. 15

If I do not get to be with my beloved, who else should I tell my secret to? My thoughts keep growing like the grass upon a riverbank. 16

My thoughts have grown into a tree inside me. I did not tell them to anyone else, and I could not be alone with my beloved. 17

My beloved is many-colored, like a blouse made of silk. He drives my mind mad; how can I forget him? 18

Like the eddies in the water created by the blade of an oar, my whole being is filled with thoughts of how I can meet him. 19

Like the water from a Persian wheel that comes out mixed with sand, I cannot separate my heart from my beloved however hard I try. 20

The cold is fierce, and I have no quilt or shelter. I have no partner and no sustenance; my youth has wasted away. What is the state of those whose huts have no support?[2] 21

٢٢ أُتَرُ اوتُون ڏي، نه مُون سَوَڙِ نه گبَرو
سِيءُ سارِينديُون سي، جنِين ٻِڌَرَ نِجُهرا

٢٣ أُتَرُ ڏِني اوتَ، نه مُون سَوَڙِ نه گبَرو
چارَئِي چُنِيءَ پوتَ، مُون ريڙهِيندي راتِ گئِي

٢٤ نِينهُن نهِائِينءَ جان، ڏَکِيو کوهُ نه ڏِکِئين
جَرَ جَيري چَڏي، ته ڪِئن پَچَندا تانءَ
سَندي ڪُنياران، ڪَنِ ڪَريجا ڳالَهڙِي

٢٥ نِينهُن نِهائِينءَ جِئَن، ڏَکِيو کوهُ نه ڏَکِئِين
جَرَ جيري چَڏي، ته رَجَ پَچَندا ڪِئَن
ٹُون پڻ ڪَريج تِئَن، جِئَن ڪنيارَڪَرِن ڪَمَ سين

٢٦ نهِائِينءَ کان نِينهُن، سِڪَ مُنهِنجا سُپِرِين
سَڙِي سارو ڏِينهُن، ٻَهَرِ ٻاڦَ نه نِڪري

٢٧ نينَ نِهائِين جان، سَتي لوڪَ ڏَکِيان
أُجهامِيو ٻَران، توکي سارِيو سُپِرِين

٢٨ ڪي جو ڪُنيارَنِ، مِٽِيءَ پائي مَنِيو
ٽَنهن مان ٽِرَ جيتِري، جي ٻَئِي خَبَرَ ڪرَنِ
هِي تان هُوندَ مَرَنِ، هنِ اَڳِٹِ اوراتو ٽِئي

The north wind blows hard, and I have no quilt or covering. How will those whose huts have no support cope with the cold? 22

The north wind blows in blasts, and I have no quilt or covering. I have spent the whole night trying to tuck the four edges of my shawl around me. 23

Why do you not cover your love like a kiln filled with pots? If the flame escapes, how will the pots be fired? Pay close attention to what the potters do. 24

Why do you not cover your love like a kiln filled with pots? If the flame escapes, how will the pots be fired? Act in the same way as the potters. 25

Learn love from the kiln. It burns all day long but gives out no steam. 26

When people are asleep, I close my eyes like the kiln. I am extinguished, but then I burn when I think of you, beloved. 27

The wretches would die if they knew the least bit about what the potters kneaded with the clay. There would be mourning in this courtyard. 28

٢٩

وائي

جو نَوازي ڏَڏَ، آسرَ لاهِ مَ اُنَ جي
ويهُ داتا جي دَرَ تي، لَنگها لاهي لَڏَ
اوڏايان اوڏو گهٽو، ڪَهِڙا ڪَرِئين سَڏَ
اَڪِلَنِ ڪي اوڏو وِهي، گندا ڪَري گڏَ
ڪَهِڙا جَڏَ جَڏوئيين، جوڏَ مَهَندان جَڏَ
اَڳِيان عَجِيبَن جي، اَهُڪا بَڏَنُ مَڏَ
آدَمُ تِيائِين اُپِيو، هوءَ جا ڳجي مَنجهان گڏَ
اَولِيءَ ۾ عَبدُاللَطِيفُ چَئي، سَجَڻُ ڏِيندو سَڏَ

Do not remove the support of the one who shows favor to the ignorant. 29V
Beggar, sit at the door of the giver and lay down your burden.
He is nearer than near, so why utter these appeals?
He sits beside the dirty, he cleans out the foul.
What do faults in the imperfect matter before his generosity, you fool?
What is the point of making a raft when he is there?
From the time of Adam he has created everyone out of clay.
In our difficulties, Ali says, the beloved answers our call.

٢٤ سُر بروو سنڌي

چا ڪي وَڃيو ڇو، بيلي ٽِئين ٻِيَنِ جو ١
وَٽُ ڪَنجَڪَ ڪَرِيمَ جِي، جَڳَ جو والِي جو
سَؤڪو هُوندو سو، جنهن جو عِشقُ اَللهَ سين

جِئَن ڪا ڪانِي ڪانهَن، لُسَندي لاتِيون ڪَري ٢
اَڃِي پَئِي اوڇتِي، دَرِدَ پِريان جِي دانهَن
ويجَ ڏَنيِئين ڪُهُ بانهَن، سُورَهِنئين ڪي سامُهان

ڏَرَتِي ڏُونهَ جِئَن، سِرَ يَرِ سُپيرِئِنِ ڏي ٣
لَڳو آهِ لَطِيفُ چئي، تَنُ پِريان ڏي تِئَن
حاصُلُ ٿِئي هِئَن، قَرِينو قَرِيبَ جو

لِڳيءَ جو لَطِيفُ چَئي، نڪو قال نه قِيلُ ٤
لِڪئي لامُون ڪوڙِيُون، نيٽين وَهي نِيرُ
هِنئَڙا ٿِيءُ سُڌِيرُ، ڪاله قَرِيبَنِ لَڌِيو

ڪي اوڏائِي ڏُورِ، ڪي ڏُورِ به اوڏا سُپِرِين ٥
ڪي سَنيِرجَن نه ڪَڏهِين، ڪي نه وِسرَنِ مُورِ
جِئَن مينهِن ڪُنڍِيءَ پُورِ، تِئَن دوسِتَ وَراڪو دِلِ سين

24 Barvo Sindhi

Why did you go and become the slave of others? Take hold of the merciful lord of the world. He whose love is for God will be happy. 1

Just as the reed lets out melodious cries when it is being cut,[1] so do I lament the sudden pain I feel for my beloved. Doctor, why do you brand my arm, when it is my heart that feels the pain? 2

Like an elephant humbly touching the ground with its trunk, I use my head to move toward my beloved. In this way, says Latif, my body is joined to him, and I achieve closeness to him. 3

A lover's state cannot be described in words, says Latif. Fate so arranged things that my eyes shed floods of tears. Yesterday the beloved departed, but still be patient, oh heart. 4

Some beloveds are near but far, some are far but near. Some are never remembered, some are completely unforgotten. The beloved curls around my heart like the twists in a buffalo's horn. 5

٦

ڪوني ڪُنائُون، اَجُ پڻ اَڪَرِيُن سين
ماسُ وِراهي هَلِيا، ڪَرنگلُ ڇَڏِيائُون
وَتَوَاصَوْ ابِالْحَقِّ وَتَوَاصَوْابِالصَّبْرِ، اِئين اُتائُون
مُئِي مارِيائُون، کِلِي گهائِيو سَڄَڻين

٧

ماڙهُو گُهرِنِ مالُ، آئُون سَڀ ڏِينهَن گُهران سُپِرِين
دُنيا تَنهن دوسِتَ تان، فِدا ڪَرِيان فِي الحالُ
ڪَيَسِ نامَ نهالُ، پَسَڻُ تان پَري ٿِيو

٨

ڪَڏَهِن طاقِيُون ڏِينِ، ڪَڏَهِن کُلَنِ دَرَ دوسِتَنِ جا
ڪَڏَهِن اَچان اَچَڻُ نه لَهان، ڪَڏَهِن ڪوٺِيو نِينِ
ڪَڏَهِن سِڪان سَڏَ کي، ڪَڏَهِن گُجهاندَرَ گِرَهِين
اَهڙائِي آهينِ، صاحِبَ مُنهنجا سُپِرِين

٩

صُورَتَ گهڻو سُهِڻا، ٽاٽا سَندَنِ ٽُوهَ
ريلو ڏِئي رُوحَ، جو ڪائي سو ڪامِي مَري

١٠

جانِبَ تُون جيڏو، آهِين شانَ شَعُورَ سين
مُون تي ڪَرِ مُنهنجا پِرِين، توهُ تُسِي تيڏو
اِئُ ڪامِلَ ڪَمُ ڪيڏو، جِئَن نَوازِينم نِگاهَ سين

Today the beloved called me and slaughtered me with his eyes. He shared out my flesh and left the skeleton. Saying, *Take counsel with the truth and take counsel with patience,*[2] he killed me, who was already dead. The beloved laughed and left me wounded. 6

Men ask for wealth; I ask for the beloved all the time. For him I would immediately sacrifice the whole world. Just his name makes me happy, seeing him is still a long way off. 7

Sometimes the beloved closes his doors, sometimes they are left open. Sometimes I come and do not manage to enter, sometimes he invites me in. Sometimes I long for his call, sometimes he shares his secrets with me. This is what my beloved lord is like. 8

Though very handsome in appearance, their behavior is like the bitter apple.[3] Anyone who is attracted to them is consumed and dies. 9

Beloved, you are glorious and understanding. Be gracious to me in equal measure, my dearest. You are perfect, so how great a task is it for you to favor me with your glance? 10

١١
جانِبَ مُنهنجي جِيءَ ۾، تُنهنجِي طَمَعَ پوءِ
وَٽُ ڪاتِي وَڍِ اَنگَڙا، اَدَبُ ڪَرِ مَ ڪوءِ
ڀانيان ڀالُ سَندوءِ، جي ساجَنَ سَنئون نِهارِئين

١٢
جانِبَ اِيئَن نه جُڳاءِ، جِيئَن مارِيو مونِيو نه پُڇِين
رَتِيءَ رَتُ نه سِنجُري، سِڪَ تُنهنجي ساءِ
اَسان تو ڀِي لاءِ، پَرِ ۾ پُوجائُون ڪَيُون

١٣
جَڏهِن پَوي يادِ، صُحْبَتَ سُپيرِيُنِ جي
فَرِيادُون فَرِيادِ، ناگَهَ وَڃَنِ نِڪِيو

١٤
ڪَڙو مَنجِه ڪَڙي، جِيئَن لُهارَ لَپيٽِيو
مُنهِنجو جِيُ جَڙي، سُپيرِيان سوگهو ڪَيو

١٥
نازَ مَنجهاران نِڪرِي، جَڏهِن پِرِين ڪَري ٿو پَنڌُ
ڀُون پِٽ ڀِسِمِ اَللّٰه چئِي، راهَ ڇُمي ڀِي رَندُ
اُڀِيُون گهٽِي اَدَبَ سين، حُورُون حَيرَتَ هَنڌُ
سائِينءَ جو سَوگَندُ، ساجَنُ سَيَنِئان سُهٽو

١٦
فانِي ڀِي فانِي، دُنيا دَمُ نه هيڪِڙو
لَٽِي لوڙهُ لَٽِنِ سين، جوڙِيندَءِ، جانِي
ڪوڏَرِ ۽ ڪانِي، آهي سِرِ سَيَڪَنهِين

Beloved, desire for you fills my heart. Take the knife and cut my limbs, do not stand on ceremony. I will think it a favor on your part if you look at me straight. 11

Beloved, it is not right for you to kill me, then not return to ask how I am. All the blood in my body has frozen because of my ecstatic love for you. It is to you that we have secretly offered acts of worship. 12

When I remember being with the beloved, I suddenly utter cry upon cry. 13

Just as the blacksmith fixes links within links to form a chain, so does my heart firmly fix its connection with the beloved. 14

When the beloved emerges in his grace and walks along, the very earth says *bismillāh*[4] and kisses the path on which he goes. The houris stand in great respect in a place of wonder. I swear by God that the beloved is more beautiful than everything. 15

Oh, the world is passing, passing, and never the same for a moment. My dear, they will kick up the dust with their feet to make your grave. The spade and the measuring stick[5] are waiting for everyone. 16

١٧
اَڄُ پِڻُ اَنگِيَمِ اَنگَ، هٿان حَبِيبَنِ جي
جا پَرِ سَوْنٿِيءَ سَنگَ، سا پَرِ سُورَنِ سان ٿِئي

١٨
اَڄُ پِڻُ جُڙِيَمِ جوڙَ، دوسِتُ پيهي دَرِ آئِيو
سُگَنِ اَچِي ڏُگَنِ ڪي، مُحْڪَمُ ڏِني موڙَ
جا پَرِ گَٿِيءَ ڪوڙَ، سا پَرِ سُورَنِ سان ٿِئي

١٩
عِشْقُ اَهڙِي ذات، جو مانجِهي مُنجهائي مَيَنِ ڪي
ڏِينهان ڏورَڻُ ڏونگرين، روئَڻُ سَڄيائِي راتِ
اُٿِي وِيئي تاتِ، مِيان مَحْبُوبَنِ جِي

٢٠
يارُ سَڏائي سَيُڪو، جاني زِباني
آهي آساني، ڪَمَ پِئي ٿِي ڪَلَ پَوي

٢١
آدِمِيُنِ اِخلاصُ، مَٽائي مانو ڪَيو
هاڻِ ڪائي سَيُڪو، سَندو مارُهُوءَ ماسُ
دِلبَرَ هِنَ دُنيا ۾، وَڃِي رَهندو واسُ
ٻِئي سَڀُ لوڪَ لِباسُ، ڪو هِڪَدِلِ هُوندو هيڪِڙو

٢٢
شُڪُرُ گَڏِياسُون سِپِرِين، جِئَري جاني يارَ
وِيني جن جي وَٽِ ۾، ڪوڙِين ٿِيا قَرارَ
ڏَٺِيَمِ ڪَرِ مَ ڌار، پاڙو تِن پِرِيُنِ ڪان

Today my limbs were stamped by my beloved's hand.[6] The pains of separation treat me like the stone flail that beats the corn. 17

Today my fortune favored me: the beloved came and entered my door. Joys came and gave griefs a proper wrench. The pains of separation treat me like the washerman who pounds a batch of laundry. 18

The nature of love is to confuse the bravest heroes. By day they search the mountains; they weep the whole night through. They sit there absorbed in thoughts of the beloved. 19

With their tongues everyone calls themselves a true friend. This part is easy, but when action is called for, one finds out what they are like. 20

Men's sincerity has changed and is no longer in keen demand. Everyone eats men's flesh now. Beloved, the fragrance of goodness will remain in this world. Others are just for show, there will be only one truly sincere man. 21

We give thanks for having found our dear friend while we lived. My lord, do not separate me from the one in whose company we found so much peace. 22

٢٣

کوڙي ڳڻُ مَ سُپرِين، ڳنيَئِي تان کوڙِ
عادَتَ جا اَکِيُن جِي، سا نيئِي نِباهِجِ توڙِ
مُون ۾ عَيبَنِ ڪوڙِ، تُون پاڻُ سُڃاڻِج سُپرِين

٢٤

ڪِٿان سِکِئين سُپرِين، ڪاسائِڪي ڪارِ
تِکِي ڪاتِي هَٿِ ڪَري، مُنِيءَ سين مَ مارِ
چوري چاڪَ نِهارِ، سورَنِ سانگهيڙا ڪَيا

٢٥

وائي

هاڻِ ايِندو، اٰلا مُنهنجو سَڄَڻُ شالَ ايِندو
آڳُرِ لائي اَندِيُون، وَڃِي وَسَنئُن ۾ وڃِهندو
نِماڻِيءَ جو نِجُهرو، پاسي پاڻَ اَڏِيندو
مَٿان لَڳَنِ سانَٽرو، صَحِيح سَلامَتَ نيِندو
مَهَندِ ٿِيندو مُصطَفي، پُنِيءَ لوڪُ لَنگهِيندو
اَچِي عَبدُاللّطِيفُ کي، دوسُ دِلاسا ڏِيندو

Having fixed your gaze, beloved, do not take it away. 23
If you have taken it away, then fix it back again.
Let the eyes maintain their habit forever. I have
thousands of faults, but you should recognize the
perfection in yourself, beloved.

Beloved, where did you learn your butchering? Take 24
hold of a sharp knife, do not kill me with a blunt
one. Look at all these wounds, the cuts inflicted by
my sufferings.

Oh, now let him come, I wish my beloved would come. 25V
Taking the blind by the hand, he will deliver them to a
safe place.
He will set this wretched girl's hut near to where he is.
He will lead the caravan safely through the mountain
passes.
Mustafa will be our guide. He will deliver his people
behind him.
Abdul Latif comes to say: Our friend will give us
comfort.

٢٥ سُر ڪاپائتي

١

توڙي ٽُون ڪاتارِ، جِمَ هيڪِلي ڀيرِئين
ڏِڀي ڪا ڏُئارِ، صَرافَ اِنَهِين سُٽَ ۾

٢

جان ڳَتِين تان ڪِتُ، هِيءَ هَڏِ وِهاڻِي
ڪاپائِتِي سَيَڪا، ڪِتي سيباڻِي
جاتو جِن جاتِي، تِنِ هَٿان ڀَهِي نه ڇَڏِي

٣

هِيءَ هَڏِ وِهاڻِي، جان ڳَتين تان ڪِتُ
ڪو پنَهِنجي عِيدَ ڪِي، ڀيري ڪَجِ ڀَرَتُ
مَتان روئِين رَتُ، صُباحَ وِچَ سَرتِيين

٤

ڳَتَڻَ جي ڪانه ڳَرِين، سُتي ساهِين هَڏُ
صُباحَ ايندَءِ اوچِتو، عيدَ اُڳهاڙَنِ ڳَڏُ
جِتِ سَرتِيون ڳَندَءِ سَڏَ، اُتِ سِڳَندِينءَ سينگارَ ڪِي

٥

اَڄُ پڻ اُڃَهڻَ ڪِي مَرِين، نَڪِي ڪِتُءِ ڪالَ
ڀوري توسين يالَ، ڪانڌُ ڳَرِيندو ڪيترا

٦

اَڄُ پڻ اُڃَهڻَ ڪِي مَرِين، نَڪِي ڪِتُءِ ڪالَ
مونا اُنجِي اُڪَتِيا، اَرٽَ ڏِرڪِي مالَ
هَيءِ تنِين جي حالَ، جن ڪاپِي منجهان ڪِينَ ڪَيو

25 *Kapaiti*

So long as you are spinning, do not turn your wheel by yourself. Otherwise, the dealer may spot a defect in this thread of yours. 1

Spin while you can, this opportunity is fleeting. Every spinner is approved according to the thread that they have spun. Those who know this properly do not let go of their ball of cotton. 2

This opportunity is fleeting, spin while you can. Turn your wheel and produce fine embroidery for your festive day. Otherwise, in the morning you may weep tears of blood with your friends. 3

You make no effort to spin, but stretch out your body to sleep. You will long to adorn yourself when your friends call you. 4

All you want to do today is relax, and you did not do any spinning yesterday. Your husband will show you no favors, you foolish girl. 5

All you want to do today is relax, and you did not do any spinning yesterday. Your spinning wheel's support posts have become detached, and its driving band has become slack. How wretched is the fate of those who have earned nothing from their spinning! 6

٧

سي تو ويهي وِڃائِيا، جي ڪَتَنَ سندا ڏينهَن
آرِٽَ اوڏِي نه ٿِئين، پورِي پوري سِيئَن
ڪَندُ ڳنڍِينءَ ڪِيئَن، اَڳَنِ عجِيبَنِ جي

٨

سونَ سارِيڪا هَٿَڙا، ڪوهُ نه ڪَتِين رَڏِ
ويهِي ڪُنڊَ ڪاپو ڪَرِ، ڳُهٽُون گوهِيُون ڇَڏِ
ته صَرافاٽي سَڏِ، مَرَڪِيو هُوندَ مَٽائِيين

٩

ڀَڳو ٿِي پيرِ، جانسين رَتو راسِ ٿِئي
ٻُرِيءَ بيڪارِيءَ سين، هارِي پاڻُ مَ هيرِ
ڪِٿُ ڪَتِينديُون ڪيرِ، نَئين سين نه جاٽِجي

١٠

پيرِئين ۽ پانئِيين، اِئَن وِڏُوٽو ڪانڌُ
ويڻِي اورِ آرَٽَ سين، ڳِچِيءَ پايو پانڌُ
ته تُنهِنجو ٿِي وِٽواندُ، ڪِتو وِتو نه ٿِئي

١١

چائُتِ پائي چِتَ ۾، سَنهو ڪَتيو جَنِ
تِنِ جو صَرافَنِ، ڏُڪو داخِلِ نه ڪَيو

١٢

مُحَبَتَ پائي مَنَ ۾، رَنديا روڙِيا جَنِ
تِنِ جو صَرافَنِ، آٽَ تورِيو ٿِي اَڳهائِيو

They sat about and wasted the days when they should have been spinning. You have not sat down by your wheel for a single moment, you foolish girl. How will you be able to hold your head high in the beloved's courtyard? 7

You have hands of gold, you perverse creature, why do you not spin? Sit in a corner and spin, and give up all this playing about. Then you may smile when you are called by the dealer, and get a better price. 8

Turn the broken wheel until the new one is fixed. You fool, do not let yourself fall into the bad habit of idleness. No one knows which girls will spin thread on the new wheel. 9

You wander about giving yourself airs, and this has made your husband furious. Sit down by the spinning wheel with your head modestly covered, so that your thread, though full of faults, may not go to waste. 10

Those who have spun fine thread with ill will in their hearts get none of it approved by the dealers. 11

Those who have spun coarse thread with love in their hearts sell it to the cotton dealers without its being weighed. 12

١٣
ڪو جو وَھُ ڪاپائِتِيَنِ، ڪنبَنَ ۽ ڪَتَنِ
ڪارَڻِ سُودَ سَوارِيُون، آتَڻَ مَنجھ اَچَنِ
اُنِ جِيءَ سُونهَنَ سَيَّدُ چئي، صَراف ئي سِڪَنِ
اَگھِيا سُٽَ سَندَنِ، پائي ترازِيءَ نه تورِيا

١٤
سُٽُ اُنِين جو سَڦرو، جي پَرِ ۾ پِڃائِينِ
آوازُ اَرَٽَ جو، ساهَ نه سُڻائِينِ
لِڪايو لَطِيفُ چئي، ڪَنبِيو ڪَتائِينِ
جي ماٽِڪَ موٽائِينِ، توءِ مُلهُ مَهانگو اُنِ جو

١٥
ڪي اوبِينِ عَرَبَ ۾، ڪي ڪابُلَ مَنجِھ ڪِتَنِ
سُٽُ اُنِ جو سَڦرو، مَنِيو ماٽِڪَنِ
قادرَ ڪِيمَ ڪَيَنِ، تيلهي تُلهي وارِيُون

١٦
پيرِئين، ۽ پانئِيين، پانئِڻُ پَجي جَڏِ
ڪِتو وِتو پورِهيو، هوڏَ وِجھنديءِ هَڏِ
هِتي ڏيِدو مَنجِ ڏَڏِ، جتي ڏَڪَنِ ڏَهَسئي وارِيُون

١٧
اولياڻِيانِ اَرَٽَ، ڪيڏانهن ڪَتَڻَ واريون
پَهيُون مٿي پَٽَ، لُڙِجَنِ لاڪِيڙَنِ جُون

The spinners are filled with a love that makes them tremble while they spin. To make a profit, they come early in the morning to the spinning place. The dealers are keen for their fine thread, says Shah. Their thread gets sold without being put on the scales and weighed. 13

The yarn of those who card it in secret is valuable. They do not let their hearts hear the sound of their wheel. Sitting in hiding, they tremble as they spin, says Latif. People offer them jewels for their thread, but they demand an even higher price. 14

Some wind yarn in Arabia, others spin in Kabul. Their thread is valuable and is exchanged for gems, but the all-powerful dealer does not reject the coarse thread that others spin. 15

You wander lost in pride; break that pride in pieces. It will make the thread you have produced worth nothing. Produce thread of decent quality here, you clumsy fool, where even those whose thread is far better shake and tremble. 16

The wheels are dismantled, and where have the spinners gone? The cotton balls of even the best girls lie around on the ground. 17

١٨
ڪَتي ڪَتي ڪالَه، اَڄُ نه آتَڻِ اَئِيُون
اَرَٽُ اُڪلي مالَه، پُوري وِئِيُون نِجُهرا

١٩
نه سي وَؤنَ وَٿَنِ ۾، نه سي ڪاتارِيُون
پَسِيو بازارِيُون، هِنئَڙو مون لُونُ ٿِئي

٢٠
تاڃي توريائُون، عَيبَ نِڪتا اَڳِيان
ڪوڙي ڪاپائِتِيُنِ کي، پَرِ ۾ پُڇِيائُون
اَڳَلَڙي آءٌ، مُون ڪان پِڙا پَڳا نه ٿِيا

٢١
وائي
ڪا هِنئَين سين لاءِ پوري، ڪا هِنئَين سين لاءِ
ٺُنبائي تاڪِيدَ سين، جِنِ پِڃايو پاءُ
لَسي تَندُ لَطِيفُ چئي، هَلِي تِنِ هَٿاءُ
پَهيُون ٺُنهِنجُون جِهرِڪَنِ جهورِيُون، پِيُون اُڏائِيُون واءَ
اَرَٽَ پاسي اوجِهرِين، توکي سُمَهَڻَ آيو ساءُ
اَڏيءَ عَبْدُاللَّطِيفُ چئي، رِوِئِي رِيجهائِجِ راءُ

Yesterday they spun and spun, but they have not come into the spinning area today. The bands on their spinning wheels are slack, and their huts are closed. 18

Those cotton plants have gone, and so have the spinners. The bazaars seem desolate without them, and my heart is grieved. 19

As soon as they weighed the warp, many defects emerged. Summoning the spinner, they questioned her in secret. "I am so clumsy," she replied. "I could not straighten out the knots." 20

Take this to heart, you foolish woman, take this to heart. 21V
They carded a quarter of what had been carefully cleaned.
The birds have snatched your cotton balls, the wind has blown others away.
Dozing off beside your spinning wheel, you have enjoyed a sleep.
In the middle of the night, says Abdul Latif, wake and weep to delight the lord.

٢٦ سُر پرياتي

١
اِئُّ نه ياڻَنِ ڀيرُ، جِئَن ڪينَرُ ڪِيرِيءَ ٽَنگِيو
سُونهاري صُبُوحَ سين، وِڄِهي وينين ويرُ
توکي چَوَندو ڪيرُ، ڪِيرتَ ڏاران مَڱِڻو

٢
سُتو ڪِئَن ننڊُون ڪَرِين، رو وِهاڻِيءَ روءِ
سُيان سازُ سندوءِ، پِيو هُوندو پَٽَ ۾

٣
سيراندِيءَ سازُ ڪيو، سُمهِين سارِي راتِ
جاڄِڪاڻي ذاتِ، اِيَ هوءِ اَڳِهِين

٤
جنِين سُڪُ ناهِ ڪو، چارَڻَ سي چَئِجَنِ
رُڄُنِ راهَ پُڇَنِ، متّي ڪُلَهنِ ڪِينَرا

٥
مُوڙهو ٻُڌين مَڱڻا، ڪيڏانهن هُئين ڪالَ
لَنگها ڇَڏِ لَطِيفُ چئي، اُجَهڻَ جا اَفعالَ
سَپَرُ دَرِ سُوالَ، ڪَرِ ته قيمَتَ آڻِئين

٦
چارَڻُ لَڱو ٻَندُ گهڻو، ڪِي چوڻاڻِيءَ چَئيجِ
هِتِ ڪِي هلائيجِ، اُتي آءٌ نه اچڻو

26 Piribhati

To keep his harp hanging on a hook is not the behavior of a bard. You are an enemy of the bright dawn. Who will call you a minstrel unless you practice your devotional art? 1

Why are you lying there fast asleep? Arise at dawn and weep. Tomorrow[1] your instrument will be left on the ground. 2

You sleep the whole night through, using your instrument as a pillow. Is this how a born minstrel will gain honor? 3

The title of true bard belongs to those who do not rest. With their instruments on their shoulders, they look for a path across the wilderness. 4

Minstrel, why do you roam in confusion? Where were you yesterday? Oh musician, give up this habit of wandering, says Latif. If you beg at the door of Sapar,[2] you will receive a fine reward. 5

The minstrel is weak, the way is long. Tell the son of Choto[3] to send me something here, since I cannot get there. 6

۷
جيڪي ڏَڏَنِ ڏي، ڳُجِهيان لِيُ ڳُجَهه ۾
سي جي سُٺَنِ ڪَڏهِين، ڪِرِتِ وارا ڪي
ته سازَ مِڙوئي سي، هُوندَ پِٽون ڪَنِ پَلَڪَ ۾

۸
اُتِ ڪِرِتِ وارا ڪيتِرا، ڪِرِتِ ڪَبو ڪوهُ
جيڪي بَندو ڪَمُ ڪري، سو مِڙوئِي ڏوهُ
تون پارِسُ آءٌ لوهُ، جي سَچِين ته سونُ ٿِيان

۹
اُٿِيو اَبوجهاءُ، سَپَرَ جو سَڏُ ٿِيو
جِئَن اَئِين ڪِيرتَ ڪَٿُ نه سِکِيا، تِئَن پاٽا رِيڏو راءُ
مگُو مون مُلاءُ، آءٌ اَوهان جو آهِيان

۱۰
ڏاتِ نه آهي ذاتِ تي، جو وَهي سو لَهي
آريُون اَبوجَهنِ جون، سَپَرُ جامُ سَهي
جو راءَ وَٽِ راتِ رهي، تَنهِن جُڪِي تان نه ٿئي

۱۱
ڏَڏُ ٿِي ڏانُ ڳُهريجِ تُون، چَڏِ وِجا وِجائِي
سَپَرَ راتِ سَنباهِيا، تازِي تو لائي
جو جاٽي نه ڳائِي، تَنهِن سين ٻيلي ڏَٿِيءَ ٻاجَهه ڪِي

If accomplished musicians heard what he gives in secret to inexpert performers,[4] perhaps they would instantly destroy their instruments. 7

There are many singers there, why should they perform? Whatever task a man performs is always full of faults. You are the philosopher's stone, I am the iron. If you just glance at me, I am turned to gold. 8

Get up, you ignorant man, the call has come from Sapar. You may not have learned anything of singing, yet the king is pleased. "Beg from me," he says, "for I am yours." 9

Gifts are not bestowed according to caste; it is performance that is rewarded. The faults of the inexpert are tolerated by Prince Sapar. Anyone who spends the night with the king is freed from suffering. 10

Become ignorant and beg, forget all your knowledge. Last night Sapar prepared fine horses[5] for you. The lord of Las Bela is kind even to one who does not know how to sing. 11

۱۲
پيو ليٽِين لُٽَ، سَڄِيُون راتِيُون سُمهِين
اُٺِي اَڏِيءَ نه ڪَرِئين، سَپَڙَ ساڻُ سَهَٽَ
رُونجهي راتِ اُپَٽِيا، پيٽِنِيَئُون پاٽَيٽَ
ميڙِي ٽِٽَان مَٽَ، چُوندي پَرِيا چارٽين

۱۳
ڏاتارَ ڏُڪَ ڪَيا، پاٽا مَٽِي مَڱَٽين
مُون دَرُ ڇَڏِيو مَڱَٽا، مَڱِين ڪوهُ بِيا
تَڏِهن تو پِيا، وِچان وِلَها ڏِينهَڙا

۱٤
مَڱُ تَنهِين کان مَڱَٽا، جو ڏِيهاڙِي ٽو ڏِئي
ڪُوڙا دَرَ دُنِيا جا، جاجِڪَ مَڱِين جي
شُيان توهِين کي، موٽِي ڏِيندا مُنهَن ۾

۱۵
ڳَرَهَ اَڱِيان ڳَپُ، ڏِهاڙِي ڏاتارَ جي
لَنگها لاهِ مَ لِڪَ سِيئَن، مَٽان چانئُٽِ چَپُ
مَڱَٽهارَنِ مَپُ، ڪونهي بِيو ڪِيرَٽَ ري

۱٦
سَپَڙُ ساهُ پَساهِ، جاجِڪ جِمَ وِسارِئين
ريهي رُپي سَندِيُون، تَندُون ٽُنبي کي پاءِ
لَنگها تون لِيلاءِ، اڱِيان وِچِي اُنَ جي

You lie insensible, sleeping whole nights through. You do not get up in the middle of the night to spend time with Sapar. The descendant of Ronjho[6] opened his caskets in the night and took out pearls. The minstrels gathered to collect them and fill their pots. 12

The giver reproaches the minstrels on his own account. "Oh minstrel, why did you leave my door and beg from others? That is why you have suffered days of hardship." 13

Oh minstrel, beg from the one who gives every day. The doors of the world are false, minstrel. If you beg from them, they will turn and reproach you tomorrow. 14

Prostrate yourself every day at the threshold of the giver. Oh minstrel, never remove your lips from it for an instant. Singers have no other opportunity besides singing. 15

Minstrel, do not forget Sapar for a moment. Fix your instrument and replace its strings with silver ones. Oh bard, go and utter your entreaties before him. 16

۱۷
تُون سَپَڙُ آہَ سيڪڙُو، تُون صاحِبُ آہَ سَگُ
پُڇِي تُنهِنجو پَگُ، ڪُلهي پاتُمِ ڪِينَرو

۱۸
تُون سَپَڙُ آہَ سيڪڙُو، تُون ڏاتارُ آہَ ڏوهُ
تُون پارِسُ آہَ لوهُ، جي سَڃِين ته سونُ ٿِيان

۱۹
اُپِرِيو تارو، اُتِي وَرَ وِهاڳُ ڏي
سَپَڙُ رِيسارو، ڇِتِ پَرِڪِي چارَٽِين

۲۰
وائي
وَڏَڙا ڏانَ ڏِنائِين، گنيائِين رَختُ ريزالَنِ جو
ڏاتِيوُن ڏِئِي ڏَڏَنِ کِي، سَندِيوُن سونَ سائِين
اَندا مَنبِ آئِيا، سَخا سَڌُ وِڏائِين
ڪِينَ مَنجهان جو ڪي ڪَري، سو ته ساراهِئين سائِين
وَتُعِزُّمَن تَشَاءُ وَ تُذِلُّ مَن تَشاءُ، آهي سَبِ اُتائِين
نَوازِيائِين لَطفو، مَنجهان ڪِينَ گِيائِين
حِرَفَتَ حَرِيفَن جِي، پِيري سَبِ پَگائِين
حاسِدَ سَبِ حُزنَ ۾، مُدَعِي پانَ مُنائِين
اَديوُن عَبدُاللطِيفُ چَئِي، اَهِ پانَ وَتَندَڙُ سائِين

You are Sapar, I am a beggar. You are the master, I am the dog. I have put my instrument on my shoulder, in search of the way to you. 17

You are Sapar, I am a beggar. You are the master, I am sin. You are the philosopher's stone, I am iron; if you glance at me, I become gold. 18

The star has risen. Get up and offer the morning song of Vihag[7] to the bridegroom. Sapar is a jealous lord, he examines the hearts of the minstrels. 19

He gave great gifts and took the goods of the base. 20V
The lord bestowed presents of gold on fools.
The blind were bewitched, and he summoned the generous.
None of them realized, the lord did not take care of them.
You exalt whom you will and you bring low whom you will,[8] this is what happens to all there.
He favored the drop that is man, and made nothing of him.
He broke in turn all the cunning of the artful.
The envious are filled with sadness, and the false are led astray.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, the lord is the one who pleases himself.

٢٧ سُر سورٺ

اَللهُ جي آسَ ڪري، هَليو هِيائِين ١
چارَنَ لَڌا چَنگَ کي، جُهوڙا ۽ جهائِين
ڏولِي راءِ ڏياچَ جي، ڏُوران ڏِنائِين
وَينَتِي واحِدَ دَرِ، تَنهِن ويرَ ڪَيائِين
سَباجها سائِين راءُ رِيجهائِين راڳَ سين

پَرِديسان پنڌُ ڪَري، هلِي آيو هُون ٢
اُونچو تون عرشَ تِي، آن پورو مٽِي پُون
ڪِينَ تُسَندين تُون، هِيُ سِرَ سوالِي مَڱڻو

پَرِديسان پنڌُ ڪري، سُٺِي آيُس شانُ ٣
مَڱان ڪَهڙِي مَتِ سين، نِسورو نادانُ
سو ڪو ڏِيارئِين ڏانُ، جو طَمَعَ کي تَرَڪُ ڪَري

سَردِيءَ سالِمُ نه رَهان، گَرمِيءَ پِيان گُدازُ ٤
اَمَنُ ڏيجِ اَمانَ تون، سائِلُ هَٿِي سازُ
رَبابِيءَ کي رازُ، خالِصُ ڏيجِ خَلِيلَ جو

تو دَرِ آيُس راڄِيا، جاڄِڪُ وٺِي جِيُ ٥
ڪَنان نازُ حامِيَه، هاڻِ بَڄائِجِ هِيُ
والي ڏِياريئِي وِيُّ، جِتِ آهي جَنّاتُ عَدْنِ

27 Sorath

Trusting in God, he departed from this place. The bard tied tassels and bells on his instrument. From afar he saw the palace of Rai Diyach. At that moment he made a supplication at the gate of God the one: "Oh gracious lord, grant that the king may be pleased with my music!" 1

He said to the king: "I have traveled here from a foreign land. You are of exalted rank, I am no expert, so how can I please you? This minstrel begs for your head. 2

Hearing of your glory, I have traveled here from a foreign land. I am utterly ignorant, what skill do I have in begging? Have a gift bestowed on me that will banish my desire. 3

I do not stay well in the cold, and in the heat I melt. Grant safety and protection to this beggar as he plays his instrument. Show the same favor to this beggar as God did to his friend.[1] 4

I have come to your door, oh king, as a minstrel who will take your life. Now save me from *the fire that burns*.[2] May God give you a place where there lies *the garden of Eden*.[3] 5

٦
ٻِيا ڏَرَ ڏيئِي ٻَنَ کي، آئُسِ تُنهِنجي دَرُ
سُونهارا سورَٺِ وَرَ، ڪا مُنهِنجِي ڪَرُ
ڀلا ڀيري ڀَرَ، پالهو پانڌُ پينارَجو

٧
جاجِڪُ جُهوناڳَڙهَ ۾، ڪو عَطائِي آيو
تَنهِن ڪامِلَ ڪَڍِي ڪِينَرو، ويهِي وَڄايو
شَهِرُ سَڄو ئِي سُرَ سين، تَندُنِ تپايو
دائُون دَرِماندِئُون ڏِئُون، ٻائُنِ ٻاڏايو
چارَڻَ ڀِي چايو، ته مارِي آهي مَڱڻو

٨
نِرتِي تَندُ نِيازَ سين، ٻُرائِي ٻِيجَلُ
راجا رَتولَنِ ۾، اونائِي اَمُلُ
رازُ ڪَيائِين راءَ سين، ڪَنهِن موچارِيءَ مَهَلُ
أَنَا اَحْمَدُ بِلا مِيمِ، سَينَ هَنئِي سائِلُ
ڪَنهِن ڪَنهِن پَيئِي ڪلُ، ته هَرِدوئِي هيڪُ ڀِيا

٩
ڪِنِين ڪِنِين مارُهين، پيئِي ڪَلَ ڪائِي
رَسيا جي رَمْزَ کي، تن پارسِي پائِي
اَلْاِنْسَانُ سِرِّيْ وَ اَنَا سِرُّهٗ، ورتِي اِيَ وائِي
راجا راڳائِي، هَرِدوئِي هيڪُ ڀِيا

I have abandoned other doors and come to yours. Spare a thought for me, oh handsome husband of Sorath. Good king, fill in turn the empty lap of this beggar." 6

A gifted minstrel came to Junagarh. That master musician took out his instrument and sat down to play. The music its strings played caused a tumult throughout the city. The maidservants were confused, the ladies cried out. The minstrel made his instrument say: "This bard is a deadly hunter." 7

In supplication, Bijal loudly played his well-tuned strings. The peerless king acceded to his request in his splendid chambers. In an auspicious moment the minstrel revealed a mystery to the king. The beggar called out: *I am Ahmad without the M.*[4] Only very few realized this, then both of them became one. 8

Only a very few men have some realization of this. Those who have recognized this mystery have solved the riddle of *Man is my secret and I am his secret.*[5] That was what he told him; then the king and the minstrel became one. 9

١٠ سِرَ جِي هُئائِين هَليو، چارَڻُ چِتائِي
سو مُوڙا جَهلي نه مالَ جا، ٿو ماڻِڪَ موٽائي
تو دَرِ آيُسِ تي، جِئَن تو ناهِ نه سِڪيو

١١ جي مِيراڻِي مَڱڻا، آءٌ پُٽِ مَنجهان تَنِ
ڪِي ڪَهُ مُنهِنجي ڪَنِ، اِزٿَ مَنجهاران اُنِ جي

١٢ ڪا جا ڳالِه ڳرِي، پِيجَليا ٻُڌاءِ مُون
پِينين جِئَن ڳِرنارَ ۾، تَندُنِ تانُ ڪَري
ڪِ تو پَنڌُ پري، ڪِ مَڱَ جَهلِيندين مَڱڻا

١٣ مَڱَ نه جَهلِيان مُورَهِين، نه مُون پَنڌُ پَري
ڳَڻِي آيُسِ ڳالَهڙِي، ڳُجِهي تو ڳري
سا سَمجِهج سورَٺِ وَرَ، وِيندُسِ ڪِينَ وَري
پَريان پيرَ پَري، تو لَءِ آيو آهِيان

١٤ سِرُ مَڱي سِرُ ڳُهري، سِرَ رِءَ ٽِئي نه صلاحَ
غَرِيبَنِئُون نه ڳُذِري، ٿو ماري مِيرَ مَلاحَ
نايو نَوابَنِ جا، سورِيو ڪَڍي ساهَ
خالِقُ سَنجِهه صُباحَ، ڪونه ڇَڏيندو ڪِٿهِين

The bard came from his home, thinking about the king's head. He did not take bags of coins, and he rejected jewels, saying: "I have come to your door, since you have never learned to say no. 10

I am a hereditary minstrel," he said. The king replied: "Let me hear something from your heritage. 11

Sing me something, Bijal, and let me hear you, something that you sang to the accompaniment of your strings when you entered Girnar.[6] Will you return on your long journey, oh minstrel, or will you take your reward here?" 12

"I will take no reward at all, nor will I travel far. I have come bringing you a secret. Understand, oh husband of Sorath, that I will not return. Traveling from afar, I have come for you." 13

He asks for the head, he wants the head, without the head he cannot be content. He does not pass by the poor; he kills the leaders of the beautiful ones. He lays princes low and draws their life from them. Whether in the evening or in the morning, the creator will not spare anyone anywhere. 14

١٥

ڪِي جو ٻيجَلَ ٻولِيو، ٻِنِيءَ ويهِي ڀانَ
راجا رَتولَنِ ۾، سيباڻو سُلطانَ
آءُ متاهُون مَڱڻا، مُقابِلِ مَيدانَ
گهورِيان لَڪَ لَطِيفُ چئي، تُنهنجي قَدمَنِ تان قُربانَ
مَٿو هِيءُ مِزمانَ هَلِي آءُ ته هِتِ ڏِيَنءِ

١٦

آءُ متاهُون مَڱڻا، چڙهي ۾ چَؤڏولَ
توکي گهوٽَ گُهرائِيو، راجا مَنجِهه رَتولَ
ٻيجَلَ توسين ٻولَ، وِهاڻِيءَ وَڏَنَ جِي

١٧

مَحَلين آيو مَڱڻو، گَڻِي سازُ سِرِي
لَڳِي تَندُ تُنبيرَ جِي، ڀِيا ڪوٽَ ڪِرِي
هَندين ماڳين هُوءِ ٿِي، تُنهنجِي ٻيجَلَ دانهَن ٻُرِي
سِسِي تَنهِن سُلطانَ ڪان، اچِي گهوٽَ گُهرِي
جُهونا گُڙهُ جُهرِي، پُوندي جهانءِ جَهروڪَ ۾

١٨

ڏاتارَ ۾ مَڱڻي، ڪونه وسِيلو وِچِ
سائِي تالَ تَندُنِ جِي، سائِي چارَنَ چِتِ
جي هِتي جي هُتِ، ته ڳالهِ مِڙيائِي هيڪڙي

١٩

جاچِڪَ تو جُهارُ، ڏَهَ ڀيرا ڏِياڄُ چئي
جَنهِن ۾ مالُ نه مِرِيءَ جيترو، تَنهِن تون طَمَعدارُ
جي اچيئِي ڪَمِ ڪَپارُ، ته وِيهَ ڀيرا وڏي ڏِيَنءِ

Bijal the bard sang something at dawn. In his apartments his royal majesty was pleased. "Come up, minstrel, and play before me. Let me sacrifice lakhs, says Latif, and place them at your feet. Come, guest, and I will give you this head. 15

Get in the palanquin, minstrel, and come up. The handsome king asks for you in his apartments. Bijal, he promises to cut off his head for you at dawn." 16

The minstrel entered the palace with his magical instrument. When he touched the strings, fortresses fell down. Your fame spread, Bijal, and your song was heard everywhere. The handsome musician asked the king for his head. Junagarh became sad, and cries of mourning filled the balconies. 17

Just the generous king and the minstrel were there, with no one else between them. There was the same tune on the strings, the same idea in the minstrel's mind. Whether here or there, there was only this thought.[7] 18

"I offer you tenfold salutations, oh minstrel," said Diyach. "What you desire is not worth a single peppercorn. If you need my head, I will cut it off and give it to you twenty times over." 19

٢٠
بيلي ٻَئِي پارَ، جان مُون نينَ هَٿِي نِهارِيا
چوري رَکِيَم چِتَ ۾، ڏِسِيُنِ جا ڏ تارَ
هِيُ سِرُ توهان ڏارَ، پِيجي ڳَنهِن نه ٻولِيو

٢١
سو جِيُ مَڱڻهارَ مَ هوءِ، جَنهِن تو مَٿي سِرَ سَٽو ڳيو
جو مُون مُل مُورِ نه سَپَجي، تان جي سو ڳهرِيوءِ
تان جُڳان جُڳِ ڏِنوءِ، ڏُنگو ڏاتارَنِ کي

٢٢
مَٿو مَٿائِين گهورِيان، مَٿو تو مَٿاءِ
هَڏو هِيُ هَٿِ ڪري، جاچِڪ وَهِلو جاءِ
ٿُون سين اَنِيراءِ، جِمَ واچا ۾ وِلَهو وَهِين

٢٣
مَٿو مُورِ نه پاڙِيان، ٿُنهنجي تَندُ تَنوارَ
سِرَ ۾ سَجَڻَ ناهِ ڪِي، موٺُ مَ مَڱڻهارَ
ڪِينهي منجِه ڳپارَ، لَڄيندو تو لاهِيان

٢٤
سؤ سِرَنِ پائي، جي تَندُ ٻَرابَر تورِيان
اُتَلَ اوڏانهِين ٿِئي، جيڏانهن ٻِيجَلَ ٻرائي
سَکِٿو هَڏُ آهي، سِرَ ۾ سَجَڻُ ناهِ ڪِي

"I looked carefully on both sides of the forest," said the minstrel. "In my mind I considered those famous in different lands for their generosity. None but you promised their head." 20

"Minstrel, the one for whose head you bargained has no need of life. If you required something I did not have, it would have been a reproach to all donors in every age. 21

I sacrifice my head to you. Take this skull, minstrel, and depart quickly, lest you fail in your promise to Anirai. 22

I certainly do not consider my head to equal the music of your strings. This head has nothing worth offering, but do not return without my head, oh minstrel. There is nothing in this skull; as I take it off, I am ashamed. 23

If I put a hundred heads on the scales and weighed them against your strings, they would be outweighed by the side on which Bijal plays. My skull is an empty piece of bone, containing nothing worth offering. 24

۲۵

مَٽي اُتي مُنهنجي، جي ڪوڙين هُوَنِ ڪَپارَ
ته وارِيو وارِيو وَڍِيان، سِسِيءَ کي سَوَ وارَ
ته پِڻُ تَندُ تَنوارَ، مُوهان مٽائُون مَگَّٽا

۲٦

جو تو ڏِيَڻُ ڏِياڃَ، لاهِيو اِي سِرُ سَپِڪو ڏي
کِي نانهِ جَهِڙو ڏي، جو سَنَدَ تِئِي سُوالِيِين

۲۷

پَسِي پاٹُ پُرِ تِيو، سندو جادِمَ جُودُ
مَگَّ وِهاٹِيءَ مگّٽا، مَٽو هيرَ مَوجُودُ
بَلَڪِ آهي بُودُ، ناڪَسِيءَ نابُودُ ۾

۲۸

چارَڻَ چَنگُ ڪُلهي ڪَري، پيرَ پُرِي پاتا
صَدا جي سَيَّدُ چئِي، وائِي ڪَيائِين واتا
تَنهِن تي راءُ راضِي ٿِيو، دِلِ وڏِيءَ داتا
مَرڪي مَرُ ماتا، رُوڙِي راءِ ڏياڃَ جي

۲۹

رِءَ مَصلِحَتَ مَگَّٽا، قَصَرِ ڪِينَ اَچَنُ
نُورُ تَجَلُّو نُورَ سين، نِميو نيڻَ پَسَنُ
خِيمي ۾ گَنگهارَ جي، چانڊُوٽا چِمِڪَنُ
لَڏائِين لَطِيفُ چئِي، سَندا ڏاڻَ ڏِسِيَنُ
تيلان مُلڪَ ڏَٽِينُ، مَچِيو مَگّٽهارَ کي

If a million heads grew on mine, I would cut off each of them in turn a hundred times over. Even then the music of your strings would be worth more, oh minstrel." 25

"All are quite ready to cut off their heads and offer them,[8] oh Diyach. But the gift you give is the ultimate yardstick for beggars." 26

The singer was happy when he saw the prince's generosity. "Oh bard," said the king, "your recompense will be provided at dawn; my head is here right now. For true being lies in selflessness and nonexistence." 27

The minstrel made his way with his instrument on his shoulder. On his way, says Shah, he cried out his message. The generous and great-hearted king was happy with him. Even Rai Diyach's mother was happy.[9] 28

Bards do not enter palaces without some good end in view. Bowing down, they see the light of divine manifestation through their master's light. Moonbeams shine in the frame of the handsome king. His gifts, says Latif, are gained and are seen. That is why rulers honor bards. 29

مَرُ ته آئين مَگّٺا، مامَ ۾ پَرُوڙِي مُون ۳۰
جيڪا ڳاهَ ڳالهائِيين، سا سَڀِ سَمجهِي سُون
تَنهِن ۾ تُسِجِ تُون، جيڪِي پَوَيئِي پَٽَ ۾

چارَڻَ تُنهنجي چَنگَ جو، عَجَبُ آهِ اِئُ ۳۱
هَٿِي آيو هَٿَن سين، جِئَرو رکِيو جِئُ
راتِ مُنهنجو رِئُ ڪاڙِيو تو ڪُماچَ سين

تانُ نه آهي تَندُ جو، زُون زُون ڪري رازُ ۳۲
هَٿَندَڙَ سَندا هَٿَڙا، سَڀِڪو چئي سازُ
سَٽَ ڏيئِي شَهِبازُ، تِي ته توڪُ پِرائِيين

تَندُ ٺُمارِيءَ تانُ، ڪَهِيو سو قَبُولُ پِيو ۳۳
سِرُ ته آهي سَٽَ ۾، پَرَ پِيو ڪِي مَگِجِ دانُ
خاڪِ مِٺِي ڪا بانُ، ڪاڙِيا پوءِ ڪُجُهه نَهِين

چارَڻَ بولِجِ ڪِي پِيو، گُهرِيُءِ سو گهورِيان ۳٤
گهرُ سورَتِ نه پَڙي، جان تَندُنِ بَرابَرِ تورِيان
ڳُجِهي آهِ ڳالِهڙِي، آءُ اوري تان اورِيان
ڪِ ڪُلَهنِئُون ڪورِيان، ڪِ جاجِڪَ جُسي سين ڏِيَنءِ

"Welcome, bard, I have understood your secret. We have guessed the whole riddle that you tell. Be happy with whatever is placed in your bowl. 30

Oh minstrel, what amazes me about your instrument is that you survive safe when you strike the strings with your hands. Last night you wounded my heart with your harp." 31

The string does not play music but vibrates with the sound of the divine mystery. Everyone says it is the instrument that sounds, but it is the hands of the player that make the music. Move swiftly and become a falcon, then you will obtain the true treasure. 32

I accept the message of your strings. My head is ready in exchange, but ask for something else. The body is something made of dust and clay; once it is cut up, it is nothing. 33

Oh bard, name something else, I will offer you whatever you want. My palace and my queen Sorath will not be enough if I weigh them against your strings. I have a secret; come near so that I may it tell it to you. Shall I cut off my head from my shoulders, minstrel, or shall I give it to you together with my body? 34

٣٥

ٽيئِي ﭘَرِچيا ﭘاڻَ ۾، تَندُ ڪَٽارو ڪنڊُ
تَنهِن جِهوئِي ناهِ ڪِي، جو تو، چارَڻَ ڳيو ﭘَنڊُ
اِيُ شُڪرُ اَلْحَمْدُ، جِئَن مَٽو ڳُهرِيوءِ مَڱڻا

٣٦

ڳنجهي ڪيرتِ ڪِينَرو، واڄو وِلاتي
هَنئِي تَندُ حُضُورَ ۾، تَنهِن پارِسَ پيراتِي
ڏِسَنديئِي ڏِياڇَ ڪي، ظاهِرُ ٿِيو ذاتِي
ڳَڊِي تَنهِن ڪاتِي، وِڏو ڪَرَڻُ ڳپارَ ۾

٣٧

ڳُلُ چِنو گِرنارَ جو، ﭘَٽَڻِ ٿِيُون ﭘِٽِينِ
سَهسين سورَٺِ جَهِڙِيُون، اُپِيُون اوسارِينِ
چوٽا چارَڻَ هَٽَ ۾، سِرُ سِينگاريو ڏِينِ
نارِيُون ناڏَ ڪَرِينِ، راڄا راتِ رَمَگيو

٣٨

سورَٺِ مُئِي سُڪُ ٿِيو، خِيما هَنيا گنگهارَ
ٿِيو راڳُ رُوپُ سو، لَڳِي تَندُ ٽَنوارَ
سو ڏَٽين ﭘَٽين پارَ، ﭘسو راڄا راضِي ٿِيو

Three things have agreed with one another, the string, the knife, and the head. Bard, there is nothing better than the journey you have made here. Thanks and praise be to God that you asked for my head, oh minstrel." 35

The beautiful instrument played wonderful music. The great musician played in the king's presence without interruption. His essential light became apparent to Diyach. The sight made him take out his knife and stab it into his skull. 36

"The flower of Girnar has been plucked," the women of the city mourn. Thousands like Sorath arise and lament. They arrange the hair on the king's head and give it to the minstrel. The women lament and say: "Last night the king departed." 37

Sorath is dead,[10] there is peace, the prince has pitched his tents in heaven. There is music and that same fine display, as the strings play. Everywhere there is rejoicing, and see how the king is content. 38

٣٩

وائي

ڏِنو راءَ ڏِياڄَ، هِيءُ سِرُ صاحبَ تان صَدِقو
ڄَڏي هَلِيو هِتَهين، راڻِيُون پَنهنجا راڄَ
اَگهيو دَرِ اَللهَ جي، کوڙين پُنَسِ ڪاڄَ
مَڱِي وَرتو مَڱڻي، گَهڻِ ساڻُ ڪُماڄَ
اَديُون عَبدُالّلطِيفُ چَئي، تِيَسِ ڪَمَ سُڪاڄَ

Rai Diyach gave this head as a sacrifice to the lord. 39V
He departed from this place, leaving his queens and
his kingdom.
He found favor before the gate of God. So many of his
desires were fulfilled.
The minstrel obtained what he asked for by reciting to
the accompaniment of his instrument.
Sisters, says Abdul Latif, his desires were amply
fulfilled.

٢٨ سُر ڏهر

ڪَرِ ڪي ڳالَهڙِيُون، ڪَنڌا ڍورَ ڏَٿِيُنِ جُون ١
ڪِئَن سي راتَڙِيُون، ڪَنهِن پَرِ ڏِينهَن گُذارِئين

جان تو هُئَڙو سُورُ، ڪَنڌا ڍور ڏَٿِيُنِ جو ٢
متّي لامُنِ بُورُ، مورِيءَ مَجَرَ نه ڪَرِئين

ڪَنڌا تُون ڪيڏو، جَڏهِن پَرِيو ڍورُ وَهي ٣
جَسودَنِ جيڏو، تو ڪو گَڏِيو پَهِيَڙو

سَجُ ڪِ سُڪو ڍورُ، ڪنڌِيءَ اَڪَ ڦُلارِيا ٤
جُنگَنِ چَڏِيو زورُ، سَرُ سُڪو، سُونگي گيا

سُڪِي ڍورُ ڏِيُون ٿِيو، ڪنڌِيءَ ڏِنو ڪائو ٥
سو پاڻي پَٽِيهَلَ ۾، اَڳِيون نه آيو
ماڙُهنِ ميڙائو، ڪَنهِين ڪَنهِين پِيٽئِين

ڍورُ نه اَڳِينءَ ڍارَ، مهَندِ مَلاحَنِ لَڪِيو ٦
موڙي چوڙِيا مَڪُڙا، پَسِي پاڻِيءَ پارَ
جَسودَنِ جيها يارَ، پِيَڙا وِيرَ وِماسَ ۾

28 *Dahar*

Thorn tree, tell me stories of the lords of the old riverbed,[1] how they spent their nights and how they passed their days. 1

Thorn tree, if you were grieved for the lords of the old riverbed, there would be no blossom on your branches, and you would not put forth fresh shoots. 2

Thorn tree, what size were you when the old riverbed was in full flood? Have you met any travelers who are the equals of the Jasodhos? 3

In reality the old riverbed has dried up, and only *ak* bushes[2] grow on its banks. The brave traders have lost their strength, the water has dried up, and the tax collectors have gone. 4

The dried-up old riverbed has become a trickle, and reeds grow on its bank. The water has not returned in its former stream to the Patihal.[3] Only in a few spots do people gather. 5

The boatmen first realized that the old riverbed would not remain in its former state. Seeing how the water behaved, they turned their boats away. Brave companions like the Jasodhos fell prey to anxiety. 6

۷

جان واهُڙَ ۾ وَهُ، تان تون مَچَ نه مونِئين
ڪائي ۾ ڪوهه ڪَرِئين، پوءِ مونَنَ جو پَهُ
سِرَ مَٿي تُون سَهُ، مَهِميزُون مَلاحَنِ جُون

۸

جان جَرُ هُئَڙو جالَ، تان تُون مَچَ نه مونِئين
پَوَندِيَءِ اَج ڪِ ڪالَ، سانيهويُون سانگِنِ جُون

۹

جان جَرُ هُئَڙو سِيرَ، تان تُون مَچَ نه مونِئين
آڏا اَڏي ڪِيرَ، گُهٽَ به جَهلِيءِ گهاٽُئين

۱۰

مَتو آهِين مَچَ، ٺُلهو ٺو ٺُونا هَٽِين
جا تو ڏِٺِي اَجَ، تَنهِن پاڙِيءَ ٻُنا ڏِينهَنڙا

۱۱

ڪُنڍِي ڪَلِئُنِ وِچَ ۾، جَلَهِن هَنيائُون
موتِ نه مارِيائُون، ڏورِ ڏئي وِيا ڏُکَ جِي

۱۲

مَدِيني جا مِيرَ، سُڻُ مُنهِنجا سَڏَڙا
سَرَتِ ٿُنهِنجي سِيرَ، ٿُون پارِ لَنگهائِيين ٻيَڙا

۱۳

ڏَٽِي سو وارِئين واءُ، جو ميڙائو سَجَٽين
وَهِيءَ واٽَ مَٽاءُ، هِنئَڙي آسَرَ مَ لَهي

Oh great fish,[4] when there was a full flow of water you did not return. Why did you decide to come back later, when the water ebbed? Now you must suffer the attacks of the fishermen. 7

When there was plenty of water, oh great fish, you did not return. You will fall, today or tomorrow, into the fishermen's nets. 8

When the water was deep, oh great fish, you did not return. The fishermen have now blocked your passage with stakes. 9

You have become fat, oh great fish, and wildly you keep butting your way through. Now the time of that water in flood, which you once saw, is over. 10

When my beloved planted his hook in my gills, death did not strike me, but I felt the painful tug of the fishing line. 11

Oh lord of Medina,[5] hear my cries. Those who have fallen into deep water find refuge with you. Deliver them safely across. 12

Lord, send a wind that will blow me to my beloved. Let my heart not abandon hope on this well-traveled road. 13

١٤
نينَ جي نِهارِينِ، سي اَڄُ نه اوڻِي آئِيا
هَنجُون نه هارِينِ، پاڻِي پُنهُونءَ جامَ ري

١٥
نينَ نِهاري مُنهِنجا، روئِي ٿِيا رَتُ
پُنهُونءَ هوءِ پَهَتُ، ته پارِي نِيَنِ پاڻَ سين

١٦
اڄُ اَڱڻُ ڪيٽانِ، آسَرَ لِڳي سورِيانِ
ڏُونگرِ ڏِينهَن لَڳانِ، مانَ وَرِڪَنِ سُپِرِين

١٧
اَللهَ جِئَن نالوءِ، تِئَن مُون وَڏو آسِرو
خالِقَ تُنهِنجي ڪاندِ جو، پَرو پائدُ نه ڪوءِ
نالو ربَّ سَندوءِ، رَهِيو آهِمِ رُوحَ ۾

١٨
صاحِبَ تُنهِنجِي صاحِبِي، عَجَبُ ڏِٺِي سُون
پَنَ بورِّين پاتالَ ۾، پَهَڻَ تارِين تُون
جيڪرَ اچِين مُون، ته ميرِيائِي مانُ لَهان

١٩
جيڏو تنهِنجو نانءُ، باجَهه به اوڏِيائي مَڱانءِ
رِءَ تَنِين رِءَ ٽُوٽِيين، تُون ڇَپَرُ تُون ڇانءَ
ڪُجاڙو ڪَهانءِ، توکي مَعلُومُ سَڀَڪا

My eyes looked for those camel riders, but they have not returned today. Without Prince Punhun,[6] they shed no tears. 14

As they watch, my eyes weep tears of blood. If the thought occurs to him, may Punhun take this wretched creature with him. 15

Today I clean my courtyard in hope of my beloved's return, after he has been away for so long in the mountains. 16

Your name is God, so I place great hope in you. Creator, there is no end or limit to your patience. Your name, lord, remains in my heart. 17

Lord, we have seen how wonderfully you demonstrate your authority. You make leaves sink to the bottom and stones float safely across. If you come to me, I will feel proud in spite of my unclean state. 18

Great is your name, and great is the mercy I beg you for. Without pillars or props, you are our shelter, you are our shade. What can I tell you? You know everything. 19

سَتَرُ ڪرِ سَتّارَ، آءٌ اُگھاڙِي آهِيان ٢٠
ڏَڪِئين ڏَڪَڻَهارَ، ڏيئِي پاندُ پَناهَ جو

ڪَرِ ڪو پيرو ڪاندَّ، مُون نِماڻِيءَ جي نِجهري ٢١
پِرِين ڻُنهِنجي پاندَ، ڍولا ڍَڪِي آهيان

جِئَن تون قائِمُ ڪاند، تِئَن آءٌ وَرَ وِلَهي نه ٿِيان ٢٢
پَڪي چِنان پاندَ، گَنڍُ نه جاڻي ڪو بِيو

ڪاندَّ بِيُنِ ڪيتِرا، مُون وَرُ وڏِي ڪاندِ ٢٣
پاٿا ڍَڪي پاندِ، جي ڏِسي ڏوهُ اَڪِيُنِ سين

وَرَ سين وِڃهيو ڪاڻِ، ڱَرَ سين ڪِلَڻ پائِيين ٢٤
يورِي مُنڌَ اَجاڻِ، ڪَنَ چَڏِيو ٿُهَ ميڙِئين

سُتا اُٿِي جاڳُ، نِندَ نه ڪَجي ايتِرِي ٢٥
سُلطانِي سُهاڳُ، نِندُنِ ڪندي نه ٿِئِي

ڪِي سُمهُ ڪِي جاڳُ، نِندَ نه ڪَجي اِيتِرِي ٢٦
اِيُ مانجهاندي جو ماڳُ، جو تو ساٺيهُ پانئِيو

Oh veiler of sins, cover me, for I am naked. You who cover us, take me under the hem of your protection. 20

Oh husband, do pay a visit to this wretched woman's hut.[7] Beloved, the hem of your garment is my only protection. 21

While you remain present, husband, I am never sad. The roof of my hut leaks, and no one besides you knows how to fix it. 22

Others have many husbands; my husband is very forbearing. If his eyes see my faults, of his own accord he uses the edge of his garment to cover me. 23

You have been disagreeable to your husband but are merry with his foolish rival. You stupid woman with no sense, you leave the grain and gather the chaff. 24

Oh sleeping woman, arise and wake up, do not spend so long in slumber. You will not discover the joy of a royal marriage by sleeping. 25

Sleep for a while, wake for a while, do not spend so long in slumber. This place[8] you think is home is just somewhere for a midday nap. 26

۲۷
جاڳَڻَ مَنجهان جَسُ، آهي اَدا جن کي
لاهي جو لَطِيفُ چئي، مَٿان قَلْبَ ڪَسُ
وَرنهَ ڳجان وَسُ، صُبُحَ ساڻ سَيَّدَ چئي

۲۸
هِي تان ٿورَڙِيُون، جي ٿُون پورا پَسِي ڀُلِئين
راتِيُون ڀِيُون گهڻِيُون، جي تو اِيندِيُون هيڪِلي

۲۹
شُمَهَٽان ساڙو جيڏِيُون، جيڏو ئِي ٽِيو
پِرِين سين پاڙو، مُنهِنجو نِنڊَ نِبيرِيو

۳۰
پِرَهَ ڦُٽِي راتِ ڳئِي، جهيڻا ٿِيا نَڪَٽَ
هارِي وِيَءَ وَٽَ، گهڻا هَٽندِينءَ هَٽَڙا

۳۱
پيئِي جا پِرِياتِ، سا ماڳَ مَ پَسو ماڙُهئا
روئِي ڇُڙِي راتِ، ڏسي ڏُکويَنِ کي

۳۲
ڍولُ مَ کٽي بانهَنڙِي، پِرِهَ مَ ڳٽي پاندُ
آءُ پَنهِنجو ڪاندُ، لوڪان لِڪي رائِيان

۳۳
ڦِريا پَسِي ڦِيڻُ، ڳَرِيَنِ ڪِيرُ نه چَکِيو
دُنِيا ڪارَڻِ دِينُ، وِڃائي وِلَها ٿِيا

Brother, those who have the distinction of staying awake remove the rust from their hearts, says Latif. Young man, make your resolution at dawn, says Shah. 27

These nights are few that you spend in delusion, you fool. There are many other nights to come for you to face alone. 28

Oh my girlfriends, sleeping has brought me much suffering. My sleep kept me from being close to my beloved. 29

The dawn has broken, night has gone, the constellations have grown dim. You fool, you will wring your hands over what you have lost. 30

Do not see what falls at dawn as dew, oh man. Night bursts into tears at the sight of those who suffer. 31

May the beloved not take his arm away or withdraw the edge of his garment at dawn. May I please my partner secretly from people. 32

The corrupted did not taste the milk but turned toward the froth. For the sake of this world they lost the world to come, and they were desolate. 33

روهِ راماڻا ڪَنِ، اَڄُ پڻ هَلَڻَ هارِيُون ٣٤
ڪَرَڳَلُ ڪُونجَڙِيَن، رائِي ۾ راتِ ڪَيو

وَڳَرُ اُڪِيري سَرُ سارِيو، شورَ ڇَري ٣٥
جُهري جِهجندي ڏِئِي، سَنِيها ڪِي سَجَڻين

وَڳَرُ وِساري، وينين ءَ ڪِئَن ماڻ ڪَري ٣٦
ڪِ تو نه ماري، رُڻُ جُهڻُ سَندِي سَجَڻين

وَڳَرَ وِيا وَهِي، ڪالَه تُنهنجا ڪُونجَڙِي ٣٧
ڪَندِين ءَ ڪوهُ رهِي، سَر ۾ سُپيرِيُنِ ري

وَڳَرَ ڪَيو وَتَنِ، پِرِتِ نه ڇِنَنَ پاڻَ ۾ ٣٨
پَسو پَکِيَڙَنِ، ماڙُهنِئان ميٺُ گهڻو

مَ لنئُن ڪُونجِي ماڻِ ڪَرِ، چورِ مَ هِنئين چاڪَ ٣٩
قَتِيُون جي فِراقَ، سي گهرِ گهارِيندِيُون ڪيتِرو

ڪُونجَڙِي ءَ ڪالَه لَنئِي، سَجَڻَ وِڏَمِ ڇتِ ٤٠
آءٌ جِنين رِءَ هِتِ، گهنگهرَ گهارِيان ڏِينهَڙا

Uttering their cries in the mountains, today they are about to depart. The cranes[9] create uproar in the desert plains at night. 34

Longing for its flock and remembering the lake, it experiences pain. As it pines, it sends messages to its beloved. 35

How did you forget your flock and come to sit here in silent pining? Have you not been smitten by thoughts of the beloved's sweet talk? 36

Yesterday your flock departed, oh crane. What will you do on the lake without those you love? 37

They move in flocks, and their love for each other is unbroken. See how birds show each other much sweeter love than people. 38

Oh crane, be silent and do not stir up my wounded heart with your cries. How long can those who are smitten sit at home enduring the pain of separation? 39

Yesterday the crane cried and made me think of my beloved, without whom I spend my days in sadness here. 40

٤١ أُتَرَ ڏي آلاپَ، ڪالَهُونڪَرَ ڪُونجَ ڪَري
پِرِين پَسِي مَنجِهه خوابَ، وِهاڻِيءَ وايُون ڪَري

٤٢ ڪُونجُون ٽِيُون ڪُٽِڪن، جيڪُسِ هَلَڻَ هارِيُون
ٻَچا پوءِ اَٽَنِ، وَڃَنِ واندا ڳَندِيُون

٤٣ آئِيون ڏورَ ڏِرِي، اصُلَ سَندي آسِري
ڳَنيَرَ يُونءِ گَرِي، پاڻان پَير ڏکويا پَکَٽِين

٤٤ ڪُونجَ نه لَڪِيو ٻاڻُ، مارِيءَ سَندي مَنَ ۾
اوچِتي پَرياڻَ، وَڳَرَ هَٿِي ويڇُون ڪَيا

٤٥ ڪُونجَ نه پَسِين ڪَڪَ، ڏَٻُ جَنهِن سين ڏَٻِيو
مارِيءَ ماري لَڪَ، وَڳَرَ هَٿِي ويڇُون ڪَيا

٤٦ مارِي مَرِين شالَ، ڏَٻَ وَڃَنئِي ڏَٻِيُون
جِئن تو اَچِي ڪالَ، وِڌو وِڇُ وِرِهَنِ کي

٤٧ ڪَيرَ ڪَرِيندِي رِيسَ، آيَلِ سَنگهارَنِ سين
جنِين جي خَمِيسَ، وارِيُون واري ڇَڏِيُون

Since yesterday the crane has been facing north and singing sadly. She has seen her beloved in a dream, and sings her songs at dawn. 41

The cranes are screaming; perhaps they are about to go. Their children are left behind, and they depart singing sadly. 42

To gather food for their young, the cranes have come to the edge of the lake. The ground was hard for them, and the birds hurt their feet when they landed. 43

The crane did not see the arrow that was trained in the mind of the hunter. Suddenly he took aim and scattered the flock. 44

Crane, you do not see the reeds with which the snare is covered. The hunter has killed thousands and scattered the flock. 45

Hunter, may you die and may your snare be destroyed. For yesterday you came between the lovers and separated them. 46

Mother, who can compete with the wealthy herdsmen[10] who leave such generous Thursday offerings?[11] 47

جِيَنِ سي سَنگهارَ، اَجهي جئِين گهارِيان ٤٨
مانَ لَهَنئُون سارَ، وِچِ وِلَهين ڏِينهَڙين

جي پانئِين وَسَ چَران، ته سَنگهارَنِ سين لَڏِ ٤٩
ته هاڃي سَندِي هَڏِ، ڪُوڪَ نه سُئِين ڪَڏهِين

مَندِئُون مَٽِ گُڙَنِ، جهوڪَ به سُونهَنِ پَهيَڙا ٥٠
سَندِي سَنگهارَنِ، جُوءِ جِئاري جَڏَڙين

جاڳو جاڙيجا، سما سُک مَ سُمهَو ٥١
پَسو آن پاريا، لاکو ٿو لوڙيُونِ ڪَري

ٿاڻُونڪِينِ پَلاڻَ، سَدا هَٿَنِ گَرِڪِرا ٥٢
لاکي لوڙائِنُ جا، اَهِڙا ئِي اُهڃاڻَ
ڏيئِي تَنگَنِ تاڻَ، ڪُوڪَ ڪارِيندا ڪَچَڙي

ريبارَنِ رِيجهاءِ، لاکو لُولائِيُنِ سين ٥٣
سائُو مانَ سَندِياءِ، نَٿُ مَٿائي ٿاڪُڙو

لاکا لَکَ سُجَنِ، ڦُلاڻِيءَ پيرُ پِيو ٥٤
جَنهن پَرِ راٺا راڃِيا، ڪونَنِ مَنجه ڪُنبَنِ
جَنهِن جو جاڙيجَنِ، سُتي سَنچو نه لَهي

May those wealthy herdsmen enjoy a long life. I live under their protection. May they take care of us in difficult times. 48

If you want to go to green pastures, depart with the wealthy herdsmen. Then you will never hear laments of any loss. 49

The churning sticks can be heard as they go around in the pots. Travelers are welcome in the camps of the wealthy herdsmen who give life to the destitute. 50

Wake up, Samos of the Jarejo tribe, do not lie there sleeping. See, Lakho[12] is approaching you and preparing to attack. 51

Their saddles are always tightly fastened, and their horses' coats are carefully brushed. These are the signs of bandits like Lakho. Tightening their horses' straps, they will create chaos in Kachchh. 52

Oh Rebari,[13] persuade Lakho with your pleas. Maybe the brave hero will turn away from attacking you. 53

Thousands of Lakhos are talked about, but none is the equal of Lakho Phulani. Princes and rajas tremble in their forts because of him. Even in their sleep the Jarejos do not lose their fear of him. 54

٥٥

لاکو لکِيءَ تي چڙھي، لَکِي لاکي ھيٺِ
سونھرائُون سِرِ ڪَيو، پِيڙي ٻَڌي ٻيٺِ
ڪَندو ڏَمَرَ ڏيٺِ، صُباحَ ساڻُ سَيَڪَنھِين

٥٦

وائي

ھِي سَبِ ھَلَڻَ ھارا، ڪونَ رَھندو ڪو ھِتِ جيڏِيُون
اَڏِيا رَھندا اِئَھِين، ھي سَبِ ماڳَ موچارا
جن ڪي باشاھِيُون بُلَندُ ھُيُون، سي وِيا ڇَڏي ويچارا
ڪُلُّ نَفسِ ذائِقَتهُ اَلموتِ، سَمجھِجِ اِھي اِشارا
دارُوُ دَڙي اُتَھِين، بَخِشيائِينِدو بَدِڪارا
اَلا عَبدُاللّطِيفُ چَئي، اُتِ سَتُرُ ڪَجِ، سَتارا

Lakho is mounted on his mare, Lakhi; Lakhi is Lakho's steed. He tightly girds his loins and carries off beautiful women. He will behave threateningly to everyone tomorrow. 55

They are all about to depart; none of them will stay, oh my friends. 56V
They will stay fixed here, all these beautiful places.
Those who possessed mighty kingdoms have departed in wretchedness.
Every soul shall have a taste of death[14] is the indication to be understood.
The advocate will intercede there, he will caused evildoers to be forgiven.
Oh God, says Abdul Latif, be merciful there, oh coverer of faults.

٢٩ سُر بلاول

وِسَهُ اِنَهِين وِيئَ کِي، جِئَن دَعوَتَ ڪِي داتا ١
مَضْمَضَهْ واتا، وِجُھ ته ڏيئِي واتَ ۾

پِيُ مَ طَهُورا، وانءُ اورانگهي اورِيان ٢
وِچان جي وِصالَ کِي، سي سَڀِ اُجُورا
حاصُلُ حُضُورا، سَمي جي سَڀِ ٿِئي

سَما تو سِرَ چَٽُ، ناتَ پاڳارا پُرَسَ بِيا ٣
ڳھَڻَ ٿُنهِنجي ڳچَڙي، اچي جالَ جَڳٽُ
جِنِ جيھا لِي پَٽُ، تِنِ تيھا لِي بِکِيا

سمو تِنِ سَڏَ ڪري، جِنِ تي وڏو ويڙُ ٤
اُتِّي ته آچي تِيان، پائي پاڪوڙي پيڙُ
تو رِءَ بِيو ڪيڙُ، سَرَٽِيُنِ جا سونا سَھي

سَرَٽِيُنِ جا سونا سَھي، وَسِيلو وِلَهَنِ ٥
لُڏي کِينَ لَطِيفُ چئي، اَکِيان لالُ لَکَنِ
جِتِ ڪوڙين کِينَ ڪُڇَنِ، اُتِ پاھوھي پَڏِرو

29 *Bilaval*

Trust in these words: the giver has invited you. No sooner do you rinse your mouth[1] than he places food in it. 1

Do not drink the wine of heaven, but pass beyond it. Blessings that are bestowed on the way to union are extra gifts.[2] Everything is obtained in the presence of the Samo. 2

Oh Samo, the royal umbrella is raised over your head, though other men are turbaned.[3] You are a jewel; many people come to your abode. They receive alms to match their bowls. 3

The Samo calls those afflicted by great suffering. I become free from trouble as soon as he gets up and sets foot in his stirrups. Who besides you takes responsibility for those who seek refuge with you? 4

He is the support of the wretched, and takes responsibility for those who seek refuge with him. With thousands of supplicants before him, says Latif, the beloved does not hesitate. Where millions are struck dumb, his smile is plain to see. 5

٦

تَڙِ تَڙِ ڪِيمَ تَرَسُ، سَرُ نِهارِجِ سَيَرو
ڏِينڌُءِ لَکَ لَطِيفُ چَئِي، ڙاجَ راهُوءَ جي رَسُ
وِلَها جنهن وَنهِيا ڪَيا، پاڳَ تَنهِنجِي پَسُ
ڪوڙين لاهي ڪَسُ، جي ڳالهائِي ڳاٿُ ڪٿِي

٧

علاؤالدِّينُ اَئِيو، ڪَٿِي چَلِ ڄُڳِيرُ
ڪَنهِين ڪِينَ هِمَٿِيو، ڪانَ جَهلِيندو ڪيرُ
سُومِرينِ سامَ ڳنئِي، اَبڙي ڪَيو اُٿَ پيرُ
هو مُهانئِين مِيرُ، پر مَسِتُوراتِنِ مارِيو

٨

سَرَائِنِ جي سُکَ لَءِ، سامَ ڳنئِي سَردارَ
جي اَيوُن اَبڙي جي آڌارَ، سي سُونگ نه ڏِيندِيُون سُومِرِيُون

٩

ٻِيَنِ مِڙَنِي ڏِنيُون، ڏِئِي نه ڏُونگَرَ راءُ
اَٿَ ڏِنِئِنِ آڏو ڦِري، ڏِنِيُون ڏِئِي ڪِئاءُ
لورِيُون لَکَ مَتاءُ، اُنَ مَٿيري موٽائِيُون

١٠

اَبڙو اَڳاهَنِ ۾، پَرَ جَهلو پارِي
سَمي سُوالِيُنِ کي، ويلهَ وسارِي
مَنَهَن مُنِي جَکرو، طامائُنِ تارِي
ٻُڇي سي پارِي، جي عاجِزَ اَجورَنِ ۾

Do not try to quench your thirst at every landing place; look toward the powerful spring. You will receive thousands, says Latif, if you get to Rahu's kingdom. Behold the turban of the one who made the poor prosperous. He removes the rust from the hearts of millions, once he raises his head to speak. 6

Alauddin[4] came with a host of plumed warriors. No one dared to face him; who could endure his arrows? To save the honor of the Sumiro ladies, Abro mounted his camel. He was a brave leader, who was killed for the women's sake. 7

Providing comfort for those who sought refuge with him, the chieftain saved their honor. The Sumiro women who entered Abro's protection would not pay tribute. 8

All the others gave the women up, except for the ruler of the hills. He protected women he had not seen; how could he give up those whom he had seen? The chieftain turned many arrows aside. 9

Among the chiefs,[5] Abro is the greatest protector. The Samo forgot his own hunger for the sake of those who sought his protection. Jakhiro the chief is the support of those who look to him. He takes care of the weak and feeble. 10

١١

ابڙو اَڳاهَنِ ۾، سَيَرُ جِئَن بيلي
سي پَٽَ ڪَنهِن نه پُورِيا، جي ٿو پَڙُ پيلي
سَجَڻَ سانوَڻَ مِينهَن۽ جِئَن، رُجُون ٿو ريلي
اَڄَنِ جي ويلي، تِنِ بورَ بَخِشي پِٽَ ڏَٿِي

١٢

اَبڙو وَڏَ وَڙو سُوَڙو، سَمو سُونهن سَيَنِ
تَنهِن دَرِ سَبِ اَڇَنِ، ڪَنڌُ نه ڪَڍي ڪَڇَ ڏَٿِي

١٣

جَکِرو جوڙي، پاڻَ ڏَٿِي۽ پيدا ڪَيو
ڪيهَرَ جِئَن ڪَرُ ڪٿي، مُڇُون مَلُه موڙي
سَمُونڊَ جِئَن سِيرَ ڪَيو، ٿو بارِ جِئَن بوڙي
گهوٽُ چَڙهِيو گهوڙي، پيچِئُنِ لائي پيچِرا

١٤

جَکِرو جَسَ گرو، بِيا سَبِ اَنِيرا
جِيائِين جُڙيو جَکِرو، تِيائِين نه بِيا
مِنِي تَنهِن ماڳا، اَصُلُ هُئِي ايترِي

١٥

ڏِنِي جادَمَ جَکِري، چِتِ نه بِيا چَڙهَنِ
ته ڪي کُوهَ ڳَجَنِ، جهُ سَرُ لِيِي سَيَرو

Among the chiefs, Abro is like a mighty tree in the forest. No one has traveled the distance that hero has trodden. Like the rains of Savan, the beloved makes the deserts fertile. The lord bestows a fine horse[6] on those who come to him just once. 11

Abro is most generous and kind, the best of all the Samos. Everyone comes to his door, and the lord of Kachchh does not turn his back on them. 12

God himself created Jakhiro and gave him form. Lifting his head like a lion, the hero twirls his moustaches. Like the ocean in flood, he drowns them in the deep water of his generosity. Mounted on his horse, the brave warrior guides those who travel on foot to the path. 13

Jakhiro truly deserves praise; all other rulers are like Anirai.[7] None of the others was formed like Jakhiro. Such was the clay from which he was formed. 14

Once you have seen Jadam Jakhiro, the others are all driven from your mind. So why dig wells once you have found a mighty spring? 15

١٦
هَٽان جادَمَ جَڪِري، وِتِّي وِچِ مَ پوءِ
پِي پِي سو پُرِ تِّيو، جو حاتِمَ پاسي هوءِ
ڪَيف ڏاران ڪوءِ، جِئَي ڪو مَ جَهانَ ۾

١٧
هَٽان جادَمَ جَڪِري، وِتِّي پوءِ مَ وِچُ
اچو آيا نِچُ، سَمي وائِي واتَ ۾

١٨
جَڪِري جِهو جُوانُ، ڏِسان ڪونَ ڏيهَ ۾
مُهَرُّ مِرَّني مُرْسَلِين، سَرسُ سَندسِ شانُ
فَڪَانَ قَابَ قَوْسَيْنِ اَوْ اَدْنىَ، اِيُ مُيسَرُ تِّيُس مَڪانُ
اِيُ آڱي جو اِحْسانُ، جَنهِن هادِي ميرِّيُمِ هَهِرّو

١٩
ڪوهُ نه جُهارِئين جَڪِرو، جنهن ڏيهَ ڍيا ڏيئي
جي لُڏِيا تِّي لِينگُهن ۾، شالُن ۾ سيئِي
سَمي سَيئِي، طاماغُو تارِ ڪيا

٢٠
اَلا جُنگَ جِيَنِ، جنِين اَجهي گهارِيان
شالَ مَ سُڪي ويئَرِي، جِئان پِيٌ پِيَنِ
مَرَڪَنَ اَڱرّيَنِ، تو ڏِئِي مُون شُڪُ تِّئي

No delay has to be endured at the hands of Jadam Jakhiro. Anyone who drinks near that Hatim[8] is filled. Let no one live in the world without that intoxicating wine. 16

No delay has to be endured at the hands of Jadam Jakhiro. "Come, welcome!" are the words in the mouth of the Samo. 17

I see no hero like Jakhiro in the land. He is the leader of all the prophets sent to the world; preeminent is his glory. He was granted the place of *There was the distance of two bow-lengths or less between them.*[9] It is the grace of the lord that he has brought me such a guide. 18

Why do you not bow down before Jakhiro, whose generosity has made the lands sated? The same people who trembled in rags are now wrapped in shawls. The Samo has filled all those who have begged from him. 19

God, may those heroes in whose protection I endure live long! May the well where travelers drink never dry up. Oh smiling lord, when my eyes behold you I am happy. 20

اِيندي لَڳِي اُڄَ، پيرَ پَيرِيندي لَرِيا ٢١
مَنجِھ ويئَرِيءَ سُڄَ، ڪَرَ لڏِي رِڻُ اُڪارِيين

ٿُون اوڏِرُ ٿُون اوڏَڪو، ٿُون اڄھو ٿُون اَڳُ ٢٢
هِتِ پِڻُ ٿُنهِنجو تَڪِيو، مَهَندِ پِڻُ ٿُونهِين ماڳُ
سي لورِيُون ڏِيَنِ نه لاڳُ، جي اَڄھي اَيُون اَبِرَّي

پَسَنديئِي پُرِ ٿِيا، جَڪِرو ئي جاڄِڪَ ٢٣
تِئان ڏِنِي مَڳُٽِي، طَهُورا جِي تِڪَ
سَمي پَڳِيَنِ سِڪَ، واصِلُ ٿِيا وِصالَ ۾

جي اُڏَمِيو اَڄُ، ته وَسندو سونَ سَنگُ ٢٤
جالَ ڏِئِيندو جُنگُ، جَڳُ ڏِئِيندو جَڪِرو

وَڳِندُ وَرِي اَئِيو، وَسَنِ ڪينَ وِڏوسِ ٢٥
گندِي مانِي ماڳُ موچارو، پاسي پِيرَ ٿِيوسِ

وَڳِندُ وري اَئِيو، پينارَنِئُون پوءِ ٢٦
مُحڪَمَ لَڳِسِ موچِڙا، ڏَرو نه ڏِنُسِ جوءِ
ويئو اِئِين چوءِ، ته پِيرانَ پاسي نه ٿِيان

Coming to you, my thirst is quenched and my feet are cooled. Like a well in the wilderness, you take care of those who traverse the desert. 21

You are our protection, our veil, our refuge, our leader. Here your protection sustains us; in the next world our place is with you. No tribute is paid by the destitute women who have taken refuge with Abro.[10] 22

When they see Jakhiro, minstrels are filled. To those who beg he gives a drop of heavenly wine. Their desire is quenched and they enter into union with him. 23

If he is transported today, he will rain drops of gold. The hero will make many full, Jakhiro will make the whole world full. 24

Vagand has returned, obtaining nothing through his schemes. Here he has obtained clothes, bread, and a fine place with the *pīr*.[11] 25

Vagand has returned from begging. He got a hard shoe beating, and nothing from his wife. He sits and says, "I will not go far from my *pīr*." 26

اَسُورَ سَندي آسِري، وينو آهِ وگَنڌُ ٢٧
هَڏِ نه ڇَڏِيندو هَنڌُ، آيَسِ بُوءِ بَهارَ جِي

اَسُورَ سَندو آسِرو، وَگَنڌَ کي وَڏو ٢٨
جُسي ۾ جَڏو، پر کِيَنَ تي کُڙا ڪٽي

وَگَنڌُ ورِي آئِيو، بَڊُو سين بَدِبُوءِ ٢٩
خاوَندَ ڏي خُوشبُوءِ، ته سُرهو ٿِيان سُپِرِين

وَگَنڌُ ورِي آئِيو، ڪِنو ٿِي ڪوجهو ٣٠
ڇَڏي نه موزو، لَڳُسِ آرُ عَطارَ سين

داتا سَندي دَرَ تي، وَگَنڌُ وينو پَسُ ٣١
تَنهِن روڳِيءَ کي رَسُ، جو آلوُدو آزارَ سين

وَگَنڌُ ورِي آئِيو، نِسورو ٿِي نَرَگَسُ ٣٢
گَندا گُلابِي ڪَري، سَيّدَ جو سَرَگَسُ
عَطرَ سين اورَگَسُ، ته هُئين سَدائِين سُرَهو

وَگَنڌُ ورِي آئِيو، بَڊُو بي نِمازُ ٣٣
جِئَن تِتِرَ متي بازُ، وَگَنڌُ تِئَن سُرهاڻِ تي

وَگَنڌُ ورِي آئِيو، ڪوئِڙِيان ڪُلاٺُ ٣٤
سَندو ڪِرڙَ ڪاٺُ، هَٺُ نَرڳِيءَ کي نِڪَتين

Vagand is sitting in expectation of his breakfast. He will never leave this spot, where he has smelled the fragrance of spring. 27

Vagand has keen expectations of his breakfast. He is weak in body but moves fast to eat. 28

Vagand has returned, smelling dirty and saying, "Dear lord, give me perfume, so that I may smell sweet." 29

Vagand has returned, foul and ugly. He does not put his smelly leather socks aside, but he is in love with the perfume seller. 30

Look at Vagand, sitting at the giver's door. He is sick but delights in being infected by his affliction. 31

Utterly infernal, Vagand has returned. Shah's heaven makes those who are dirty smell of roses. Discover rose perfume, so that you may always be fragrant. 32

Vagand has return, foul and failing to pray. Vagand falls on perfume like a hawk upon a partridge. 33

Ugly Vagand has returned from Kotri.[12] Hit him hard with a wooden stick. 34

٣٥

وائي

ڏَڪَ ڏَڪِندو مؤن نه ڇَڏيندو، شَفِيعُ شافِعُ سُپِرِين
اَندا اُوُلدا آڪُڙِيا، سَبِ نِباهي نيِندو
واتان ويچارنِ جي، داروُن پاڻَ ڏرِيندو
ڏُهارِنِ کي ڏا|کَڙا، لَڪَ سَبِ لَنگهائِيندو
نوُرُ ناڪارو نه ڪَري، مُحَمَّدَ مِنَتَ مَڃِيندو
هِتِ هُتِ حامِي هِن جو، اَڳِيان آڏَرَ ڏِيندو
طَهوُرا تَڙِيَنِ کي، پاندَپُ پِيارِيندو
پاڻُ سجاڻِي پاڻُهِين، ڪامِلُ ڪَرَمُ ڪَرِيندو
تَنبوُ آڻِي تاءَ ۾، عاصِيُن ڪاڻِ اَڏِيندو
داتا دوزَخِيُنِ تان، ليکو لَهِرائِيندو
رَسَڻَ وِيَر رَسِي ڪَري، مُشِڪَ رَنگُ مَٽِيندو
رَحمَتهُ لِّلعاَلَمِينَ، اَهُکِيءَ آگَهُ ٽِيندو
|اَتي عَبدُاللّطِيفُ جو، هادِي هَٿُ جَهلِيندو

He will cover me and will not leave me, my kind beloved who intercedes for me. 35V
He will lead and accompany the blind, the foolish, and those who stumble.
He himself will give medicine for the unfortunate to drink.
He will cause sinners to pass through all difficult mountain paths.
Affirming the power of his divine light, Muhammad will accept their humble entreaties.
Everywhere he is their protector; in the future he will give them support.
The lord will give pure wine to those who are rejected.
Recognizing who he is, the perfect one will show his mercy.
Pitching his tent in the burning of the resurrection, he will set it up for sinners.
The generous one will avert the fate prescribed for sinners.
He will come at the time for help, and he will change the color of musk.
As *the mercy for the worlds,*[13] he will be our refuge from difficulty.
There the guide will take Abdul Latif by the hand.

٣٠ سُر ڪيڏارو

ڏِنو مُحَرَّمُ ماهُ، سَنڪو شَهزادَنِ ٿِيو ١
جاڻي هيڪُ اَللهُ، پاڻَ وَڻَندِيُون جو ڪَري

مُحَرَّمَ موٽِي آئِيو، آئِيا تان نه اِمامَ ٢
مَدِيني جا جامَ مؤلا، مُون کي ميڙِئين

مِيرَ مَدِينِئان نِڪري، آئِيا نه موٽِي ٣
ڪارا رَڱِج ڪَپڙا، آدا نِيروٽِي
آن تنِين لَءِ لوڻِي، جي مِيرَ مُسافِرَ رانئِيا

سَخِتي شَهادَتَ جِي، مِڙوئِي مَلا رُ ٤
ذَرو ناهِ يَزِيدکي، اِي عِشَقَ جَوآثارُ
ڪُسَڻَ جو قَرارُ، اَصُلُ اِمامَنِ سين

سَخِتِي شَهادَتَ جِي، نِسورو ئِي نازُ ٥
رِندَ پَرُوڙِينِ رازُ، قَضِيي ڪَربَلا جو

چَندَ وِهاڻِءَ چَڙهيا، مَلَّه مَدِينِئان مِيرَ ٦
اُنِ سين طَبَلَ بازَ تَبَرُون، ڪُندَ ڪَنارا ڪِيرَ
عَليءَ پُٽَ اَمِيرَ، ڪَندا راڙو رُڪَ سين

30 Kedaro

The sight of the new moon of Muharram has made us concerned for the princes. The only one who knows is God, who does what he pleases. 1

Muharram has returned, but the Imams have not come. Oh lord, let me see the princes of Medina. 2

The princes went out from Medina, but they have not returned. Oh brother dyer, prepare black clothes. I am consumed with love for the royal travelers who have departed. 3

The harshness of martyrdom is all like the gentleness of the rains. Yazid has not the least understanding of this sign of love. The compact of being slaughtered was made with the Imams at the beginning of time. 4

The harshness of martyrdom is all a sign of the beloved's grace. Mystics understand the mystery of the business of Karbala. 5

The moon has set, and the brave princes have advanced from Medina with drums, hawks, axes, spears, daggers, and pikes. The brave sons of Ali will fight a battle with steel. 6

ڪَربَلا جي پِڙَ ۾، خِيما کوڙِيائُون
جهيڙو يَزِيدَ سامُهون، جُنبِي جوڙِيائُون
مُنهُن نه موڙِيائُون، پَسِي تاءُ تَرارِ جو ٧

ڪامِلَ ڪَربَلا ۾، اَهلِ بَيْتَ آئِيا
ماري مِصرِيُنِ سين، تن ڪافرَ ڪَنبايا
سَڄُ ڪِه بِيبِيءَ جايا، هَهڙا سُورِهَ سُپرِين ٨

ڪامِلَ ڪَربَلا ۾، آيا جُنگَ جُوان
ڌَرتِي ڌُبِي لَرزِي، تَرتِليا آسمانَ
ڪَرَهِ هُئِي ڪَان، هو نَظارو نِينهَن جو ٩

دوسِتَ ڪُهائي ڏاڏُلا، مُحِبَ مارائي
خاصَن خَلِيلَنِ کي، سَخِتيُون سَهائي
اَللهُ اَلصَّمَدُ بي نيازُ، سا ڪَري جا چاهي
اِنَهِين مَنجِهِ آهي، ڪا اُونهي ڳالهِ اِسرارَ جي ١٠

ڏِنو ڪالَه ڪَنهِين، جُهونجهارِڪو جَهڳڙو
هاٿِيُنِ هَڏَ مُڃائِيا، ريلو رَتَ نَئِين
يانئِنِ سا سَنئِين، جِئان جِيءُ جوکو ٿِئي ١١

They have pitched their tents on the plain of Karbala. They face Yazid and furiously engage in battle. They do not turn their heads away from the flashing swords. 7

The perfect members of the house of the Prophet have come to Karbala. They wield swords of Egyptian steel and fill the unbelievers with fear. Such are the dear warriors to whom the lady Fatima gave birth. 8

The perfect young heroes came to Karbala. The earth shook and trembled, and there was uproar in the heavens. This was not just a battle, but a manifestation of God's love. 9

He lets his beloved friends be slain, and lets those he loves be killed. He causes those who are especially dear to him to suffer. *God the absolute*[1] has no care, but does what he wishes. In all this there is some profound mystery. 10

Did anyone see yesterday's battle of the warriors? The elephants had their limbs cut off, and torrents of blood flowed. They think the place where their life is in danger is the best. 11

آيا اُجارِين، تَنڪ ٽَرارِيُون ٽِڙُا ۱۲
سانگِيُون سائُن هَٽَ ۾، ڪُلَهِنئُون نه لاهِينِ
اُيا ئِي آهِينِ، مُهائِي مَرَڻَ تي

هٿَڙَ هَڪِلَڻُ بيلِي سارَڻُ، مانجِهيان اِئِيُ مَرَ ڪُ ۱۳
وِجَهنِ تان نه فَرَقُ، رُڪَ وَهندِيءَ راندِ ۾

ٻَهادُرَ ڳَڏِيا ٻَهادُرين، ڳَڙَڳَ ڪِلْوِلِ ڪَنِّ ۱٤
وِجَهنِ ڏَڙَ ڏَڙَنِ تي، هاڪارِينِ هٿَنِّ
ڪِرَن ڪَندَّ نَچَنِّ، رِڻُ ڳَجِيو راڙو ٿِيو

هوڏانهن هُنِ هاڪارِيو، هيڏانهن هِي هَٿَنِّ ۱۵
سُرِنائِيُون ۽ سُندِڙا، ٻِنِين پارِ ٻُرَنِّ
گهوڙَنِ ۽ گهوڙَنِّ، رِڻَ ۾ لائُون لَڏِيُون

گهوڙَنِ ۽ گهوڙَنِ، جِٽَنَ ٽورا ڏِينهَڙا ۱٦
ڪَڏَهِن مَنجِهه ڪوڙَنِ، ڪَڏَهِن واهِي رِڻَ جا

جِهمَندِيُون آچَنِ، جهولِيُون جُهونجهارَنِ جُون ۱۷
پايو ٻُڪَ ٻُهارَ جا، اُنِ جُون وَهُون واڪا ڪَنِ
ٻِنِينِ پارَ ڪِڏَنِ رڻ ڳجيو، راڙو ٿِيو

The armor polishers have come and burnished the axes and swords. The heroes carry spears in their hands and keep their weapons on their shoulders. Bravely they stand ready to face death. 12

In delight they strike blows, spur their horses, and take care of their companions. Unceasingly they wield the steel in battle. 13

The brave engage with the brave, and their swords clash. They hurl bodies upon bodies as they issue challenges and strike. They fall and their bodies writhe as the battlefield resounds with the tumult. 14

Here they challenge, and there they strike. Pipes and shawms are sounded on both sides. Horses and bridegrooms[2] engage with each other on the battlefield. 15

Horses and bridegrooms have only a few days to live. Once they were in palaces, now they are on the field of battle. 16

The dead bodies of the warriors come swaying in litters. Their wives throw handfuls of dust over themselves and shriek. They beat their breasts and lament as the battlefield resounds with the tumult. 17

۱۸ کانڍَ ڪَلارين ڪَپڙين، وَرَ وِناهِيو آءُ
جِتِ سانگِيُنِ جِي سَٽِ وَهي، اُتِ وِکَ وَڏنڍِي پاءِ
نان تان پَؤ مَ ياءِ، جان جان نُوڏين نه چَڙهِين

۱۹ ٻَگو آئوُن نه چوان، مارِيو ته وِسَهان
کانڍَ مُنهَن ۾ ڏَڪَڙا، سيڪِيندي سُونهان
ته پڻ لَجَ مَران، جي هُوَنِسِ پُٺِ ۾

۲۰ مُنهَن مَٿاهان جن جا، سي پِنِيو ڪَڍَنِ پاَر
جيڏِيُون هِنَ جُهنجهارَ، اُجاري سَٻِ اَچا ڪَيا

۲۱ مَرُ مَرِين آئوُن رُئَنءِ، موِنِي آءُ مَ کانڍَ
ڪَچَنِ وَڏا پاندَ، جِئَنَ ٽورا ڏِينهَنڙا

۲۲ کا جا ڏُرِي ڏُنگرِي، کو جو وَرِيو واءُ
عَلِيءَ شير وِياءُ، رِنَ ۾ پِيَن راتِڙِي

۲۳ جهيڙو لاهِ يَزِيدَ، عَلِيءَ جي اولادَ سين
سا نه پَسَندين عِيدَ، جا هُوندِي مِيرَ حُسينَ سين

"Oh my bridegroom,[3] come dressed in embroidered clothes for your wedding. Go quickly to the place where the spears are clashing. There is no need to be afraid so long as the wedding rites have not been celebrated." 18

I will not say that he has run away, but I will believe it if I hear he is dead. If my bridegroom has wounds on his face, I will rejoice. But I will die of shame if he has them on his back. 19

The women whose heads are held high now beat themselves and utter laments. "Friends," they say, "these warriors have upheld the honor of their forebears." 20

"Bravo for your death, I weep for you. Do not come back, my bridegroom. Taunts cast a long shadow, but life lasts only a little while." 21

There was dew on the ground and a breeze blew in the air as night fell for the brave descendants of Ali in the battlefield. 22

Oh Yazid, cease to fight with the descendants of Ali. You will not see the celebration[4] that will be held in honor of Lord Husain. 23

٢٤

ڪُوفِيُنِ ڦَهِرُڪَيو، ٽِيا جَماتِي يَزِيدَ سين
ٻَلِيتَن کي پِڙَ ۾، وَرِنَهُ وَرِ پِيو
سَڌَرِ هونِ سِهو، شيرُ شَهادَتَ رَسِيو

٢٥

ڪُوفِيُنِ ڪاغَذُ لِکِيو، وِچِ وِجِهي اَللهُ
اَسِين تابِعَ تُنهنجا، تُون اَسانجو شاهُ
هيڪَرَ هيڏي آءُ، ته تَختُ تابِيني تُنهنجي

٢٦

ڪُوفِي ڪَربَلا ۾، پاڻِي نه پِيارِينِ
اُتي عَليءَ شاهَ کي، شَهزادا سارِينِ
نِڪِريو نِهارِينِ، چَڙهُ مِيرَ مُحَمَّدَ عَرَبِي

٢٧

پِرِهَ پَکِي آئِيو، ڪَربَلا مان کَهِي
روضي پاسِ رَسُولَ جي، تَنهِن هِلِي هاڪَ هَنئِي
ڏِنِيَمِ رُڪَ رُئِي، چَڙهُ مِيرَ مُحَمَّدَ عَرَبِي

٢٨

حَسَنُ ناهِ حُسينَ وَٽِ، ٻيلِي نه ٻاهُون
ساڙِيه شَهزادَنِ جو، آهي اَڳاهُون
يَزِيدَ ڄُلاهُون، تيلان ڪَرِئين تَڪِڙِيُون

٢٩

ڪِلي وِيرَ ڪَنَڪَ ۾، هَيءِ جي حَسَنُ هو
پِيڙو پِيڙو پَنهنجي پاءُ سين، پَتَنگَ جِئَن پِيو
آهي ڪيرُ ٻِيو، جو ڪَري هَلان مِيرَ حُسينَ تان

The Kufans did a terrible thing[5] and sided with Yazid. The foul creatures attacked the hero on the battlefield. Their resolve was firm, and the lion attained martyrdom. 24

The Kufans wrote a letter, in which they swore by God: "We are your followers, you are our sovereign. Just come here, so that we may offer you the throne." 25

At Karbala, the Kufans do not let them drink water. Then the princes remember Lord Ali. They come out of their tents and look around, crying: "Come to our aid, oh Muhammad, Lord of Arabia." 26

At dawn a bird came swiftly from Karbala.[6] It arrived at the tomb of the Prophet and loudly cried: "I have seen the flashing of steel. Come to their aid, oh Muhammad, Lord of Arabia." 27

Hasan[7] was not with Husain, who had no helper or support. The princes' native land was far away. Is that why you attack so hard, Yazid? 28

Oh, if Hasan were in the army at the time of the battle, he would have been his close companion. He would have sacrificed himself like a moth for his brother. Who else is there to stop the attacks on Lord Husain? 29

۳۰ كِلي ويرَ كَـتَڪَ ۾، سائُو سَبِ نه هُوَنِ
پِڙَ تي سيئِي پُوَنِ، مونَٿُ جنِين ميهڻو

۳۱ كِلي ويرَ كَتَڪَ ۾، پاڳر جو پائي
اُجا اُنَ کي جِئڻَ جو، آسانگو آهي
سُورِهُ سو چائي، جو رُڳوئِي رِڻِ گِهڙي

۳۲ سُورِهَ مَرِين سوبَ کي، ته دِلِ جا وَهمَ وِسارِ
هَڻُ يالا وِڙهُ ياڪَرين، آڏِي ڍالَ مَ ڍارِ
مَٿان تيغَ تَرارِ، مارِ ته مَتارو ٿِئين

۳۳ حُرُ هَلِي آئِيو، مانجِهي مَردانو
آهِيان عاشِقُ آگِ جو، پَتَنگُ پَروانو
مانَ راضِي ٿِئي رَسُولُ رَبَّ جو، نَبِي تو نانو
هِيءُ سِرُ سَمانو، گهوٽَ مَٿان ئِي گهورِيان

۳٤ هُئِي هِدايَتَ حُرَّ کي، اَزَلَ ۾ اَصْلا
چَڙهِي آئِيو جَنگِ تي، هلِي هُنَ پارا
اِيندي چَيائِين اِمامَ کي، گهورِيُسِ آن مَٿاءِ
لَا يُكَلِّفُ اللهُ نَفْسًا اِلَّا وُسْعَهَا، جيڪا پُڄَندِيَمِ سا
گهوٽَ به لڳا گهاءَ، سر پڻ شيرُ شَهِيدُ ٿِيو

Not all those who are present at the time of the battle are brave. Those who consider it disgraceful to turn back are the ones who fall on the field. 30

The warriors who put on armor at the time of the battle still have the desire to live. Those who fight unarmed deserve the name of hero. 31

Oh hero, if you would die for glory, then forget the idle fancies of your heart. Strike with the spear, engage at close quarters, and hold your shield straight. Strike with sword upon sword, so that you may prevail. 32

The brave Hur[8] advances quickly, saying: "Like a moth, I am a lover of the flame. May your grandfather the Prophet of God be happy with you. Oh bridegroom, let me sacrifice this revered head to you." 33

Hur received guidance from the beginning of eternity. He left the other side and entered the fray. As he came, he said to the Imam, "I sacrifice myself to you, in fulfillment of the words *God puts no burden on any person beyond his capacity*."[9] That bridegroom suffered wounds, and the brave hero became a martyr. 34

پاوَنگ اُيو پڙَ ۾، هَٽِي هَزارِي هولُ ٣٥
جَوَهَرَ ۽ جَرّاءَ سين، ڪامِلَ سِرَ ڪَنگولُ
رَتو رَتَ رَتولُ، مولِهيو مِيرَ حُسينَ جو

ڏاڙهِي رَتَ رَتِياسِ، ڏَندَ ته ڏاڙهُونءَ گُلَ جِئَن ٣٦
چوڏِهِينءَ ماهَ چَندَ جِئَن، پِڙَ ۾ پا گَبِڙِياس
ميڙِي ۾ مُحَمَّدَ جي، مَرُ مَرَڪي ماسِ
تَنهِن سُورِهَ کي شاباسِ، جو مَٿي پِڙَ اُبِرزا ٿِئي

ڪَڪرا ڪَربَلا جا، مادرِ ٿي ميڙِياسِ ٣٧
ڦَٽَنِ تان رَتَ ڦُڙا، عَلِيءَ ٿي اُکِهياسِ
مِڙِئِي معافُ ڪَياسِ، خالِقَ بَدِلي خُونَ جي

ڪَؤنر ڪِلي جا ڪوڏِيا، جانڪِي تائِين جِي ٣٨
مَٿان اَڙِنِ اُسِري، رُڪَ پِيالو پِيُ
ڳاهُ ڳِجُهنِ جو ٿِيُ، ويئي جن وَرِهَ ٿِيا

جَبَرِ جِئَن پَهُون، تِئَن رِنُ ڳِجُهنِ رانئِيو ٣٩
وَنِڪا وَنُڪَنِ گَڏِيا، ڊوڙِيو ڏِيَنِ ڊَهُون
مُهاَينِ وَهُون، نِيرُ مَهانگو ڪَندِيُون

The hero stood in the field, wearing a helmet worth thousands. The perfect warrior wore a crest studded with jewels and gems. Lord Husain's turban was steeped in blood and gore. 35

His beard was dyed with blood, his teeth were as red as the pomegranate flower. His turban shone on the battlefield like the full moon. On the day when all are assembled before Muhammad, his mother will be pleased with him. Bravo for that hero, who was cut to pieces on the battlefield. 36

His mother wiped away the dust of Karbala. Ali wiped away the blood that flowed from his wounds. The creator forgave all sins in exchange for his blood. 37

So long as you live, oh prince who delights in battle, throw yourself on the points of the spears and drink the cup of steel. Make yourself food for the vultures who for years have sat waiting for it. 38

Vultures graze on the battlefield like goats on a hill pasture. Brave warriors engage with each other, racing to issue their challenges. The widows of the slain will cause a rise in the price of indigo.[10] 39

ڪُوپا ڪِلي ڪوڏِيا، راوَتَ ڪِينَ رَهَنِّ ٤٠
سائُنِ سِرَ فِدا ڪَيا، اَڳِيان اِمامَنِّ
يُجَاهِدُونَ فِي سَبِيْلِ اللهِ، ڪَمُّ اِهو ئِي ڪَنِّ
حُورُون هارَ ٻَڌَنِّ، سِهرا شَهِيدَنِ کي

جَنَّتَ سَندِيَنِ جُوءِ، فائِقَ هَليا فِردَوسَ ڏي ٤١
فانِي ٿِيا فِي اَللهَ ۾، هُوءِ سين ٿِيا هُوءِ
رَبَّ ڏيکارِئين رُوءِ، اُنِين جي اِحَسانَ سين

حسَنَ مِيرَ حُسينَ کي، رُنو ٽِنِ ٽولَنِ ٤٢
گهرِ ماڙُهين جَهنگِ مِرُوئين، اُيَنِ ۾ مَلَڪَنِ
پَکِيُنِ پاڻُ پَڇاڙِيو، ته لَڏِيو هوتَ وَڃَنِ
اَلا شَهزادَنِ سويُون ڏِئين، سَچا ڏَٿِي

حَسَنَ مِيرَ حُسينَ جو، جن نه هِنئَڙِي جارُ ٤٣
خالِقُ رَبُّ جَبّارَ، ڪِينَ مَرهِيندو تن کي

The heroic warriors who delight in battle do not hold back. The fighters sacrifice themselves for the sake of the Imams. The only task they perform is to fight *in the way of God.*[11] The houris in heaven garland the martyrs with flowers. 40

Heaven is the abode of those exalted heroes who proceed to paradise. Losing their separate identity, they have become one with God. Lord, grant me the favor of seeing their faces. 41

Three groups wept for Hasan and Lord Husain: people in their homes, wild beasts in the jungle, and angels in the heavens. Birds beat their breasts in mourning for the dear one's departure. Oh God our true lord, grant the princes glory. 42

Those whose hearts contain no grief for Hasan and Lord Husain will never be forgiven by the creator, who is the omnipotent lord. 43

٤٤

وائي

واويلا واويلا ڪَيو مَلَڪَنِ رِڻِ ماتمُ
هَيءِ هَيءِ شاهَ حُسيَن سِڏارِيو
ڪَربَلا جي پِڙَ ۾، خيِما کوڙِيائوُن
جيڪا رَضا رَبَّ جي، لِکِيو لوڙِيائوُن
ڪَربَلا جي پِڙَ ۾، آيا اَڄُ اَميِرَ
جُهڙَ وَرائي جهوريءَ جَهلِيا، طَرَف سَندي تَقديِرَ
پَسيِ سَختِيِ ميِرَ حُسينَ جيِ، رُنو نَبِيَّنِ زارون زارِ
مَلَڪَ فَلَڪَ ڏَرتِي ڏُبِي، اَئِي عَرشَ مٿان اوڇِنگارَ

Alas, alas! The angels made their lament in the desert. 44V
Ah, ah! Lord Husain has departed.
On the plain of Karbala they pitched their tents.
He suffered his fate in accordance with God's will.
The lord has come to the plain of Karbala today.
Fate has caused the clouds to be filled with concern.
On seeing the harsh fate of Lord Husain, the prophets
cried bitterly.
The angels wept, and heaven and earth trembled.
The sound of weeping fills the highest heaven.

NOTES TO THE TRANSLATION

1 Kalyan

Kalyan is the name of a musical mode associated with the late evening or early morning, which is used to express devotional themes. This opening *sur* deals with core Sufi themes. The exceptional inclusion here of several *vāīs* is intended as a demonstration of the way *vāīs* are used to punctuate sequences of *abyāt* throughout the *Risālo.* The three sections (*dāstān*) of this *sur* are defined with unusual clarity by their subject matter. An explanation of the oneness of God and his creation (1.1–17V) is followed by descriptions of his lovers' readiness to suffer martyrdom (1.18–37V) and of the mixture of kindness and cruelty displayed by the divine beloved (1.38–53V).

1 Ar. *allāhu waḥdahu* (Qur'an 49.12).

2 Ar. *lā sharīka lahu* (Qur'an 6.163).

3 Ar. [*alā inna awliyā'a 'llāhi*] *lā khaufa'alaihim wa-lāhum yaḥzanūn* (Qur'an 10.62) "[Behold, verily on the friends of God] there is no fear, nor shall they grieve."

4 Ar. *lā ilāha illā 'llāh* "there is no god but God," from the Islamic profession of faith.

5 The verse refers to the common conception of the four ascending stages on the Sufi path, in which the Law (Ar. *sharī'at*) is followed by the mystical Way (Ar. *tarīqat*), leading in turn to the higher levels of Reality (Ar. *haqīqat*) and Gnosis (Ar. *ma'rifat*). Compare 3.51, 7.32.

6 The recording angels Munkir and Nakir maintain a complete account of a person's life, which is presented to them at the moment of death.

7 Ar. *jalla jalālahu*, a phrase frequently added to a mention of God's name.

8 From which the whole of creation derives.

9 S. *mahesara* "great lord" is apparently a reference to the traditional association of the god Shiv with wine, but is here to be understood as the divine dispenser of spiritual wine, equivalent to the Pers. *pīr-e mugān* "the Magian elder."

10 Ar. *wa-tu'izzu man tashā'u wa-tudhillu man tashā'u* (Qur'an 3.26), addressed to God. Compare 26.20V.

11 Ar. *fa'dhkurūnī adhkurkum* (Qur'an 2.152).

12 Ar. *alastu bi-rabbikum* (Qur'an 7.172), the question addressed by

God to the unborn souls on the day of creation. See 7.63.

2 *Yaman Kalyan*

Yaman Kalyan is a musical variant of Kalyan. This long *sur* is similarly devoted to a series of core Sufi themes and images. The divine beloved is first addressed as the supreme doctor who alone has the power to cure the lover's sufferings (1–25). These sufferings are then described as a burning fire, and the beloved as a blacksmith in whose furnace the lover is plunged (26–41). A third set of verses then uses a familiar image of Persian poetry to speak of the lovers as drinkers of wine in the beloved's tavern (41–61). The core theme of the true practice of Sufism is then developed with particular reference to the teachings of the master Sufi Rumi (62–87). This leads to an evocation of the majesty of the divine beloved, the violence he inflicts on his lovers, and the patient fortitude they must practice (88–122).

1 A reference to the practice of a poet sharing the refreshments served to him with the singer who has performed his poetry.

2 Pers. *bar khez ba-dih sāqī,* a half-verse from a *ghazal* by the martyred Sufi saint Shah Inayat of Jhok. For another quotation from this poet, see 7.5.

3 The concluding phrase *illā'llāh* "except for God" in the Ar. phrase *lā ilāha illā'llāh* "there is no god but God," which is recited with inhalation and exhalation of the breath in the Sufi meditative exercise called *zikr.*

4 Ar. *sūfī lā kūfī* "the Sufi is not a Kufan," i.e., he is not bound by the teachings of the famous Kufan religious scholar Abu Hanifa (d. 767), the founder of the Hanafi school of Islamic law.

5 The reference is to the silent *zikr,* or internal repetition of the name of God, as opposed to the "spoken formula" of the next line.

6 This is the fundamental mystical understanding of the relationship between God and the universe that inspires the *Masnavī* of the great Persian Sufi poet Rumi (d. 1273).

7 The first letter of the Arabic alphabet and of the word *allāh,* also of the Qur'anic phrase *alastu bi-rabbikum* "am I not your lord?"; compare 1.47. The practitioners of formal religion fail to understand the spiritual significance of scripture.

8 Ar. *lā maqṣūda fī'l-dāraini [illā hū]* (Sufi saying).

9 One of the names of Satan.

10 Formerly an angel, Satan was cursed by God when he refused to

acknowledge the superior status of Adam. His apparent rebellion is explained by Sufis as a manifestation of his refusal to accept any authority besides God.

11 Meaning the primal covenant of the first day.
12 The compressed expression is not entirely clear.
13 When the letter *lām* (ل) is directly followed by *alif* (ا) it is written with the special digraph *lām-alif* (لا).
14 A demanding exercise of Sufi spiritual discipline.
15 The letter *alif* (ا), which also stands for the numeral 1.
16 The divine beloved is compared to David, the mighty king of Israel.
17 The biblical Cain (Ar. Qabil), who killed his brother Abel.
18 The original alliteration is between S. *sikaṇu* "desire" and S. *sūrī* "the gallows."
19 Ar. *muftī*, literally one who delivers fatwas, here standing for the voice of conscience.
20 Literally, those respond with the polite *jīu* "yes," rather than the rude *ḇauḏu* "yeah?"

3 Asa

Asa is a musical mode that is performed at dawn, and in most editions this *sur* is placed toward the end of the *Risālo.* But its contents are similar in character to those of the two opening *surs*, Kalyan and Yaman Kalyan. It is again devoted to the exposition of core Sufi teachings, beginning with the mystery of existence (1–8), before developing the theme of the need for eyes to see the beauty of the divine beloved (9–30). The later verses of the *sur* (31–56) emphasize the need for absolute sincerity and single-mindedness in the mystical quest, and the requirement to get rid of the self if one is to attain the necessary clarity of vision.

1 Ar. *inna 'llāha witrun yuḥibbu 'l-witra* (Hadith), referring to the unity of God. The "odd number" is one.
2 Creation, as opposed to God.
3 Ar. *al-insānu sirrī wa-anā sirruhu* (Hadith). Compare 27.9.
4 Ar. *fānī fī 'llāhi.*
5 This recalls the story of people touching different parts of an elephant in a darkened room and trying to work out what it was, which is told in Rumi's *Masnavī* (3: 1259–1266).
6 There is wordplay between Ar. *fī'l-ḥaqīqat* "in reality" and *fīl* "elephant."
7 Ar. *lam yalid wa-lam yūlad* (Qur'an 112.3). Compare 15.61, 16.24.

8 The father of Ibrahim, who was a fanatical idol worshiper.
9 Ar. *ashhadu*, from the Islamic profession of faith.
10 The claim of possessing true identity can be properly made only by God.
11 See 1.5 for the four stages of the Sufi path.
12 Ar. *alladhīna āmanū wa-kānū yattaqūna* (Qur'an 12.57).
13 Ar. *waḥdahu lā sharīka lahu* (Qur'an 6.163); see 1.2.
14 Ar. *inna auliyāī taḥta qabāī* (Hadith).
15 Ar. *lā ya'rifuhum ghairī* (Hadith).

4 Khambhat

Khanbat is the name both of a musical mode and of a city in Gujarat (compare 22.34), which was formerly known in English as Cambay. The *sur* falls into two parts. In the first part (4.1–18) the beauty of the distant beloved is said to outshine even the moon, which is asked to take the lover's message to him. In the second part (4.19-40V) the lover asks his camel to take him to the beloved, while also bewailing its disobedience and bad habits of preferring coarse desert plants to the fragrant sandal. As elsewhere, the greedy camel here personifies the lower self (Ar. *nafs*) with its stubborn resistance to the spiritual life.

1 A common desert shrub.
2 A desert plant with poisonous milky juice.
3 Camels are harnessed to turn the circular presses used to crush oil seeds.
4 A fragrant plant.
5 A variety of sandal.

5 Sirirag

Sirirag (Skt. *Śrīrāga-*) is the name of a well-known Indian musical mode. This *sur* uses the imagery of the sea voyages undertaken by the traders of Sindh as a symbol for human life. Constant vigilance is enjoined as the only means of ensuring against the numerous dangers that beset the traveler, if he is safely to bring home the treasure he seeks.

1 I.e., wearing diving masks.
2 A port in Gujarat, here symbolizing the destination of life's journey.
3 Portuguese pirates had an evil reputation in the seas around Sindh.
4 The port in Yemen that was a regular destination for traders from Sindh.

5 This is a riddling verse variously explained by different editors.
6 The devil.
7 Like Suhini, who bravely entered the water without an earthen pot as a float. Compare 7 below.
8 Ar. *kullu nafsin dhā'iqatu 'l-mauti* (Qur'an 3.185, 29.57). Compare 14.64V, 28.56V.
9 Ar. *yauma yafirru 'l-mar'u min akhīhi* (Qur'an 80.34), describing the signs of the last day.
10 The word refers to a well-known Hadith: Ar. *al-dunyā jīfatun ṭālibuhā kilābun* "the world is a piece of carrion that is sought after by dogs."

6 Samundi

Like the preceding *sur*, this one (S. *sāmūṇḍī* "sailor") is based on the theme of traders sailing away on voyages for business. But here the mood is lyrical rather than didactic, and the emphasis is upon the suffering of the wives who have been parted from their beloved husbands.

1 As in several of the following verses, the quotation marks indicate the words of the woman who has been left behind.
2 The bird that brings messages from the beloved.
3 It was the custom for the wives of the Hindu traders of Sindh to make offerings to the water deity for their husbands' safe return.
4 The making of a vow is marked by lighting lamps and by tying ribbons on trees.
5 With her husband away on a winter voyage, the woman is left behind to face the hardships of the season on her own.
6 Famous for its wealth, which attracted sailors from distant Sindh.
7 The Hindu festival of lamps celebrated in the autumn, which marked the beginning of the trading season.

7 Suhini

This long *sur* is devoted to the sufferings of Suhini, the heroine of a very popular local romantic legend (Shackle, forthcoming). The Sindhi version, which is rather different from the Panjabi story cited in most modern descriptions, is set among the pastoral tribes who grazed their buffaloes in the pastures watered by the Indus. As in so many traditional romances, there is a tension between Suhini's conventional duties as a woman whose marriage to her husband, Dam, has been arranged by their families and her passion

for Sahar, a prosperous herdsman from another tribe. This was first ignited when Sahar, also called Mehar, literally "buffalo herdsman," unwittingly gave her a cup of milk infused by a saint with the magical power to inspire love. Unable to resist her passion, Suhini regularly crosses the Indus to see her beloved, using an earthen pot as a float, until a member of her husband's family finds out and substitutes an unfired pot. Braving a winter storm, Suhini sets out that night as usual only to discover in midstream that her float is useless. Surrounded by the cruel creatures of the deep, she drowns in the raging waters of the Indus, where she is lamented by her beloved.

The verses of the *sur* dwell at length upon Suhini's sufferings on this final journey from the moment when she bravely plunges into the river to her tragic end. As always in the *Risālo*, there is a wealth of vivid concrete detail in the descriptions of the great river, while the spiritual allegory is constantly present. Suhini's courage is upheld as an example to all true seekers of the divine, as opposed to the insincere who rely on mechanical aids to cross the river. The divine beloved is symbolized by Sahar, who can only be reached on the far bank after much struggle, while the vast river that is itself comparable to a sea symbolizes the ocean of existence that every soul must traverse without falling prey to its dangers and delusions.

1 Pers. *sar dar qadam-e yār fidā shud chi ba-jā shud*, a verse from a poem by the famous Sindhi Sufi martyr Shah Inayat of Jhok (d. 1718). This is one of the very few Persian quotations in the *Risālo*, but compare 2.49.
2 The full sense of Ar. *wa ammā man khāfa maqāma rabbihi* (Qur'an 55.45) is "but for such as fear the time when they will stand before the Judgment Seat of their Lord."
3 Ar. *ṭālibu 'l-maulā mudhakkaru* (Sufi saying).
4 Ar. *lā taqnaṭū min raḥmati 'llāhi* (Qur'an 39.53). Compare 11.42V.
5 S. *toḍī* "beautiful" is an exact synonym for Suhini.
6 That is to say, God, the universal beloved.
7 See 1.5 for the four stages on the Sufi path.
8 The reference is to the cup of enchanted milk that first made Suhini fall in love with Mehar. Compare 7.56.
9 A common idiom, meaning "may no harm befall him."
10 Temporary alluvial islands (S. *ḅeṭu*) are regularly formed in the middle of the river.
11 See 7.44.

12 The phrase "Let it be, and it was" comes from the end of the Arabic verse [*badīʿu 'l-samāwāti wa 'l-arḍi wa idhā qaḍā amran fa-innamā yaqūlu lahu*] *kun fa-yakūnu* (Qur'an 2.117), "[The creator of the heavens and earth, and when he decrees a thing he but says to it,] 'Let it be,' and it is." The expression is frequently used by the Sufi poets to refer to the act of creation, so here it indicates how the lovers were intended for each other from pre-eternity, even before the moment of creation. Compare 15.2.

13 The primal covenant, formed at the time of creation, between God and man is commonly evoked in the scriptural verse *alastu bi-rabbikum qālū balā* [*shahidnā*] (Qur'an 7.172) "'Am I not your lord?' They said, 'Yes, [we so testify].'" Compare 1.47, 15.1.

14 In this famous line, Shah Latif claims for his poems (S. *baita*) a status comparable to the verses of the Qur'an (S. *āyatūṇ*).

15 After death, the soul will be held to account for the record of its previous life that has been maintained by the angels Munkir and Nakir. See 1.6, 8.72.

16 That is, the self-proclamation of identity with the divine famously expressed in the Arabic phrase *anā 'l-ḥaqq* "I am God," which was uttered by the great Sufi martyr Mansur. The oblique reference to this notorious expression, so frequently invoked by other Sufi poets like Bullhe Shah and Sachal Sarmast, is a telling illustration of Shah Latif's preference for the indirect expression of a profoundly Sufi understanding of the world.

17 The phrase "milk drinker" (S. *khīra-piyāka*) suggests the purity as well as the occupation of the buffalo herder Mehar.

18 This long *vāī* is one of the finest examples of the genre in the *Risālo*. There is a tradition that it was Shah Latif's final composition, and this is reflected in its placement at the end of the entire *Risālo* in Kazi 1961; compare Baloch 2012. The unusual rhyme *-āba* involves the use of numerous Arabic loanwords, which in turn generate some unusual images as the successive verses of the poem offer a loose series of instructions for a life informed by mystical understanding.

19 The rebab stands for the joys of music and pleasure, as opposed to the austerities of the pious life.

20 This is variously interpreted to indicate the mystery of humility, or the special character of man, formed from clay.

21 The "thief" is the lower self (Ar. *nafs*), to whose destruction the Sufi life is dedicated.

22 The parallel is drawn from the technical language of Arabic

linguistics. The final short vowels marking inflection (Ar. *i'rāb*, here the rhyme word) are in some cases regularly subject to assimilation (Ar. *idghām*), as when the rule forbidding a sequence of four or more short vowels in successive syllables results in the joining of consonants, so that, e.g., Ar. *ja'ala laka* becomes *ja'allaka*.

8 Sasui Abiri

This *sur* (S. *sasuī ābirī* "Sasui the weak") is the first of five based on the very popular tragic romance of Sasui and Punhun. Compare Shackle 1985 for a complete translation of the later Panjabi narrative poem *Sassī Punnūṇ* by Hasham Shah.

As usual, however, Shah Latif alludes only in passing to earlier parts of the story. Sasui was originally a Brahman's daughter, but when a prophecy warned her father that she would bring disgrace on the family she was abandoned and brought up by a washerman in the city of Bhambhor. The fame of her beauty attracted Punhun, the prince of a Baloch tribe, whose father, Ari Jam, was the ruler of Kech in Balochistan. (Punhun is frequently referred to by his tribal name, Hôt, which is here spelled with a circumflex accent over the long vowel to distinguish it from the common English word "hot.") Punhun came with his brothers on a trading expedition to Bhambhor, where Sasui fell in love with him. She passed him off as a member of her caste by slipping gold coins into the clothes he was unable to wash properly, and in this way secured her foster father's permission for their marriage. But Punhun's brothers were strongly against a mere washergirl marrying the son of their tribal chief. Using the wedding celebrations to get Punhun drunk, they abducted him from Sasui's side while the couple slept. Putting him on a camel, they raced back to Kech.

This turning point marks the story's tragic conclusion, which is the main focus of Shah Latif's treatment in this and the following *surs*. Sasui wakes up to find herself abandoned. Utterly distraught, she races out into the wilderness in search of Punhun. Her route from Bhambhor toward Kech in Balochistan leads across the barren territory of Las Bela, across the Pab and Harho hills, through the wooded area of the Vankar, and over the Hab and Vindar rivers. Her thoughts are entirely obsessed with her distant beloved, whose memory is evoked by a variety of epithets, including the tribal name Hôt and his patronymic Ari. Just before her death from heat and exhaustion Sasui comes across a lone shepherd. When she

dies, still without having managed to track down her beloved, the shepherd digs the grave in which Punhun will also be buried when he eventually comes in search of her.

The story is thus a counterpart to the tale of Suhini, with the death of the heroine taking place in the desert rather than the Indus, but similarly serving in the *Risālo* as a powerful image for the devoted pursuit of the divine beloved.

1 A direct reminiscence of a verse from Rumi's *Masnavī*: Pers. *tishnagān gar āb joyand dar jahān, āb ham joyad ba-'ālam tishnagān.*
2 Sasui, who was born a Brahman.
3 The verse explains the mystical secret of true love, in which the lover realizes their true identity only when their false sense of self has been destroyed by the sufferings inflicted by their love.
4 A name of the devil, here with the sense of "do not be led by the lower self."
5 A range of mountains in Las Bela, lying on the route from Bhambhor to Kech.
6 The people of Kech, i.e., those who had taken Punhun.
7 A wooded area in Las Bela.
8 S. *kohiyāru*, i.e., Punhun.
9 A river in Las Bela flowing from the Pab range down to the sea.
10 Yogis wear ochre-colored clothes and have their ears split to accommodate their large earrings.
11 Sasui blames herself for not entertaining Punhun's brothers in the way that a proper wife should.
12 I.e., Sasui, who belonged to the washerman caste (S. *parīṭi*) but was born a Brahman.
13 The last line is addressed to God. Since he is omnipresent, why should the Sufis who reveal this be condemned?
14 Ar. *khalaqa ādama 'alā ṣūratihi* (Hadith).
15 As often, Bhambhor symbolizes this world.
16 Ar. *mā ra'aitu shai'an illā wa-ra'aitu 'llāha* (Sufi saying).
17 Ar. *wa-fī anfusikum afalā tabṣirūna* (Qur'an 12.51).
18 Ar. *wa-naḥnu aqrabu ilaihi min ḥabli 'l-warīdi* (Qur'an 50.16).
19 Ar. *allāhu bi-kulli shai'in muḥīṭu* (Qur'an 4.162).
20 A river that flows from the Pab hills down to the sea.
21 The angel of death, who appears to those about to die.
22 The two angels who record a person's every action throughout their life and present them with their account at the moment of death. Compare 1.6, 7.79.

23 The seemingly contrary advice points to the impossible pain of the journey of love. Compare 8.76.

24 The yogis (S. *khāhoṛī*) who live on whatever they can find in the wilderness. See 19.

9 Ma'zuri

The second of the Sasui *surs* (S. *ma'zūrī* "helpless, handicapped."). See 8.

1 Compare 8.8.

2 An imagined pet name for the beloved's dog.

3 See 8.40.

4 See 13.

5 This verse and those following emphasize the detachment of the beloved from worldly existence and the need for those who love him to become similarly detached.

6 Sasui threatens the trees if they do not help her get to Punhun.

7 A translation of the well-known Sufi tradition Ar. *mūtū qabl an tamūtū*. Compare 9.29.

8 Ar. *mūtū* [*qabl an tamūtū*] "Die [before your death]." See 9.24.

9 I.e., she has staked everything on immediate action.

10 A direct reminiscence of the opening verse of Rumi's *Masnavī*; see 24.2.

11 In order to catch a glimpse of Punhun's company in the distance.

12 The Indian cuckoo, whose mournful cry is regularly associated in Indian poetry with the sound of a lover's lament.

10 Desi

The third of the Sasui *surs*. See 8. Desi is the name of a well-known musical mode.

1 Ar. *al-safaru qiṭ'atun min al-nāri* (Hadith).

2 Ar. *sirāṭa 'l-mustaqīma* (Qur'an 1.5).

3 See 7.62.

4 Ar. *man ṭalaba shai'an wa-jadda wajada*.

5 Ar. *man lā shaikhun lahu fa-shaikhuhu 'l-shaiṭānu* (Sufi saying).

6 Ar. *bilā shaikhin yamshī fī 'l-ṭarīqi* [*ka-man yamshī fī 'l-baḥri bilā safīnatin*] (Sufi saying).

7 S. *pārīsī*, i.e., Balochi, the semi-Persian argot of the camel-herding tribes (S. *jata*).

8 Daulat, literally "Prosperity," the kind of name given to a slave girl.

9 I.e., after Sasui's death, when Punhun eventually found her.

10 Here Sasui expresses her extreme humility.
11 I.e., the two menacing hills that lie on her path are easy to get through.
12 Epithet of Punhun.
13 I.e., those who have not learned to detach themselves.
14 Here the reference is to the prophet Muhammad in his role as intercessor on the day of judgment.
15 The tribe of camel drivers. Compare 10.17.

11 Kohiyari

The fourth of the Sasui *surs*. See 8. S. *kohiyārī* "mountain dweller" indicates the particular focus of this *sur* (particularly 11.8–36) on the sufferings of Sasui as she journeys through the mountains.

1 Verses 11.1–2, reproaching Sasui for sleeping while Punhun was taken away, are macaronics that include several Arabic words besides this longer phrase.
2 A reference to Ar. *a-lam naj'ali 'l-arḍa mihdan, wa 'l-jibāla awtādan* (Qur'an 78.6–7). "Have we not made the earth as a wide expanse, and the mountains as pegs?"
3 The shepherd whom Sasui encountered at the end of her journey through the wilderness.
4 Used as a fixative in dyeing cloth.
5 Ar. *lā taqnaṭū min raḥmati 'llāhi* (Qur'an 39.53). See 7.11.
6 Ar. *inna 'llāha yaghfiru 'l-dhanūba jamī'an* (Qur'an 39.53).

12 Husaini

The fifth Sasui *sur*. See 8. Consisting of a large number of generally short verses, this *sur* is notable for the pathos with which it evokes the sufferings of Sasui as she goes in quest of Punhun. It is set to the musical mode Husaini, which is associated with laments for the martyrdom of Imam Husain at Karbala; see introductory note to 30. The mode is mentioned in the text at 12.38 and 12.96.

1 Compare 10.17.
2 See 8.8.
3 I.e., that she belonged to the lowly washerman caste.
4 Name of a river in Las Bela.
5 See introductory note above, and compare 12.96.
6 Love is paradoxically felt most keenly when the lovers are apart.
7 I.e., the sufferings that are actually the joys given by love.

8 Who sprinkles hot iron with water in order to cool it down as he beats it.
9 This verse is supposed to be a response by Shah Latif to his father's appeal in 12.75.
10 The mountain passes reply to Sasui's question.
11 When Punhun died after finding Sasui's corpse, the lovers were buried together.
12 Fatima, the mother of Husain. Compare 12.38.

13 Lila Chanesar

The *sur* relates to the unusual legend of the Rajput ruler Chanesar, also called Dasaro; his queen, Lila; and the princess Kaunru, who made plans with her mother to win Chanesar for herself. Knowing Lila's fondness for jewelry, Kaunru showed her a fabulously valuable necklace, which she promised to give her in exchange for being allowed to spend one night with Chanesar. But when Chanesar discovered how he had been tricked, Lila lost both her husband's love and her status as his queen. Most of the *sur* deals with Lila's laments for her lost fortune or condemnations of her foolish betrayal of love for material gain. Through the tacit equation of Chanesar with God, the theme of the divine jealousy of rival objects of worship is also developed.

1 Literally, "Chanesar is four-colored, the rest of the world is two-colored."
2 The reference is to a wedding ritual, in which it was believed to be unlucky if the groom's feet were not placed straight upon the bride's when he entered her parental home.
3 A symbol of her former life of luxury as Chanesar's queen.
4 Kaunru and her mother, who came to Chanesar's palace in pursuit of the plan for her to seduce him.

14 Mumal Rano

The *sur* is based on incidents from the legend that describes the love between Mumal, a beautiful princess from the Gujar tribe, and Mendhiro, a Sodho Rajput usually referred to by his royal title, Rano. Mumal lived in the magical palace of Kak on the banks of the river Ludano, where she used to lure lovers to their death. When Rano succeeded in overcoming her enchantments, Mumal fell in love with him. To arouse his jealousy, she played a trick on him, but he believed she had been unfaithful and abandoned her. Mumal

then became distraught without him and begged him to return.

1 The opening section of the *sur* (14.1–16) evokes the meeting between Rano and his friends on their way to Kak and a former suitor of Mumal whose suffering for the sake of her love has made him become a yogi.
2 By his description of Mumal.
3 Rano and his three companions.
4 According to the story, this action destroyed the enchantment that had been placed over Kak.
5 This refers to an incident in the story, when Mumal set out to arouse Rano's jealousy by sleeping with her sister Sumal dressed as a man.
6 When Rano found the sisters in bed together, he furiously left his staff behind to show Mumal that he had been there.
7 To discover which one had been sleeping with Mumal.
8 The shameless are imagined to have a whole set of artificial clay noses, so it does not matter to them if one is cut off.
9 A royal title.
10 Ar. *kullu nafsin dhā'iqatu'l-mauti* (Qur'an 3.185, 29.57). Compare 5.67V, 28.56V.

15 Marui

The *sur* is based around the story of Marui, who was born into the Maru tribe of nomads living in Malir, in the Dhat area of the Thar desert to the east of Sindh. Marui had been betrothed to a fellow tribesman, here referred to simply as "the Maru," rather than by his given name, Khetsen. But reports of her beauty attracted the attention of Umar, a local Rajput chieftain, who one day abducted her and imprisoned her in his fortress of Umarkot. Most of the *sur* describes how Marui resisted his demands and the temptations of palace life, thinking only of her Maru and longing to return to the simple life of the desert. In allegorical terms, it thus dwells on the central tension in human life between the recollection of man's original condition of being at one with the divine and the contrary lures of the lower self toward the luxuries of this world. The *sur* also allows for a nativist interpretation that exalts the authenticity of the values and landscape of Sindh.

1 Ar. *alastu bi-rabbikum, qālū balā* (Qur'an 7.172). See 7.63.
2 Ar. *kun fa-yakūnu* (Qur'an 2.117). See 7.62.
3 Ar. *qaidu 'l-mā'i*, i.e., the power of fate. The full form of the saying

is Ar. *qaidu 'l-mā'i ashaddu min qaidi 'l-ḥadīdi* "the prison of water is mightier than the prison of iron."

4 Ar. *hanā ka-jismī wa 'l-fu'ādu ladaikum*, a popular phrase.

5 Ar. *jaffa 'l-qalamu bi-mā huwa kā'inun* (Hadith).

6 I.e., Marui and her beloved.

7 Ar. *bakati 'l-'ainānifī hawāka damman*, from a poem. The many Arabic quotations in this section suggest a parallel between the Marus (here actually called S. *i'rābiyunī*) and the noble Bedouin of Arabia.

8 Ar. *kullu shai'in yarji'u ilā aṣlihi*, a common phrase.

9 The natural dye used by the nomads to color their clothes.

10 For the Eid festival.

11 Ar. *qul lan yuṣībanā illā mā kataba 'llāhu* (Qur'an 9.51).

12 A simple dish made from desert plants, as opposed to the richness of pulao, made from meat and rice.

13 See 15.1.

14 See 3.32.

15 Ar. *laisa ka-mithlihi shai'un* (Qur'an 41.11).

16 When the well is monopolized by men and their animals.

17 Marui here refers to her abduction by Umar.

18 Compare 22.5.

19 According to popular belief, the oyster does not drink water from the ocean or river where it lives. It waits instead for clouds to appear in the sky, when it opens to drink the raindrops that it lives on.

20 Pearls are thought to be produced by the hunger and thirst the oyster suffers in the sea.

21 The spinning place (S. *ātaṇu*) is where the young women gather to spin and enjoy each other's company.

22 The speaker here is the poet himself.

16 Kamod

Kamod is a musical mode associated with feelings of joy. The *sur* celebrates the love shown by the Samo ruler Tamachi to the fishergirl Nuri, whose home was by the Kinjhar lake. The various castes of fishermen, named in the *sur* as Gandiri, Mangar, Me, and Muhano, were traditionally ranked as the lowest of the low in Sindhi society, but Tamachi's favor promotes Nuri above his royal queens. The parallel is with the divine favor that may be enjoyed by all sinners, no matter how full of faults they may be.

1 Literally, "made the Me girl a full human being" (S. *māṛihū kayo me*).
2 Meaning that the ladies of the court have no social interaction with the humble circles in which Nuri moves.
3 Ar. *lam yalid wa-lam yūlad* (Qur'an 112.3).

17 Ghatu

This very short *sur* deals with the fate of a family of expert fishermen (S. *ghātū*). It is loosely related to a local legend that describes how the six brothers of the fisherman Moriro were killed by a monstrous crocodile that lived in the whirlpool of Kalachi (near the site of modern Karachi), and how Moriro then contrived the monster's destruction. The story naturally lends itself to interpretation as an allegory of the struggle against the power of the lower self; several verses of the *sur* are also devoted to the lyrical theme of lament for the death of the fishermen in the whirlpool.

1 This and the following verses are to be understood as laments by one of the dead fishermen's wives.
2 The verse pictures the collapse of the local fish market, including the fishmongers and the tax collectors, following the loss of the fishermen.
3 In order to carry on dealing with the fishmongers in the market.

18 Ramakali

This lengthy *sur* praises the various groups of Hindu yogis who wandered from one place to another in Sindh or beyond as ideal practitioners of the spiritual life. They are praised for their unwavering focus on the divine and for their resolute refusal of all worldly comforts. See further the illuminating study of this *sur* in Schimmel 1976: 219–235.

1 The pairing is to be understood as analogous to the familiar Sufi division between devotees of divine beauty (Ar. *jalālī*) and those of divine majesty (Ar. *jamālī*).
2 This final phrase is repeated throughout 18.1–16.
3 The small animal horn (S. *siṅī*), which is the characteristic instrument of the yogis. Compare 18.118V.
4 This seems to be the meaning of this highly condensed half-line.
5 The homeland of the yogis is regularly said to lie east, i.e., in the Gangetic valley where so many of the sacred sites of Hinduism are located.

6 A stringed instrument played with a bow, somewhat similar to the *sārangī*.
7 S. *lāhūtī* from Ar. *lāhūt* "divinity" is a common epithet of the yogis in this *sur*. It is sometimes understood as "Lahuti," meaning either a member of a particular sect of yogis or coming from Lahut, the name of a small place in Sindh on the yogis' pilgrimage route.
8 A remote site in Balochistan, sacred to the goddess (S. *nānī*), and an important center of pilgrimage for the yogis.
9 A city in Gujarat, closely associated with Krishna. But Shiv is the god to whom most yogis are particularly devoted; compare 18.65.
10 Ali, the nephew of the Prophet, is regarded as a spiritual authority by many Sufis. The multiple religious references in this verse are remarkable for their blurring of conventional boundaries.
11 This opening formula is developed as a cycle of twelve days throughout 18.17–28.
12 Here used as the common Hindu name for God, although yogis are characteristically associated with Shiv.
13 The "split-ear" order of yogis whose initiation involves splitting the cartilage of the ear in order to insert the large wooden rings by which they are distinguished.
14 Another remote destination that the yogis make pilgrimage to.
15 I.e., it pierces me like a thorn when I see that it is empty.
16 This phrase introduces another set of verses, 18.35–39.
17 Compare 18.4.
18 Compare 18.14.
19 I.e., "putting their head on their knees, they have a vision of the divine presence." Mount Sinai is where God revealed himself to Moses. In popular iconography, Shah Latif is often depicted in the yogic posture of sitting with his head supported by his knees.
20 The niche in the wall of a mosque marking the direction of Mecca toward which worshipers offer prayer.
21 The divine beloved is everywhere, no matter which direction one faces.
22 As elsewhere, Shah Latif's description of the yogis' freedom from narrow religious constraints moves naturally from a Hindu to an Islamic frame of reference.
23 Compare 18.33.
24 I.e., the ritual ablution (S. *vuzū*) performed before the Muslim prayers.
25 Instead of the Arabic call to prayer (S. *bāngu*) they hear the

pre-Islamic sound of the sacred Hindu syllable (Skt. *oṃ*).
26 The master revered by most orders of yogis.
27 The opening phrase (S. *aju na otāqani men*) is repeated in verses 18.84–87, which form a set.
28 The final phrase (S. *lāhūtī laḍī viyā*) is repeated in 18.85–86.
29 From the bonfires that yogis light wherever they stay.
30 To the place of the beloved.
31 The hill in District Hyderabad in southern Sindh that marks the starting point of the pilgrimage to Hinglaj.
32 I.e., become willing to die before their death, as enjoined in the Sufi phrase Ar. *mūtū qablan tamūtū* "die before you die." See 9.24, 9.29.
33 I.e., the darkness of this world.
34 The exact opposite of 18.113. For another example of paired negative and positive verses, compare 18.114–115.
35 Literally, "what has passed and what passes," i.e., material possessions.
36 Ali's rejection of worldly goods is captured in the saying Ar. *al-faqaru fakhrī* "poverty is my pride."
37 Here the sense seems to be that merely holding a horn is not necessarily a sign of the true yogi.
38 Cotton quilts (S. *rullīyūṇ*) are associated with the poor.
39 This fine *vāī* in praise of the yogi's horn contrasts it with the inferior qualities of the various instruments mentioned in other *surs* of the *Risālo*.
40 Apparently referring to the double shawm (S. *murilī*), a wind instrument constructed with a gourd.
41 Compare 7.38, 7.41.
42 See 27.
43 Hind denotes the Gangetic region, as opposed to Sindh and the Indus valley.

19 Khahori

Khahori (S. *khāhoṛī* "forager") refers to the yogis who roamed the wilderness gathering the vegetation that was their sole diet. Gathered with great difficulty, these wild plants in turn symbolize spiritual knowledge that is to be gleaned only with a comparable effort. Like the preceding *sur*, Ramakali, this *sur* describes the yogis as supreme practitioners of the spiritual life.
1 The mantras that the yogis utter.

2 Literally, "became Lahutis" (S. *lāhūtī thiā*), meaning those who have become part of the divine world (Ar. *lāhūt*). Compare 18.10.
3 A burning bonfire is the sign of a yogi's camping place.

20 Purab

The *sur* falls into two distinct parts. The opening verses (20.1–14) are based on the familiar theme of Indian poetry in which the crow is imagined as the messenger between the lover and the distant beloved. The final verses (20.15–20V) revert to the theme of the traveling yogis that occupies much of the two preceding *surs*. The name of this *sur* (S. *pūrabu* "the east") relates to the Gangetic region that is the home of the yogis (compare 20.19).
1 A reference to the skill of crows in bringing messages.
2 A place in Balochistan, to the west of Sindh.

21 Karayal

The rare Sindhi word *kārāyalu* (from S. *kāro* "black") is the name of a wonderful bird. The *sur* is largely devoted to praise of the wild geese (S. *hanja*), sometimes translated as "swans," which in Indian poetry are taken to symbolize the holy saints who have come to understand the value of the spiritual truths that are in turn symbolized by the jewels the geese find at the bottom of the lake. They are contrasted with the cranes that stand for those who are still immersed in worldliness, and with the hunters who represent those hostile to the values of the saints.
1 Compare 1.1.
2 The attraction of the lotus for the bee is a traditional poetic image for the power of love.
3 I.e., death, or the lower self.
4 The deadly power of the snakes who are the enemies of the wild geese is the subject of the final verses of this *sur* (21:14–19).
5 The reference is a legend in which the snakes that infested the jungle surrounding Junagarh were destroyed by yogis with their magical powers.

22 Sarang

Sarang (S. *sārangu*) is both the name of a musical mode associated with the rainy season and a word meaning "the rains," thus implying the romantic associations attributed to the season in Indian poetic culture. In this *sur* the monsoon rains are conceived

of as a manifestation of divine power both in Sindh, where the appearance of the normally dry countryside is transformed by the rains, and across the rest of the world.

1 The rain bird (S. *tāṛo*, like the Hindi *cātak*) is a kind of cuckoo particularly associated with the rains. Compare 15.73.
2 Brides wear red at their wedding, and the color of the lightning is often described as red.
3 The universality of the divine blessing of the rains is underlined by this reference to the holy tomb of the Prophet in Medina.
4 In the Rajasthan desert to the east of Sindh.
5 The land immediately to the east of Sindh.
6 Meaning the lines of lightning in the sky; compare 22.6.
7 Kirar is the name of a depression near Shah Latif's place of residence at Bhit. It fills with water in the rainy season.
8 The numerous local place names in 22.20–22 evoke the spread of the rains, like the much broader spread of names in 22.38.
9 The association of the rainy season with love is underlined by the close verbal similarity in Sindhi between *mīṉhuṉ* "rain" and *nīṉhuṉ* "love."
10 The graceful gait of the elephant is proverbial.
11 The redness of the beloved's lips is compared to the color of the lightning; compare 22.18.
12 Here it is the yellowness of saffron that stands for the lightning that the beloved causes to flash.
13 The first month of the rainy season in the Indian calendar, corresponding to July–August.
14 A place in Sindh.
15 In Gujarat to the east of Sindh.
16 The verse evokes the spread of the rains sent by God to most parts of the Islamic world and beyond, later focusing on nearer places, like Girnar in Gujarat, Jaisalmer and Bikaner in Rajasthan, and Bhuj in Kachchh, before coming to the Dhat desert and the city of Umarkot in Sindh itself. The final invocation of God's blessings on Sindh is one of the most often quoted verses of the *Risālo*.
17 Meaning that the hoarders would make a 300 percent profit.

23 Rip

As indicated by the title (S. *ripa* "trouble, grief"), the predominant tone of the *sur* is one of lamentation.

1 The first of a series of striking images presented in the following verses.
2 Meaning, women living on their own without their husbands.

24 Barvo Sindhi

A Sindhi variant of the Indian musical mode Barva, the *sur* contains humble expressions of devotion to the beloved.

1 The image of the flute lamenting its original severance from the reed bed recalls the famous opening verse of Rumi's *Masnavī*: Pers. *bishnav az nai chūn shikāyat mīkunad, az judāīhā hikāyat mīkunad* "Listen to the lament of the reed flute, as it tells the story of separations."
2 Ar. *wa-tawāṣū bi'l-ḥaqqi wa-tawāṣū bi'l-ṣabri* (Qur'an 103.2), literally, "And join together in the mutual teaching of truth, and of patience and constancy."
3 The bitter apple (S. *ṭohu*) looks attractive but tastes bad.
4 Literally, "In the name of God," the Arabic phrase uttered to welcome any auspicious act.
5 Needed to measure out the grave that is to be dug.
6 I.e., were marked as his personal property.

25 Kapaiti

As indicated by the title (S. *kāpāitī* "spinner"), the *sur* deals with the popular theme of girls engaged in spinning, which is also commonly used as an image for proper conduct of human life by other Sufi poets, like Bullhe Shah (compare Shackle 2015: xx–xxi, 3–7, 293–319). The passing of human generations is symbolized by the continual generational turnover of young women. Those who are too lazy or arrogant to spin properly are criticized for their pride and idleness, while those who perform well are promised their reward when the thread they have spun is finally assessed at its true price by the divine dealer in cotton.

26 Piribhati

The familiar Indian mode Prabhati (S. *piribhātī*, Hindi *prabhātī*) is sung before dawn (S. *piribhātī*). Through the image of a sleeping musician, it is here linked to the Sufi theme of the continual need for awareness and for avoidance of heedless slumber.

1 As often in Sufi poetry, "tomorrow" (S. *subhāṇ*) indicates the time of judgment that follows death.

2 A ruler of Las Bela, to the southwest of Sindh proper, who was legendary for his lavish patronage of musicians. As throughout the following verses, the name of Sapar is invoked as a symbol of the infinite generosity of God.

3 Epithet of Sapar.

4 Sapar's undiscriminating munificence stands for the all-embracing quality of divine mercy.

5 The gift to a musician of a fine Arab horse is one of the most famous instances of Sapar's generosity.

6 Another epithet of Sapar.

7 The name of a musical mode performed in the early morning (S. *vihāgu*; compare Hindi *bihāgṛā*).

8 Ar. *wa-tuʿizzu man tashā'u wa-tudhillu man tashā'u* (Qur'an 3.26), addressed to God. Compare 1.42.

27 Sorath

The title is the name both of a musical mode and of the woman Sorath (S. *soraṭhi*), who was the wife of Rai Diyach, the ruler of Junagarh in Gujarat. Anirai, the ruler of a neighboring kingdom, also wished to marry her. When his attack on Junagarh failed, Anirai offered a rich reward to anyone who would bring him the head of Rai Diyach. The challenge was taken up by the musician Bijal, who came to Rai Diyach and successfully demanded the latter's head as a reward for his performance.

Sorath is not the heroine of this *sur*, which instead focuses on the demand for supreme self-sacrifice on the part of Rai Diyach. Whereas the superficially similar story of the generous ruler Sapar is used in the preceding *sur*, Piribhati, to symbolize divine beneficence, Rai Diyach here represents the Sufi seeker who is required to give up everything, even his life, in his mystical quest. The *sur* was the subject of a pioneering scholarly study in German (Trumpp 1863), mainly focused on its linguistic features.

1 Ar. *ḳhalīlu 'llāh* "the friend of God," title given to the prophet Ibrahim.

2 Ar. *nārun ḥāmiya(tun)* "a fire blazing fiercely" (Qur'an 101.8).

3 Ar. *jannātu ʿadnin* "gardens of perpetual bliss" (Qur'an 13.23).

4 Ar. *anā aḥmadu bilā mīmin* is a Hadith frequently quoted by the Sufis, which proclaims the close relationship between God and the Prophet. In the Arabic script, the word Ahad (احد) "the One," i.e., God, is distinguished from the name Ahmad (احمد), i.e., the

prophet Muhammad, only by the letter *mīm* in its very small medial form (*-m-*).

5 Ar. *al-insānu sirrī wa-anā sirruhu*, another favorite Sufi Hadith. Compare 3.4.

6 The royal fort of Junagarh.

7 I.e., the idea that the king must sacrifice his life to Bijal.

8 The sense seems to be that people are ready to sacrifice themselves in pursuit of their selfish desires, in contrast to the supremely selfless sacrifice Diyach is ready to offer.

9 Because of her son's noble generosity.

10 As a Rajput princess, Sorath would have committed suicide on her husband's funeral pyre after his death.

28 Dahar

Dahar is a Sindhi musical mode. The contents of the *sur* revolve around the themes of the transience of worldly existence and of yearning for the divine beloved. It consists of a series of quite loosely linked sections.

1 The verses in this first section (28.1–6) are developed around the Sindhi word *ḍhoru*, the dried-up course of a former branch of the Indus, once the site of bustling trade but now reclaimed by the desert where only thorn trees grow, following one of the many shifts in the historic route of the river. The Jasodhos were the former lords of this territory.

2 A common plant growing wild in the Indus valley.

3 The name of a former branch of the Indus.

4 This next section (28.7–11) is based around the fate of the big fish (S. *machu*) that has left it too late to avoid its fate at the hands of the fishermen.

5 The prophet Muhammad. This section of the *sur* (28.12–33) contains appeals for assistance from the divine beloved.

6 As often, the prince loved by Sasui stands for the divine beloved.

7 This section (28.21–33) moves from entreaties to the beloved to the familiar Sufi theme of the need for continual vigilance.

8 I.e., the world.

9 A new section (28.34–46) begins here, developing the themes of longing for the beloved and the transience of the world through a traditional Indian poetic image. The crane (S. *kūṉja*) comes to Sindh as a winter migrant. Its plaintive cry is thought to be an expression of pain caused by its separation from the flock.

10 The "wealthy herdsmen" (S. *sanghāra*) are invoked as protectors in this short section (28.47–50).
11 The day on which offerings are traditionally presented at Sufi shrines.
12 The verses in this final section (28.51–55) relate to Lakho Phulani, a legendary bandit from the heroic age of Sindh, who is remembered for his fearless attacks on the ruling Jarejo Samos. Here he represents the irresistible challenge of death.
13 The name of a wealthy tribe.
14 Ar. *kullu nafsin dhā'iqatu'l-mauti* (Qur'an 3.185, 29.57). Compare 5.67V, 14.64V.

29 Bilaval

Bilaval is a well-known Indian musical mode. The bulk of the *sur* (29.1–24, 35V) consists of verses apparently in praise of Jakhiro, a Rajput ruler of medieval Sindh famous for his bravery and generosity, but to be understood as forming an extended panegyric to the prophet Muhammad. In keeping with the conventions of Indian praise poetry, Jakhiro is addressed by a variety of names and titles, e.g., the epithet Rahu (the "upholder of the realm"); his alternative name, Abro; his title, Jadam; and his tribal affliation as "the Samo."

A sharply contrasting tone characterizes the final section (29.25–34) in description of Shah Latif's disgraceful but devoted disciple Vagand. These remarkable verses demonstrate a sharp satirical humor otherwise absent in the *Risālo*.

1 In ritual preparation for eating.
2 Such rewards for virtue are of less importance than the union with the divine that is the ultimate goal.
3 An image for the superior status of Muhammad as compared with the other prophets.
4 The verse refers to a famous episode in the heroic legends of medieval Sindh, when the invasion by the Muslim emperor of Delhi, Sultan Alauddin (d. 1316), was resisted by Jakhiro, who took under his protection the women of his fellow Rajputs, the Sumiros.
5 Another reference to the special status of Muhammad among the prophets.
6 A sign of the lavish generosity of the ideal Rajput ruler.
7 The special status of the prophet Muhammad is again underlined.

See the introductory note to 27 for Anirai, the ruler who was the rival of Diyach.

8 A legendary Arab chieftain who is proverbial for his generosity throughout Islamic literature.

9 Ar. *fa-kāna qāba kausaini au adnā* (Qur'an 53.9), said of the Prophet's uniquely close approach to the divine presence.

10 Compare 29.8.

11 As throughout this sequence of verses, the contrast between Vagand's hopeless condition when he relies on his own efforts and the bounty he receives from his *pīr* is used to illustrate the helplessness of humanity without the divine beneficence manifested through the Prophet.

12 A place near Shah Latif's residence at Bhit.

13 Ar. *raḥmatuhu lil-'ālimīna*, an epithet of the Prophet.

30 Kedaro

Kedaro (S. *keḏāro,* connected with Skt. *kedāra-* "field") is the name of a musical mode associated with martial themes. In the general context of the *Risālo,* the subject matter of this *sur* is unusual in being based upon a key episode in early Islamic history, the battle fought in 680 at Karbala in Iraq between Husain, the grandson of the Prophet, and the army of the caliph Yazid. The powerful mythic associations of the martyrdom of Husain at Karbala have given rise to a very large body of devotional literature in South Asia, starting with the hugely popular *Rauzat ul Shuhadā* composed in Persian around 1500 by Husain Va'iz Kashifi. While the Husain cult is particularly associated with Shia Islam (Hyder 2006), the figure of the martyred imam has always had a far wider appeal. It therefore is not too surprising that this overtly Shia material should be included in the Sufi context of the *Risālo* (Schimmel 1979). The exception character of the *sur* has nevertheless caused some editors to have reservations about its authenticity. It is accordingly omitted without explanation from Kazi 1961 and is placed immediately before the set of apocryphal *surs* included at the end of Baloch 2012.

The story of Karbala is here treated in the customarily allusive style of the *Risālo.* It begins with verses describing how Husain and his followers set out from Medina at the beginning of Muharram, the first month of the Hijri year (30.1–10), and then goes on to

an account of the battle itself (30.11–17). References to the "five holy ones" (Pers. *panjtan-e pāk*) of the Prophet's family, i.e., the Prophet himself; his daughter, Fatima, and son-in-law, Ali; and their sons, the Imams Hasan and Husain, appear in the following verses (30.18–35). These develop subsidiary themes, including some familiar episodes that are separately explained in the notes below, before the final celebration of Husain's heroic martyrdom (30.36–44V).

1 Ar. *allāhu 'l-ṣamad* (Qur'an 112.2).

2 The word "bridegrooms" (S. *ghoṭa*) evokes the image of martyrdom as the consummation of a marriage in death.

3 Here the reference is to Hasan's son Qasim, who was married to his cousin, Husain's daughter Fatima Kubra, just before the battle of Karbala.

4 The annual Ashura festival of Muharram 10, which celebrates the martyrdom of Imam Husain.

5 The treachery of the inhabitants of Kufa, who first promised Husain their support, then betrayed him on the battlefield, is described here and in the two following verses.

6 The appeal conveyed by the bird to the tomb of the Prophet in Medina is one of the traditional legends associated with the story of Karbala.

7 Husain's elder brother Hasan had died shortly before the battle of Karbala.

8 The arrival of Hur, a senior officer in Yazid's army, to join Husain's forces is a much celebrated incident in the story of Karbala.

9 Ar. *lā yukallifu 'llāhu nafsan illā was'ahā* (Qur'an 2.286).

10 Because it will be in such demand to dye the dark clothes of mourning.

11 Ar. *fī sabīli 'llāhi* (Qur'an 5.57).

GLOSSARY

AHMAD Alternative name of the prophet Muhammad
ALI ('Alī) Son-in-law of the prophet Muhammad, and father of Hasan and Husain
ANIRAI (Aṇīrāi) Rival of Diyach
ARI JAM (Ārī J̈ām) Punhun's father, also used as a title of Punhun
ARICHO (Ārīcho) Fellow tribesman of Punhun
ARIYANI (Āriyāṇī) Descendant of Ari
BHAMBHOR City in southern Sindh where Sasui lived
BIJAL (Bījal) Minstrel who claimed the life of Diyach
CHANESAR Rajput ruler married to Lila
DAM (Ḍ̤am) Suhini's ḥusband
DASARO (Dāsaṛo) Name of Chanesar
DHAT (Ḍhaṭ) The homeland of the Marus in the Thar desert to the east of Sindh
DIYACH (Ḍ̤iyāch) Ruler of Junagarh, married to Sorath
FATIMA (Fātima) Daughter of the prophet Muhammad and mother of Hasan and Husain
GANJO (Ganjo) Hill in southern Sindh marking the start of the pilgrimage to Hinglaj
HAB (Ha̱b) River that flows from the Pab hills down to the sea
HAMIR (Hamīr) Title of Umar
HARHO (Hāṛho) Mountain range in Las Bela
HASAN Elder brother of Husain
HINGLAJ (Hinglāj) Pilgrimage site in Balochistan
HÔT Punhun's tribal name
HUR A hero of the battle of Karbala who left the army of Yazid to join Husain
HUSAIN Grandson of the prophet Muhammad who was killed at the battle of Karbala
JAKHIRO Chivalrous Samo ruler
JUNAGARH (Jhūnāgaṛh) Capital of a kingdom in Gujarat
KACHCHH Region situated between Sindh and Gujarat
KAUNRU (Kauṉrū) Lila's rival for the love of Chanesar
KECH Punhun's home country
LAKHO (Lākho) Famous bandit
LAS BELA (Las Ḇela) Coastal area bordering southwest Sindh
LILA (Līlā) Chanesar's queen, supplanted by Kaunru
MALIR (Malīr) Homeland of the Marus
MANSUR (Mansūr) The great Sufi saint Mansūr al-Hallāj, who was martyred in Baghdad
MARU (Mārū) Marui's tribe; also used as the tribal name of her beloved, Khetsen
MARUI (Māruī) Heroine of *sur* Marui who was abducted and imprisoned by Umar
MEHAR (Mehāṛ) Lit. "buffalo

herder," name given to Suhini's beloved Sahar
MENDHIRO (Me̱ndhiro) Proper name of Rano
MUMAL (Mūmal) Enchantress of Kak who loved Rano
MUNKIR NAKIR (Munkir Nakīr) The two recording angels
MUSTAFA (Mustafā) Title of the prophet Muhammad
NURI (Nūrī) Fishergirl of the Kinjhar lake, married to Tamachi
PAB (Paḅ) Range of hills in southwest Sindh
PUNHUN (Punhūṇ) Baloch prince who was loved by Sasuī
RANO (Rāṇo) Royal title of Mendhiro, Mumal's beloved
RUMI (Rūmī) Great Persian Sufi poet
SAHAR (Sāhaṛ) Suhini's beloved
SAMO Ruling Rajput tribe to which both Tamachi and Jakhiro belonged
SAPAR (Sapaṛ) Ruler of legendary generosity
SASUI (Sasuī) Heroine of the five *surs* Sasuī Ābirī, Ma'zūrī, Desī, Kohiyārī, and Husainī, who loved Punhun and who died following him from Bhambhor into the desert
SAVAN (Sāvaṇ) The month of the rainy season corresponding to July–August
SORATH (Soraṭh) Queen married to Diyach and loved by Anirai
SUHINI (Suhiṇī) Heroine who loved Mehar
SUMIRO (Sūmiro) Ruling Rajput tribe to which Umar belonged
TAMACHI (Tamāchī) Samo ruler who married Nuri
TODI (Toḍ̤ī) Alternative name of Suhini
UMAR ('Umar) Rajput chieftain of Umarkot who abducted and imprisoned Marui
VAGAND (Vag̈and) Disciple of Shah Latif
VANKAR (Vaṇkār) A wooded area in Las Bela
VINDAR River in Las Bela flowing from the Pab range down to the sea
YAZID (Yazīd) Leader of the army that defeated Husain at Karbala

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